THE PSALMES OF DAVID THE KING AND PROPHET,

AND

Of other holy PROPHETS, paraphas'd in English:

Conferred with the Hebrew VERITIE, set forth by *B. Arias Montanus*, together with the Latine, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase.

By *R.B.*

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THE PSALMES OF DAVID

The Authors observed in this Paraphrase.

Apollinarius.
B. Arias Montanus.
Genebrard.
Lorinus.
Buchanan.
Berseman.
Ainsworth.
Snegedin.
M. Anton Flamin.

With the Titles of the Psalmes, as they are in the Originall.

The first booke	*containeth* inclusivè, *Psalmes*	41
Second booke		31
Third booke		17
Fourth booke		17
Fifth booke		44
Added in the end out of *Apollinarius* one Psalme, The Combat of *David* with *Goliah.*		1
		151

Selah *in the five Bookes repeated* 71. *times.*
Higgaion *twice, Psal.* 9. 17. *&* 92. 4.
Observance of the Acrostick Psalmes.

PSALME 1. *Beatus Vir.*

BLeſt is the man, whoſe walks are cleer
from wicked counſells aire;
To ſinners way who ſtands not neer,
nor ſits in ſcorners chaire.
2 But on the Law of God doth ground
the life of his delight;
And in thoſe holy Precepts bound
his practice day and night.
3 And like the planted tree, that lives
the rills of water neere,
His fruit as duely forth he gives
in ſeaſon of the yeere.
His leafe, ſhall neither times decayes,
nor tempeſts blaſt ſuppreſſe;
So whatſoever he eſſaies,
ſhall ſort to good ſucceſſe.
4 Not ſo, not ſo, the wicked race,
they, like the chaffe ſhall thrive,
Which from the earths offended face
the winds before them drive.
5 Therefore ſhall not the wicked ſtocke
in judgement ſtand upright;
Nor with the juſt the ſinfull flocke

their guilty heads unite.
6 For how the Juſt their journie lay,
the Lord their Leader knowes:
But wicked doers, with their way,
deſtruction overthrowes.

PSAL. 2. *Quare fremuerunt?*

WHy doe the Heathén-pow'rs,
and people entertaine;
The Heathens, ſuch tumultuous rage,
the people, plots ſo vaine?
2 Kings of the earth conſpire,
and Princes counſell take
Againſt the Lord, againſt his Chriſt,
a powerfull head to make.
3 In ſunder let us breake
their ſervile bands, (ſay they)
Their yoke from off our neckes diſcharge,
and caſt their cords away.
4 But Hee, in Heaven above
that ſits, and ſees their pride,
Shall laugh their vanities to ſcorne,
the Lord ſhall them deride.
5 To them then ſhall he ſpeake,
in his reſiſtleſſe ire;
And their affrighted ſoules ſhall feele
his furie burne like fire.
6 Yet, mine Annointed King
upon mine holy Hill,
Upon Mount Zion have I ſet.
I ſhall declare the will,
7 Of which Decree the Lord
hath given the charge to mee:

And

And said, Thou art my Sonne, this day
have I begotten Thee.
8 Aske, I to thee will give
the Heathens world of ground
For thine inheritance, possesse
as farre as earth hath bound.
9 Thou with an iron rod
shalt stripe their stubborne hides;
Or, like a Potters brittle shards,
in pieces dash their sides.
10 Now then, O Kings, be wise,
and ye that judge the Land,
Be well instructed what ye judge,
judge what ye understand.
11 Serve ye the Lord in feare,
in feare and joy betwixt;
A joyfull feare, a trembling joy,
delight and dutie mixt.
12 Embrace and kisse the Sonne,
lest through your cold delay,
His wroth contemning your contempt,
ye perish in the way.
If but a little while
his anger'd patience burne;
For safety they that hope in Him,
have all a happy turne.

PSAL. 3. *Domine, quid.*

Psalmus David. cum fugeret a facie Absalom, filii sui.

HOw many my distressers, Lord,
what mighty enemies:
Against one harmlesse head of mine
how many heads arise?

2 A multitude ſay of my ſoule,
ſo helpleſſe left alone,
Himſelfe he cannot help, in God
for him there health is none. *Selah*
3 But thou my ſhield about me, Lord,
doſt for my glory ſtand;
The ſole up-lifter of my head
is thy Almighty hand.
4 Up to the Lord I ſtrain'd my voice,
and cri'd, that he might heare;
And he out of his holy Mount
to my complaint gave eare. *Selah*
5 I laid me downe and ſlept; from ſleep
refreſht I roſe againe:
My ſleep was ſound, my guard was ſafe,
the Lord did me ſuſtaine.
6 Beleaguer'd with ten thouſand ſtrong
in armes, about me laid;
And malice equall to their might,
I would not be affraid.
7 Riſe up, Lord, ſave me, O my God,
for thy revengefull ſtroke
Of all my wicked foes the jawes
and ranck'rous teeth hath broke.
8 Salvation is of thee, O Lord,
from thee the bleſſing flowes,
Which on thy choſen peoples heads
thy bounteous hand beſtowes. *Selah*

PSAL.4. *Cùm invocarem.*
Ad Præſtantem in Neghinoth: Pſalmus David.

TO thee, O God, my righteouſneſſe,
let my complaint repaire:

Thou

Thou hast enlarg'd mee from distresse,
in mercie heare my praier.
2 My glorie (sonnes of man) to shame
how long will ye apply?
Your love shall vanitie enflame,
your labour seeke a lye. Selah
3 But know, that of his gracious Saint
the Lord makes wondrous choice;
And when to him I make my plaint,
the Lord will heare my voice.
4 Be angry: but from sinne refraine,
Soule, with a silent zeale: Selah
5 Thy selfe upon thy bed arraigne,
and to thy selfe reveale.
6 The sacrifices ye present,
let Justice sacrifice;
And let your hope be confident,
that on the Lord relies.
7 Of good (say many) is there none
will shew us any sight?
On us, Lord (all our good in one)
lift up thy faces light.
8 Pure joy into this heart of mine
so shalt thou give me, more
Than theirs, that of their corne and wine
in harvest heap up store.
9 My head then downe will I both lay,
and sleep in peaces cell:
For thou alone, O Lord, my stay,
in safetie mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. 5. *Verba mea.*
Ad Præstantem, super Nebiloth. Psalmus David.

UNto my words, O Lord, give eare,
weigh well my wordlesse thought:
2 O let my crie, where thou maist heare,
my King, my God, be brought.
3 Thou, Lord, shalt (early) heare my voice,
to thee my praier shall flie:
And of the rising morne make choice
to Heaven to raise mine eie.
4 For thou art God, in wickednesse
that takest no delight:
The evill shall have no accesse,
nor sojourne in thy sight.
5 Vain-glorious Fooles before thine eyes
take footing never shall:
Thou hatest of iniquities
the painfull workers all.
6 The lying tongue shalt thou defeat
with utter overthrow:
The man of blouds, and pale deceit,
the Lord abhorres to know.
7 But in thy mercies much regard,
thy house will I draw neere;
And to thy holy Temple-ward,
doe worship in thy feare.
8 Lord, lead me in thy justice right:
and, lest I step astray,
Because of my maligners, straight
before me make thy way.
9 For in his mouth, no truth sincere,
their inwards, deeps of woe:
Their throat, an open sepulchre;

tongues

tongues smoothly taught to goe.
10 Judge them, O God, and let their fall,
their guilty counsells tell:
Rout them with their transgressions all,
against thee that rebell.
11 So shall they (aye) that trust in thee,
shout all with joyfull voice;
And thy Names-lovers, they that be,
for covering them, rejoyce.
12 For thou, O Lord, thy blessing downe
upon the Just shalt yeeld;
And with thy gracious favour crowne
his head, as with a shield.

PSAL. 6. *Domine, ne in furore.*

Ad Praestantem, in Neghinoth, super Octavam. Psalmus David.

MY faults, let no reproofe of thine,
Lord, in thy wrath repeat;
Nor chastise any crime of mine
in thy displeasures heat.
2 Have mercy, Lord; for I am weake,
Lord, heale me: else in vaine
My bones, with horrour shook, shall speake
the language of my paine.
3 My soule is also troubled sore;
and though my pangs be strong,
My soule-sicke sorrow paines me more,
but Thou, O Lord, how long!
4 Returne, O Lord, and at thy cost
my soules deliverance cleere:
O save my life, that am but lost,
but for thy mercie meere.

5 For none in death remembrance have
upon thy Name to dwell:
And who so thankfull in the grave,
as of thy praise to tell?
6 The languor that my groanes have bred,
my melting spirits out-weares:
To swimme all night I make my bed,
and drowne my couch in teares.
7 Mine eye gnawne out with anguish dies,
my beautie to behold,
(Because of all mine enemies)
growne wanne, and waxen old.
8 From mee, ye wicked doers all,
with all your deeds forbeare:
The Lord hath heard my voices call,
my teares have touch't his eare.
9 The Lord hath heard how I complain'd,
and with my praier is pleas'd;
My suit the Lord hath entertain'd,
my painfull suffrings eas'd.
10 Shame and confusion out of hand
on all my haters light:
And on their backes entrench the brand
of their reproachfull flight.

PSAL. 7. *Domine Deus.*

Shiggaion David, qui cecinit Domino, super verba Chus, filii Semini.

MY confidence doe I repose
O Lord my God in thee:
From all my persecuting foes
save and deliver mee.
2 Lest like a Lion he devoure,

and

and (no Redeemer neere
To rescue me that hath the power)
my soule in pieces teare.
3 O Lord my God, if I have done
this crime that they object;
Or wickednesse if any one
my guilty palmes infect.
4 If evill I to him have paid,
that was with mee at peace:
(Yea, him that causlesse me betrai'd
I freely did release:)
5 Let then my foe pursue, and take
my soule to sate his lust;
Tread downe my life on earth, and make
my glorie dwell in dust. *Selah*
6 Rise up Lord in thy wrath, up rise,
for my distressors rage;
Command thy judgement to surprize,
or their proud heat asswage.
7 So shall the peoples many a one
in flockes about thee flie:
For their sakes to thy powerfull Throne
returne thy selfe on hie.
8 The Lord shall judge the peoples right,
judge Lord of my desert,
How just my hands are in thy sight,
and how sincere my heart.
9 Of wicked men the malice bound,
the just establisht keep:
For thou of hearts and reines dost sound
(just God) the deepest deep.
10 My shield on God their Saviour,
that are in heart upright:
Just Judge is God; Gods angry power
threats

threats every day to light.
11 For him that turnes not, to repent
whom no remorse will bring,
His sword he whets, his bow stands bent,
his arrowes on the string.
12 And them for him he hath prepar'd,
(dire instruments of death;)
Among the persecutors shar'd,
to stop their fierie breath.
13 Behold his wombe with mischiefe swells,
with sorrow breeds he sin:
Now brought to bed, of nothing else
but of a lie, lies-in.
14 He digg'd a pit with painfull care,
to delve it deep withall:
Where (others earning to ensnare)
himselfe into did fall.
15 His mischiefe on his head shall light,
that mischiefe first did frame:
On his owne pate shall spend his spight,
the forge from whence it came.
16 Confesse unto the Lord will I,
so just in all his waies;
And of the Lord, that is Most-Hie,
the Name my song shall praise.

PSAL. 8. *Domine, Dominus.*

Ad Præstantem, super Gittith. Psalmus David.

O Lord, our Lord, the earth about
how glorious is thy Name;
Which hast thy Majestie given out
above the Heavens high frame?
2 Strength from the mouth of babes to goe;

fro

from ſucklings tender age,
Thou foundedſt, to confound the foe,
and ſtill th' avengers rage.
3 As oft as on thy Heav'ns I looke,
worke of thy fingers rote;
The Moon, the Starres, (Heav'ns Muſick-booke)
by thee in Volumes wrote;
4 What is fraile man, O ſay I now,
remembred thus by thee?
Or what is *Adams* ſonne, that thou
his Viſitor ſhouldſt be?
5 A little haſt thou rank't beneath
the Angels Creſt his Crowne:
His head empal'd within a wreathe
of glorie and renowne.
6 A Soveraigne haſt thou ſet him, meet
thy handy-workes to ſway;
And all things underneath his feet
made uſefull to obey.
7 Sheep, Oxen, all the Beaſts that field
or deſert-ſoile containe:
Fowle, Fiſh, that aire or ſalt-ſea yeeld,
whoſe pathes are in the Maine.
O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
throughout this earthly frame!
How boundleſſe is the beames extent
of thy reſplendent Name!

PSAL. 9. *Confitebor tibi.*
d Præſtantem, ſuper. Muth-Labben. Pſal. David.

TO render thankes to thee, O Lord,
my heart is wholly bent;
Of all thy marvells to record,

my

my tongue the instrument.
2 I will be glad, I will rejoyce
in thee with melodie:
And to thy Name sing Numbers choice,
O thou that art Most-Hie.
3 When backward fled, mine enemies
were hard pursu'd in chace;
They stumbled, never more to rise,
but perish from thy face.
4 For thou my judgements doome hast done,
or else my right had fail'd:
Thou sateſt Judge upon the Throne,
where Justice hath prevail'd.
5 The Heathen routs hast thou reprov'd,
the wicked one destroi'd;
From men among, their name remov'd,
for evermore made void.
6 My foe, see desolations done,
the Cities raz'd to ground:
With them is their memoriall gone,
and in their dust lies drown'd.
7 But Soveraigne on his Throne declar'd
the Lord shall ever sit;
Which for himselfe he hath prepar'd,
and made for judgement fit.
8 And he with justice will proceed
to judge the world so wide;
And of his peoples every deed
with righteous doome decide.
9 The Lord to him that is oppreſt
will be a refuge high:
A refuge high, the poore distreſt
when times of trouble trie.
10 And they that know thy Name, alone

their truſt on thee will ground:
For thou art, Lord, forſaking none
of them that ſeeke thee, found.
1 Sing to the Lord on Sion Mount,
whoſe pleaſure is to dwell:
With praiſe his deeds of high account
among the peoples tell.
2 For when the Queſt of his Affiſe
for blouds inquirie makes:
Unmindfull he the meeke that cries
forgets not, nor forſakes.
3 My ſuffrings, Lord, in mercie ſee,
through mine oppreſſors hates;
Of death, O thou the onely He,
that lifts me from the gates.
4 That all thy praiſes I may ſpread
in Sions daughters ports;
And in thy ſaving health be glad,
in all my ſongs reports.
5 The Heath'n are ſunke downe in the pit,
which they themſelves prepar'd:
That ſecret net which they did fit,
their foot hath faſt enſnar'd.
6 His judgement done, the Lord is knowne
to execute aright:
Caught in the handy-workes his owne,
mark well the wicked wight. *Higgaion Sel.*
7 The wicked ſhall returne to Hell,
where their abode is ſet:
Where Heath'ns, & Heav'ns-contemners dwell,
and all that God forget.
8 For alwaies ſhall not be forgot
the grievance of the poore;
Of needy ſoules the hopes ſhall not

be

be loſt for evermore.
19 Riſe, Lord, let none of mortall race
prevaile againſt thy hand;
But let the Heath'ns before thy face,
to heare their judgement ſtand.
20 Diſmaying-feare upon them throw,
that Lord, confounded then,
The haughty-hearted Heath'ns may know,
they be but wretched men. Selah

PSAL. 10. *Ut quid Domine.*

WHy ſtandſt thou, Lord, ſo farre aſide,
when dangers draw ſo neere?
Thy helpfull face why doſt thou hide,
when troublous times appeare?
2 The wicked in his heat of pride
purſues the heart-leſſe poore:
In thoſe ſelfe-toiles let them be ti'd,
by them contriv'd before.
3 The wicked boaſts his ſoules deſires
beyond his wiſht ſucceſſe:
The covetous, what he admires,
blaſphemes the Lord to bleſſe.
4 On God (ſo proud the wicked is)
he takes no care to call:
Nor God in any plot of his
hath any place at all.
5 His travell all times well ſucceeds,
thy Judgements, where he goes,
Above his ſight he never heeds,
but puffes at all his foes.
6 For in his hearts conſent, he ſaid,
'Mov'd ſhall I never be.

)n me ſhall evill none be laid,
my fall no age ſhall ſee.
His mouth is full with curſes arm'd,
deceit and guile among:
niquitie and miſchiefe ſwarm'd,
hive underneath his tongue.
In villages to ſtands he gets,
there cloſe in ambuſh lies:
he innocent and poore beſets,
and murthers when he ſpies.
In ſecret, he from ſight of men
lies waiting, neere the way;
nd Lion-like lurkes in his den,
to ſnatch the poore for prey.
o The poore into his net he drawes,
till he hath caught him thrall;
toops low, into his powerfull pawes
that poore by flockes may fall.
r In heart he ſaies (tongue durſt not ſay)
"All this hath God forgot;
Or heedleſſe hides his face away
for ever, ſees it not.
Ariſe, Lord God, lift up thy hand
for them, that help implore,
ithout thy ſtrength too weake to ſtand,
be mindfull of the poore.
Why hath the wicked heart a tongue,
though words for feare retire;
o ſpeake in ſpitefull thoughts? "This wrong
thou God wilt not enquire.
Thou ſeeſt, for wrong and wickednesſe,
thine eye and hand perceive:
edreſſe, the poore and fatherleſſe
to thee their helper leave.

15 Of wicked and malicious men
breake thou the harmfull arme:
Seeke out his wickednesse, and then
find neither arme nor harme.
16 The Lord is King and Governour,
for ever and beyond:
The Heath'n opposers of his power
are perisht from the land.
17 The meek-afflicted soules desire
thou Lord art pleas'd to heare;
Their heart confirm'd dost thou inspire,
attentive mak'st thine eare.
18 To judge the pupill and the poore,
that sorry man may find
His daunting threats to be no more
but earth, and empty wind.

PSAL. XI. *In Domino. Ad Praestantem, Davidis.*

MY trust doth on the Lord relie,
how say ye to my soule,
Soule, to thy mountaines safetie flie,
as swift as feathred fowle?
2 For loe, the wicked bend their bow,
on string their arrow fit,
A shoot in darkenesse to bestow,
the upright heart to hit.
3 When wicked plots are over-past,
that stedfast ground have none:
When their foundations downe are cast,
the just, what hath he done?
4 The Lord from holy place above,
the Lord from Heav'n his Throne,

His eyes will view, his eye-lids prove
how *Adams* sonnes have gone.
The just and wicked ones estate
the Lord will prove and trie:
But selfe hate soules his soule doth hate,
that love malignitie.
Upon the wicked will he showre
snares, fire, and brimstone downe:
And breath of burning tempest powre,
their cup this lot shall crowne.
For just the Lord, and just designes
are lovely in his sight;
His face discerns, and right defines
of men and meanes upright.

PSAL. 12. *Salvum me fac.*
Ad Praestantem, super Octavam. Psalmus David.

SAve, Lord, for godly men are gone,
and goodnesse none that mind:
Of *Adams* sonne a faithfull one
example rare to find.
With faign'd discourse, and fawning style,
each one his neighbour holds:
But of his flatt'ring lips, the guile
in heart and heart he molds.
All flatt'ring lips, of fraud the traine
the Lord cut off betimes;
And tongue that strikes no lower straine,
but lofty language chimes.
Our tongue (say they) shall sure prevaile,
these lips of ours must walke;
Our lips their Masters must not faile:
what Lord shall taxe our talke?

5 Now

5 Now for the needy soules reprize
and poore mans groaning cares,
Up will I, saith the Lord, arise,
and save him from these snares.
6 Thy words, O Lord, are words as pure
as silver seven times tri'd
In Test of ashes, by the cure
of fire repurifi'd.
7 Thou shalt, O Lord, preserve the flocke
of thy selected sheep;
And ever from this wicked stocke
the soule that serves thee keep.
8 The wicked compasse every coast,
their quarter keeps no bounds:
While *Adams* sonnes are valew'd most,
where vilenesse most abounds.

PSAL. 13. *Usque quo Domine? Ad Præstantem. Psalmus David.*

HOw long, Lord, wilt thou me forget?
for ever shall it be?
How long, no eye upon mee set,
but hide thy face from me?
2 How long shall I in soule advise,
and daily vexe my heart?
How long, my foes above me rise,
against me that take part?
3 Behold, O Lord my God, and heare
from clouds of darknesse deep:
With thy pure light mine eye-sight cleare,
lest in the death I sleep.
4 Against me, lest to have prevail'd,
my foe give out the voice:

For when my feeble foot hath fail'd,
my troublers will rejoyce.
5 My truſt yet on thy mercie ſtaies,
thy ſaving health ſhall be
My joy of heart, my ſong ſhall praiſe
thy bounty, Lord, to mee.

PSAL. 14. *Dixit Inſipiens. Ad Praeſtantem, Davidis.*

THere is no God, the fooles heart ſayes
in his ungodly mood.
2 Corrupt and odious are their wayes:
none, no not one does good.
3 The Lord look't downe from heaven, to ſee
what Adams ſonnes deſir'd:
Of underſtanding, who was hee,
that after God enquir'd.
4 Together all departed are,
all loathſome-ſented grow'n:
Of doing good that hath the care,
or conſcience none, not one.
Are wicked workers all miſled?
ſo ignorant are all?
hat eate my people up like bread,
on God they never call.
There did their feare confeſſe diſtruſt,
whoſe guilt they could not hide;
he generation of the juſt
hath God to be their guide.
The counſells of the poore, to blame
your blame-full counſells rend:
nd (ſhameleſſe) of his hopes, ſpeake ſhame,
that on the Lord depend.

8 Salvation who to Israel
shall out of Sion give,
When they that now in bondage dwell,
no longer captives live.
When home-return'd the Lord shall bring
the people of his choice,
O then for joy shall Jacob sing,
and Israel rejoyce.

Isti tres versus non sunt in textu Hebræo, Græco, Chaldæo, vel in Carmine Apollinarii. In Bibliis emendatis relicti sunt, ob antiquitatis reverentiam: sed absque arithmetica nota, qua ut proprii distinctique hujus Psalmi versus habeantur.

A Paulo recitantur hoc ordine.

THeir throat an open sepulchre,
the forge of fraud their tongue:
Their lips more deadly poyson beare,
than where the Aspe hath stung.
2 Their mouth of cursing is a spring,
of bitternesse a floud:
Their feet as fowle of prey on wing
are swift in shedding bloud.
3 Their waies are for vexation made,
and to destruction lead:
The way of peace is not their trade,
nor know they how to tread.
Which knowing not, needs must they fall,
where endlesse horrour lies,
Of God that have no sense at all,
no feare before their eies.

PSAL.

Psal. 15. *Domine, quis?* *Psalmus Davidis.*

WHo, Lord, shall sojourne in thy Tent?
Inhabit who thy holy Hill?
Who perfect walkes, is working still
2 The workes of Justice to fulfill;
In heart meanes truth; truth speakes as ment.

3 Whose tongue to slander cannot frame,
Doth to his friend no evill thing,
Nor gives nor takes reproaches sting,
From mischiefes venom'd mouth to fling,
Against his neighbours honest name.

4 Whose eye (all kind respect forgot)
Holds in contempt a person vile;
But rankes them high in honours file,
To feare the Lord, that fet their while:
Sweares to his hurt, and changeth not.

5 Gives not to biting Usurie,
For sordid gaine, his silver lent,
Sells not for bribe the innocent;
To do these things whose mind stands bent,
Shall stand unmov'd eternally.

Psal. 16. *Conserva me.* *Michtam Davidis.*

ON thee my safeties hope is staid
O God, preserve thou me:
2 Thou Lord, my Lord (my soule hath said)
My good is not to thee.
3 Upon the Saints on earth that dwell,

soules gracious in thy sight:
Soules, that in serving God excell,
set is my sole delight.
4 Their sorrowes shall be multipli'd,
that after off-gods runne;
That other god have deifi'd,
and left thy dues undone.
Of bloud the offerings they propine,
I will not once partake,
Nor of their names these lips of mine
shall ever mention make.
5 The Lord is of mine heritage
the portion, of my cup
The over-flowing beverage;
my lot thou holdest up.
6 Within a faire and pleasant land,
the lines for mee are laid:
A goodly heritage in hand,
I hold to mee convai'd.
7 Thankes to the Lord will I returne
for his advertisement,
Whose fire within my reines doth burne,
with mighty chastisement.
8 The Lord before mee alwaies set
my object un-reprov'd;
On my right hand so him I get,
I shall not be remov'd.
9 My heart therefore thus heartned, sung
for joy within my brest:
Glad was the glory of my tongue,
"My flesh in hope shall rest.
10 Nor wilt thou leave my soule in hell,
nor give thy Holy One,
Where death, and shades of darknesse dwell,

to see corruption.
11 The path of life thou mak'st mee know,
full joyes before thy face:
From whence perpetuall pleasures flow,
thy right hand is the place.

PSAL. 17. *Exaudi, Domine.*
Oratio Davidis.

HEare justice, Lord, exactly heed
what my loud cries entreat;
Attend my prayer, that doth proceed
from lips without deceit.
2 My judgement from before thy face
let come in open sight:
Let thy pure eies discerne my case,
and give the Rights their right.
3 My heart by night thy search did sound,
yet nothing didst thou find
That with my mouth I did propound,
to sinne against my mind.
4 By workes, that earthly man concerne,
I find what course they runne:
By thy lips word, the pathes I learne
of breakers through to shunne.
Beat thou my waies, and make them plaine,
my feeble steps fore-guide;
My feet within thy pathes containe,
my footing shall not slide.
6 On thee I call, thou God wilt heare,
and answer mee againe:
To my request incline thine eare,
attend how I complaine.
7 Thy wondrous mercies set apart,

from thy insulting foes,
Saviour of them, whose hope thou art,
that thy right hand oppose.
8 O keep me as those chrystall globes,
the eyes black darling keep,
And spread thy wings wide-covering robes,
where shadow'd I may sleep.
9 My head from wicked facers hide,
the heads of my decay,
That compasse me on every side,
to make my soule their prey.
10 Enclos'd in their owne fat, they smoake
with surfeits doubtfull sweat;
And with their mouth have proudly spoke
their haughty hearts conceit.
11 To snare our footsteps, in our walkes
they now beset us round,
With eyes (as treason closely stalkes)
to undermine our ground.
12 His likenesse is a Lion bold,
that greedy is to teare;
So keeps the Lions whelp his hold,
that lurkes in secret where.
13 Rise, Lord, prevent his sharp fore-sights,
to stop my foe begin;
And with thy sword, wherewith he fights,
my soules deliverance win.
14 From men, the scourge Lord of thy hand,
from mortall-worldlings will;
Upon this life, whose portions stand,
whose gorge thy treasures fill!
Sonnes have they store; and of their store,
when death shall them bereave:
Then (all too much) what they have more,

they to their children leave.
15 Now of thy face a view to take,
shall Justice be my guide:
In mee when shall thine Image wake,
I shall be satisfi'd.

PSAL. 18. *Diligam te, Domine.*

Ad Præstantem. Servi Domini Davidis, qui locutus est Domino verba Cantici hujus, in die qua eripuit eum Dominus de manu omnium inimicorum suorum, & de manu Saul: Et dixit,

O Lord, whose strength in mee doth move,
and all my strength beget,
The strong impression of my love
on thee is wholly set.
2 The Lord my rocke, whereon to build,
my fort, my Saviour:
My God, my hopes strong hold, my shield,
horne of my health, my towre.
3 Upon the praised Lord I call'd,
to him for help I prai'd;
Mee from my foes he disenthrall'd,
and gave mee saving aide.
4 Of death the sorrowes succourlesse
were round about mee laid;
Of over-bearing wickednesse
the flouds made me affraid.
5 The cords of Hell about mee bent,
on every side rooke hold;
The snares of death did mee prevent,
that I could not unfold.
6 Oppresst, the Lord my God I prest,
he from his Palace heares;

Before him came my loud requeſt,
and entred at his eares.
7 Then ſhook the trembling earth for feare,
the hills foundations mov'd:
And at his preſence troubled were,
becauſe his wroth reprov'd.
8 A ſtorme of ſmoake before him came,
which from his noſtrils fum'd;
And fire out of his mouth did flame,
that where it came, conſum'd.
9 He bow'd the Heav'ns, and made his Throne
with earth his foot-ſtoole meet:
Beneath the dreadfull light that ſhone,
lay darkneſſe at his feet.
10 A Cherub-chariot did him beare,
whoſe plumes he made his ſaile;
The winds his winged-courſers were,
and darkneſſe was his vaile.
11 Darke his pavillion, darke the skie,
darke waters, duskie clouds,
Compoſe an aërie canopie,
wherein himſelfe he ſhrowds.
12 The brightneſſe of his preſence tooke
the melting clouds in chace;
With haile and coales hot-burning ſtrooke,
they fled before his face.
13 The Lord from Heav'n in thunder ſpoke;
his voice that is moſt-Hie,
With ſtormes of haile made earth to ſmoake,
and coales of fire to flie.
14 His ſheafs of arrowes forth he ſent,
which at the ſcatt'red, flew:
Of lightning-ſhot his vollies ſpent,
downe his reſiſters threw.

15 The

15 The channels of the Maine appeare,
the worlds foundations vaſt,
At thy rebuke diſcovered were,
Lord, at thy noſtrils blaſt.
16 He ſent his hand from Heav'n above,
to bay the waves that flew;
He tooke mee, and from out the drove
of many waters drew.
17 He freed mee from my ſtrongeſt foe,
to whom my ſtrength was ſmall:
And from my mighty haters, moe
than I could match withall.
18 When I with woe was over-gone,
they mee fore-laid that day;
But mee, their helper having none,
the Lord my ſtaffe did ſtay.
19 Where I was bound he brought mee forth
enlarg'd, and ſet mee free:
For (of mine owne) none other worth,
but his delight in mee.
20 According as my juſtice ſtands,
the Lord did mee reward;
And to the pureneſſe of my hands,
my recompence he ſhar'd.
21 Becauſe what waies the Lord did goe,
therein my feet have trod;
And have not, as the wicked doe,
departed from my God.
22 For all his Judgements in my ſight,
my guides before mee lay;
And from mee his Decrees upright,
I did not turne away.
23 So thus with him was I ſincere,
and held integritie;

Restrain'd my selfe with hand severe,
from mine iniquitie.
24 Just therefore, as my Justice stands,
the Lord to mee supplies:
Rewards the pureness of my hands
in his pure-sighted eies.
25 Thou to the mercifull wilt shew
how mercifull thou art:
Thy strong perfections make him know
that is of perfect heart
26 So with the pure to be as pure,
thy selfe thou wilt reveale;
And with the froward wilt be sure
as frowardly to deale.
27 Thus wilt thou save from overthrow
poore peoples misrie;
And strike the eyes of pride as low,
as they have look't too hie.
28 My candle thou shalt surely light;
this darksome night of mine,
The Lord my God shall make as bright
as lightsome day to shine.
29 By thee have I dismai'd an host,
and broken through them all;
And by my God, where danger most
might skare mee, scal'd the wall.
30 The way of God is perfect ground,
the Word of JAH is tri'd;
To all a shield of safetie found,
whose hopes on him reside.
31 For who is God, the Lord except?
Who is a Rocke of Might?
Say (ye that have to Idols crept)
and give our God his right.

32 The God that girdeth mee with ſtrength,
is he that is my ſtay;
And he through all my journies length,
that perfect gives my way.
33 He makes my feet as ſwift as Hinds,
to follow, or to flie:
He makes me ſtand, as fix he finds,
upon my places hie.
34 My hands to warre he doth frequent,
and weapons learnes to feele:
Theſe armes of mine to bend, and bent,
to breake a bow of ſteele.
35 On mee the ſhield of saving health
thou haſt vouchſaf'd to beat:
Thy right hand hath upheld my wealth,
thy meekneſſe made mee great.
36 Beneath my feet thou didſt enlarge
my pathes on every ſide;
And of my footſteps took'ſt ſuch charge,
my ankles ſhould not ſlide.
37 Mine enemies have I purſu'd,
and overtooke in flight,
And not return'd, till I ſubdu'd,
and ruin'd them outright.
38 With wounds I ſtunn'd them in ſuch wiſe,
that now to ſtand unmeet;
Nor ever able more to riſe,
they fell beneath my feet.
39 For thou with ſtrength haſt girt my ſide,
in battell to oppoſe,
And under foot to tread their pride,
againſt mee that uproſe.
40 Thou, of my foes to mee haſt brought
the neckes, that under yoke

I might

I might cut off, and bring to nought
my haters at a stroke.
41 In their distresse for help they cri'd,
but none there was to save:
Even to the Lord, but none repli'd,
and he no answer gave.
42 Small as the dust before the wind
them did I peace-meale beate;
And them like out-cast rubbish grinde,
that strewes the myrie street.
43 From people with contentions fed
thou hast delivered me;
And of the Heath'ns hast made me head,
by strangers serv'd to be.
44 To mee, at hearing of the eare,
obedient shall they sit:
And to my power, dissembling feare,
the forraigne shall submit.
45 The strangers sonnes shall shrinke away,
their fallers hearts shall faile;
And in their holds affraid to stay,
their closets make their faile.
46 Let live the Lord, my Rocke be blest,
He that my head did raise,
The God in whom my health doth rest,
exalted be with praise.
47 My praise of God the Powerfull sings,
avenger of my wrongs;
That under my subjection brings
the headlesse peoples throngs.
48 He from my foes in safetie led,
and left mee free to stand;
Above my Rivals rais'd my head,
rid from the Tyrants hand.

49 To thee therefore will I give thanks,
O Lord, and praises frame,
Among the Heathens thickest rankes,
to sing unto thy name.
50 His Kings salvations great, he makes
for ever to succeed;
On his Annointed mercie takes,
on David and his seed.

PSAL. 19. *Cœli enarrant.*
Victori, Psalmus Davidi.

THe glorie of the God of Heaven,
the Heav'ns of God declare:
The Firmament firme proofe hath given,
his handy-worke they are.
2 Day unto day deliv'reth speech
in times alternate lines;
And night to night doth knowledge teach,
whose light in darknesse shines.
3 No speech, no language like their owne,
to make their meaning found:
Their voiceless voice all eares have knowne,
all heard their soundlesse sound.
4 Through all the earth their line is runne,
their words the world about:
A Tabernacle for the Sunne
in them hath he set out.
5 Which, like a Bride-groome, brightly clad,
leaves his retiring place;
And Giant-like, with gesture glad,
sets forth to runne his race.
6 His beames from Heavens, each Signe & Syde
their oblique round repeats;

And

And none there is himselfe can hide
from his life-breathing heat.

7 Much more the Law of JAH is pure,
the soule re-purifies
Of JAH the Testimonie sure,
and makes the simple wise.

8 The Statutes of the Lord upright,
the heart with joy suffice:
The Lords Commandment pure, gives light
to soule-dark-sighted eies.

9 The reverend feare of JAH from staine
stands chaste, and cleane for ever:
Of JAH the Judgements truth contains,
just are they altogether.

10 To be desired more than gold,
than much fine gold they are:
No honey-drops the combe can hold,
for sweetnesse may compare.

11 Moreover, is thy servant taught
by their admonishing,
Observing them, but as they ought,
how much reward they bring.

12 His errours who so wisely heeds,
to understand them all?
O cleanse mee from my close misdeeds,
my secret faults let fall.

13 And let thy servants pride-swolne sinnes

get

get no predominance:
Thus innocence perfection wins,
made cleane from much offence.
14 What I by word of mouth record,
or meditate in mind:
My Rocke and my Redeemer, Lord,
with thee let favour find.

PSAL. 20. *Exaudiat te Dominus.*
Ad Præsantem, Psalmus Davidis.

THe day that troubles thee assaile,
the Lord to thee replie:
The Name of Jacobs God prevaile,
to set thee up on hie.
2 Help from the Sanctuary send,
thy strong up-holder stand:
And out of Sion thee defend
from thy distressors hand.
3 Remember all thine offerings past,
thy sacrifices burne:
His fire upon thy fatlings cast,
and them to ashes turne. *Selah.*
4 He give to thee thy hearts desire,
accomplish't at thy will:
Thy counsell with his Spirit inspire,
thy purpose all fulfill.
5 In thy salvation will we shout,
triumphant Banner spread;
And of our God the Name set out,
"Thy suits the Lord bestead.
6 Now will the Lord himselfe, I know,
for his Annointed stand:
Heare from his holy Heavens, let flow

health,

health from his strong right hand.
7 Some men their trust in Chariots frame,
on Horses some, to set:
But of the Lord our God the Name
we never shall forget.
8 They fall'n are, with the earth laid even,
we rais'd, stand upright all:
Save, Lord, and heare us King of Heaven,
what day on thee we call.

PSALM. 21. *Domine, in virtute.*
Ad Præsentem. Psalmus Davidis.

LOrd, of thy strength with cheerfull voice,
the King shall gladly tell;
And in thy saving health rejoyce,
with joy that shall excell.
2 The fulnesse of his hearts desire,
to him thou hast suppli'd;
And what his lips could but require,
thy love hath not deni'd. *Selah.*
3 With blessings dost thou him prevent,
thy goodnesse to unfold:
And to empale his head, hast sent
a Crowne of purest gold.
4 He ask't thee lifes, and thou didst give
above, before his vow;
Beyond the length of daies, to live
for ever, didst allow.
5 In thy salvations sure supply
great is his glorie growne:
High Honour, Soveraigne Majestie,
hast thou upon him throw'n.
6 Of blessings ever-flowing streames

to him thou didst impart;
And with thy countenances beames
rejoyce his royall heart.
7 For to the Lord the King is nigheſt,
by ſettled truſt approv'd;
And through the mercie of the Higheſt,
he ſhall not be remov'd.
8 For all thy foes, ſoever where,
thy hand ſhall ſearch about;
And them that hate againſt thee beare,
thy right hand ſhall find out.
9 Make like a fierie oven their pow'r,
what time thy face ſhall fume:
Them ſhall the Lord in wrath devoure,
the fire ſhall them conſume.
10 The fruit of their untimely breed,
from earth thou ſhalt deſtroy,
That with the ſonnes of men, their ſeed
no memorie enjoy.
11 For miſchiefe they againſt thee meant,
with purpoſe to prevaile;
And evill was their ſlie intent,
but they ſhall not but faile.
12 For thou ſhalt ſet them as a Butt,
and backe with ſhame them ſend;
And on thy ſtring thine arrowes put,
againſt their faces bend.
13 Lord, in thy ſtrength thy ſelfe up-raiſe,
whoſe ſtrength is all thine owne;
So ſhall our ſongs extoll thy praiſe,
and make thy power be knowne.

PSAL. 22. *Deus meus.*
Victori, super Cervam Aurorae. Psal. David.

MY God, my God, my strength alone,
"Why dost thou me forsake;
And from my health so farre art gone,
from these loud moanes I make?
2 My God, by day to thee I call,
by day thou answerest not:
By night no ceasing, silence all
my groanings have forgot.
2 But thou continu'st Holy still,
thy Holinesse doth dwell,
Where praises on thy holy Hill
are sung by Israel.
4 On thee their hopes our Fathers cast,
and thou hast made them good:
In thee they trusted, and thou hast
their safe-deliverer stood.
5 To thee they cri'd, and at their cry
by thee delivered were:
In thee they trusted stedfastly,
and no reproach did beare.
6 But I, a wretched worme, forlorne,
a name from men exempt:
Of earthly men becom'n the scorne,
the peoples base contempt.
7 All they that see mee thus bestead,
in mock'rie on mee play:
Shoot out the lip, and shake the head,
and in derision say,
8 "He to the Lord did recommend
his trust, to be redeem'd:
Let him to him deliverance send,

whom

whom his delight esteem'd.
Forth from the wombe thou didst me draw,
where cloistred I did rest:
Thou to my hopes becam'st a law
upon my mothers brest.
10 I was commended to thy hands,
cut from the navills hold:
Thou art my God, since me in bands
my mothers womb did fold.
11 O goe not therefore farre from hence,
for troubles neere mee presse:
And none there is in my defence
to stand for my redresse.
12 Whole heards of bullockes, hoofe and head,
are round about me set:
Strong Bulls in Bathan, highly fed,
to compasse mee are met.
13 Their throates tooth-weapon'd, two-leav'd
upon mee straine their jawes: (doores,
Right so the Lion ramps and roares
on prey to seaze his pawes.
14 Like waters am I shed and sunk,
my bones disparted all:
My heart amidst my bowels shrunk,
like molten waxe doth fall.
15 Dri'd like a pot-sheard is my strength,
my tongue and jawes fast glew'd:
And thou hast brought mee downe at length,
where dust and death conclude.
16 A wicked crew of dogges compos'd,
did round about mee meet:
And Lion-like they me enclos'd,
" They pierc't my hands and feet.
17 My bones I tell how many are,

sharp

sharp lookes at mee they shot.
18 My garments they among them share,
and for my coat cast lot.
19 But doe not thou farre off at need
thy selfe, O Lord, absent:
To help me from their hands, with speed
them, O my strength, prevent.
20 My soule, whom deadly foes withstand,
let not the sword devoure:
Redeem my dearling from the hand,
whereof the Dogge hath power.
21 O from the Lions mouth, now, then,
my humbled head set free:
From hornes of Unicornes, as when
thou heardst and answeredst mee.
22 So then my brethren all among
thy Name will I declare;
Amidst the congregations throng,
to sing, thy praise prepare.
23 O praise him, ye that feare the Lord,
ye seed of Jacob tell
His glorie: all his feare record,
ye seed of Israel.
24 For he hath not despis'd, nor loath'd
the needy unsuppli'd:
Nor with a veile his visage cloth'd,
but heard him when he cri'd.
25 The great Assemblies solemne day,
my praise shall sing of thee:
My vowes to him that I will pay,
shall they that feare him see.
26 The meeke shall eate, and be suffic'd,
praise they to him shall give
That seeke the Lord; thus exercis'd,

your

your heart shall ever live.
7 All coasts on earth their hearts call home,
and to the Lord restore;
nd all the Nations kindreds come
his presence to adore.
8 For in the Lord, the soveraigne power
of Royaltie remaines:
nd he the Lord and Governour
among the Nations raignes.
9 The fat on earth shall eate and bend,
before the food of grace:
nd all that downe to dust descend,
shall bowe before his face.
he Potentate, the poore that eate,
shall life by eating have;
Vith him, whose soules unquickned heat
is yeelding to the grave.
o A seed of theirs there shall succeed,
his service to embrace:
Vhich to the Lord shall be decreed,
and reckoned for a race.
11 When they shall come, his righteousnesse
then shall their tongues declare;
To people after-borne expresse,
that these his doings are.

PSAL. 23. *Dominus regit.*
Psalmus Davidis.

MY Shepheard is the Lord, whose care
provides mee fold and food:
Whose goodnesse plenteous, and to spare,
supplies my want of good.
2 In pastures green he makes mee lye,

and

and softly lodge my sides:
He leads mee forth, where pleasantly
the streames of stillnesse glide.
3 He doth returne my soule againe,
and for his owne Names sake,
Conducts mee through the beaten plaine,
that Justice treads to make.
4 Walk't I the shady Vale of death,
none evill would I feare:
Thy rod, thy staffe, relieve my breath,
for thou art with mee there.
5 My table spread dost thou appoint
in presence of my foes:
My head with oile thou dost annoint,
my chalice over-flowes.
6 With goodnesse sure shall mercie give
an eye to all my waies;
And in the Lords house shall I live,
beyond the length of daies.

PSAL. 24. *Domini est terra.*
Psalmus Davidis.

THe earth, with all those mynes unfound,
within her wombe that swell,
Is all the Lords! the Worlds great round,
and they that therein dwell.
2 He founded it upon the seas,
and shor'd them under ground:
Establish't fast the solid Leas,
the liquid floods to bound.
3 The Hill of JAH who shall ascend,
so high to set his feet?
Who in his holy place attend,

for

for such a service meet?
He that cleane palmes, pure heart hath borne,
his soule to vanitie
th not up-lifted, hath not sworne
an oath deceitfully.
He from the Lord on him bestow'd
a blessing shall receive;
d justite shall the mighty God
of his salvation give.
Of them that seeke him, this the race,
this Jacobs Israel:
f them that strive to seeke thy face,
this Jacobs Peniel. *Selah.*
Lift up your heads, ye doores be rais'd,
eternall gates give way,
hat enter, highly to be prais'd,
the King of Glorie may.
Who is the King of Glorie? this,
whose praises spread so farre?
he strong and mighty Lord it is,
the mighty Lord of warre.
Lift up your heads, ye doores be rais'd,
eternall gates give way,
That enter, highly to be prais'd,
the King of Glorie may.
10 Who is the King of Glorie? this,
of whom our praises sing?
The Mighty Lord of hosts it is,
of GLORIE he is King. *Selah.*

PSAL. 25. *Ad te, Domine.*
Davidis Acrostichon.

AS, Lord, to thee I lift my soule,
2 Because I trust in thee,

My

My God: Let not confusion foule,
nor foes insult on mee.
ב 3 Give not their hopes, that thee attend,
to take a shamefull staine:
Let shame confound them that offend,
and have no cause to saigne.
ג 4 Direct mee, Lord, thy waies to know,
thy pathes to mee make plaine:
Within thy bounds my steps bestow,
and teach mee to containe.
ד 5 How in thy truth to tread impart,
and make mee learne the way:
For of my health the God thou art,
ה whom I attend all day.
ו 6 Zeale of thy kind compassions mind,
remember, Lord, that care:
Thy tender mercies make mee find,
for they for ever are.
ז 7 Hold, on my youthfull faults forepast,
remember not to take;
Of mercie mind how much thou hast,
Lord, for thy goodnesse sake.
ח 8 The Lord is good and righteous ey'd,
transgressors to instruct:
The sinners therefore will he guide,
and in their way conduct.
ט In judgement just to tread upright,
the humble he will stay:
And where they wander, wanting light,
will learne the meeke his way.
י 10 Continuall are the Lords pathes cast
in Truths and Mercies mold;
To such as keep his Covenant fast,
his Testimonies hold.

ך 11 Lord,

ל 11 Lord, to thy Names great power herein,
let mee my pardon owe:
And on the greatneſſe of my ſin
thy greater mercie ſhew.
מ 12 Make known the man with mind entire,
that feares the Lord: the way
That he ſhall chooſe he will inſpire,
and learne him how to lay.
נ 13 Now (goodneſſe gotten to his hand)
his ſoule in good ſhall dwell:
His ſeed inherit ſhall the land,
that to his fathers fell.
ס 14 Secret that from the Lord deſcends,
doe they that feare him find:
To ſuch his Covenant he commends,
and makes them know his mind.
ע 15 On Jah-the-Lord mine eies are ſet
continually to looke:
To bring my feet out of the net,
whoſe hand hath undertooke.
פ 16 Prevent mee, and with gracious looke
thy face on mee reflect:
Whom ſolitary, poore, forſooke,
(diſcomforts all) deject.
צ 17 The ſorrowes of my heart enlarg'd,
my leſſ'ned heart oppreſſe:
O ſet mee from theſe toiles diſcharg'd,
and free mee from diſtreſſe.
ר 18 Remorſe on mine afflictions caſt,
regard how much I grieve:
Make even for all my faults fore-paſt,
and all my ſinnes forgive.
ר 19 Regard my foes inſatiate,
what multitudes they lead,

That beare a heart-infected hate
against my harmlesse head.
ש 20 Sustaine my helplesse soule alive,
and safe deliver mee;
But let not shame my fall contrive,
because I trust in thee.
ת 21 True perfectnesse and right let dwell
with mee, that wait on thee:
פ 22 Preserve, O God, thine Israel
from all his troubles free.

PSAL. 26. *Judica me, Domine. Davidis.*

JUdge mee, O Lord, I walke the way
that perfectnesse doth guide:
My trust upon the Lord I lay,
and therefore shall not slide.
2 Examine, Lord, what I have been,
sound what I ever did:
Search out my reines, what there uncleane;
my heart, what there lies hid.
3 Thy mercie is before mine eyes,
thy truth my walkes repeat:
4 I sit not downe with men of lyes,
nor enter with deceit.
5 The evill doers I eschew,
their Synagogue I hate;
Nor have I with the wicked crew
in their Assembly sate.
6 My hands, Lord, wash't in innocence,
thine Altar compast round:
7 With thankfull voice will I commence,
thy wonders all to sound.

8 The

The habitation of thy House
have I, O Lord, lov'd well:
The place where thou art glorious,
the house where I would dwell.
9 O gather not my soule, to rest
where sinners soules abide:
And on my life lay no inquest,
where men of blouds are tri'd.
10 Whose hands accomplish wicked drifts,
which mischieses head contrives;
And their right hand is full of gifts,
whose bargaine Brib'rie drives.
11 Of this perfection I have got,
however thou esteem;
Yet my perfection urge I not,
in mercie mee redeeme.
12 My foot upon so firme a ground
stands stedfast and upright;
That I, O Lord, thy praise will sound
in great Assemblies sight.

Psal. 27. *Dominus, illuminatio. Davidis.*

THe Lord my Saviour is my light,
of whom am I affraid?
The Lord is of my life the might,
by whom to be dismaid?
2 When wicked men with malice arm'd,
my foes in furie fell,
To eate my flesh, against mee swarm'd,
they stumbled, and they fell.
3 Encamp't against mee, not an host
should make my heart affraid;

Should warlike troupes fill every coaſt,
in this my truſt is ſtai'd.
4 For one ſuit to the Lord I ſue,
his houſe for life to hold:
Thoſe beauties of the Lord to view,
his Palace to behold.
5 For his Pavillion will he ſpread,
in troublous time to hide;
And on a rocke advance my head,
in ſecret by his ſide.
6 Above my foes now round about,
my head ſhall be up-rais'd:
And JAH, with joy his tents throughout,
in hoſts and hymnes be prais'd.
7 Unto my voice, O Lord, give eare,
upon thee when I call:
And my requeſt in mercy heare,
but anſwer mee withall.
8 When, "Seeke my face thou ſaidſt to mee,
with ecchoing touch of grace,
My heart advertis'd, anſwer'd thee,
"Lord, I will ſeeke thy face.
9 Thy face from mee then doe not hide,
thy ſeeker to defeat;
Nor from thy ſervant turne aſide,
in thy diſpleaſures heat.
My ſuccour (not to be forgot)
thou haſt been heretofore:
God of my health, now leave mee not,
forſake mee now no more.
10 Should mee my fathers wiſer care,
my mothers love forſake:
Though ſhe that bare mee, mee forbare,
the Lord would mee up take.

1 Teach mee, O Lord, thy way to tread,
where thy safe conduct lies;
And in the path of Rightnesse lead,
from my observers eies.
2 Give mee not to my foes desire,
for falshoods evidence;
With him against mee doth conspire,
that breath's out violence.
3 As I beleev'd, so faith to mee
did firme assurance give,
The goodnesse of the Lord to see,
within their land that live.
4 Attend the Lord with courage bold,
be strong, and stay the end:
Confirme thy heart to hold thy hold,
upon the Lord attend.

PSAL. 28. *Ad te Domine.*
Davidis.

ON thee, O Lord my Rocke, I call,
deafe-ceasing cease to be;
Lest downe the pit, like them that fall,
thy silence silence me.
2 The voice of my petitions heare,
when for thy grace I cry:
When to thy holy Adyte neere,
I lift my hands on hie.
3 Draw mee not with the wicked sort,
that worke with sinfull art,
That to their neighbours peace report,
but malice presse in heart.
4 Pay them what they to passe have brought,
the evill they devis'd:

And by the workes their hands have wrought,
be their reward assiz'd.
5 Because what deeds the Lord hath done,
his hand they will not heed:
Downe shall he breake them every one,
and build up no such breed.
6 Blest be the Lord, to whom I strain'd
the voice of mine un-rest:
Whose gracious eare hath entertain'd,
and heard my whole request.
7 The Lord my strength is, and my shield,
my hearts, my hopes successe:
Joy to my heart, whose help doth yeeld,
him shall my song confesse.
8 The Lord with strength doth still support
the flocke that he enfolds;
And of salvations is the Fort,
that his Annointed holds.
9 O save the people of thy flocke,
blesse thine inheritance;
Feed them, and on thy favours rocke
for ever them advance.

PSAL.29. *Afferte Domino. Psalmus Dauidis.*

GIve to the Lord, ye men of Might,
ye sonnes of Mighty race,
Give glorie to the Lord, his right;
all strength to his give place.
2 Give to the Lord his Names renowne
before his holy Seat:
Your selves unto the Lord bowe downe,
his beauteous honour greet.

3 The voice that forth on waters breakes,
it is the Lord that bounds:
The glorious God in thunder speakes,
the Lord on seas re-sounds.
4 The Lord sends forth a mighty noise,
when power his power withstands:
The Lord gives out a soveraigne voice,
when Majestie commands.
5 When lofty Cedars broken lie,
his voice the Lord extends:
Of Lebanon the Cedars high
the Lord in sunder rends.
6 He makes them like a Heifer trip,
proud of his velvet hornes;
So Lebanon, so Shirion skip,
so skip young Unicornes.
7 The Lords voice shoots out flames of fire,
JAH'S voice the Desert shakes:
8 To tremble, if the Lord transpire,
the Desert Cadesh makes.
9 JAH'S voice makes Hinds bring forth their (young,
the Forrest-brood makes bare:
And in his Temple every tongue
his glorie can declare.
10 The Lord sate Soveraigne, at the flood
the Lord for ever raignes;
For sinners judgement, for the good
his Mercy-seat ordaines.
11 Strength to his people, their strong Rocke,
the Mighty Lord will give:
The blessing he will give his flocke,
shall be in peace to live.

PSAL. 30. *Exaltabo te, Domine.*
Psalmus Cantici: Dedicationis domus David.

I Will extoll thee, Lord Most-Hie,
so high-extoll'd by thee:
That hast not left an enemie
to triumph over mee.
2 Thee, Lord my God, my cry besought,
thou heald'st mee instantly:
3 My soule from Hell thou Lord hast brought,
reviv'd mee from-to-die.
4 O ye his Saints, the praises sing,
that to the Lord belong:
Before his holy presence bring
a thanks-remembring song.
5 For but the twinkling of an eie
his angers moment lasts:
But life on fraile mortalitie
his gracious favour casts.
An evening weeping may out-weare,
and teares with midnight mourne:
But mirth at morning will appeare,
and joy with light returne.
6 In my prosperitie I said,
mov'd shall I never be.
7 My mountaine, Lord, so strongly laid,
thy favour rais'd to me.
Thy face from me yet didst thou hide,
and I was troubled soone:
8 Then Lord to thee for grace I cri'd,
to thee, Lord, made my moane.
9 What profit in my bloud can be,
when I descend the pit?
Shall dust to tender thankes to thee,

or tell thy truth be fit?
10 Heare, Lord, of thee what I requeſt,
and mercy on mee take:
O doe not mee that am diſtreſt,
my helper, Lord, forſake.
11 To joyfull dancing haſt thou turn'd
my ſorrowes dolefull ſound:
My ſack-cloth loos'd, wherein I mourn'd,
with gladneſſe girt mee round.
12 That ſo may my unceſſant tongue,
(my glory) tune thy praiſe:
Thankes, Lord, to thee my God be ſung,
to endleſſe length of daies.

PSAL. 31. *In te Domine ſperavi.*
Ad Præſantem. Pſalmus Davidi.

MY confidence on thee I ground,
ſham'd let mee never be:
As Juſtice doth in thee abound,
O Lord, deliver mee.
2 Bowe downe thine eare, I may be heard,
with ſpeed on mee reflect:
My rocke of ſtrength, my houſe of guard,
in ſafety mee protect.
3 For thou my rocke and fortreſſe tri'd,
whatever path I tread,
Wilt for thy Name ſake be my guide,
and all my footing lead.
4 To bring mee forth out of the net,
for mee in ſecret laid,
Thy force againſt their falſhood ſet:
thy ſtrength is all my aide.
5 From death and deaths eternall bands,
by thee redeem'd, my ſpirit,

Doe I againe into thy hands,
Lord God of truth, commit.
6 I hate them that obſervers are
of lying vanities:
My confidences ſettled care
upon the Lord relies.
7 I will with glad and joyfull ſpleen
thy mercies praiſe expreſſe:
For my affliction haſt thou ſeen,
and knowne my ſoules diſtreſſe.
8 Nor haſt thou ſhut me in the hand
of my malignant foe;
But for my feet made place to ſtand,
and roome at large to goe.
9 On mee ſince yet diſtreſſe is drawne,
let Lord thy mercie ſhine:
Mine eye, my ſoule, my belly gnaw'n,
with indignation pine.
10 My life with woe is worne to nought,
my yeeres in ſighing ſpent:
My ſtrength, my ſinnes have over-wrought,
my bones are gnaw'n and rent.
11 Reproach of all my foes I beare,
my neighbours vehemently,
And my familiars, ſtrook with feare,
my ſight that meet mee flie.
12 My ſelfe a dead man out of mind,
and in mens hearts forgot,
As vile and uſe-leſſe held I find,
as is a broken pot.
13 For I have heard the multitude
with ſlanders mee diſmay;
Againſt mee counſell, and conclude
to take my ſoule away.

14 But

14 But, Lord, thou art my God, I said
my truſt relies on thee:
15 My times that in thy hand are laid,
from hoſtile hand ſet free.
16 And on thy light-leſſe ſervant make
thy faces light to ſhine:
O ſave mee for thy mercie ſake,
from this diſtreſſe of mine.
17 Lord, let not ſhame have ſhare in mee,
for on thee doe I call:
Confounded let the wicked be,
to Hell, ſtrook-ſilent fall.
18 Of lying lips the lavith foords
let forth no further breake,
Which hard diſdainfull ſpitefull words
againſt the Juſt man ſpeake.
19 How plentifull thy bounties be,
which thou haſt laid in ſtore,
For them that feare and truſt in thee,
the ſonnes of men before!
20 Them in thy faces ſecret hide,
from proud inſulters wrongs;
In thy Pavillion laid aſide
ſecure from ſtrife of tongues.
21 Bleſt be the Lord, that wondrouſly
his mercie hath diſpenc't;
And mee in ſafetie ſet to lye
within a Citie fenc't.
22 Amaz'd, I ſaid, before thine eies,
cut off, and caſt away;
The voice yet heardſt thou of my cries,
when I to thee did pray.
23 O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
for faithfull doers wales

The

The Lord preſerves from all attaints,
the haughty home repaies.
24 Be ſtrong, endure, and doe your parts,
the Lord will in the end
Eſtabliſh your encourag'd hearts,
whoſe hopes on him depend.

PSAL. 32. *Beati quorum.*
Davidis Maſchil.

BLeſt is he, whoſe tranſgreſſion
hath free forgiveneſſe gain'd:
And he, whoſe ſinne that he hath done,
a covering hath obtain'd.
2 Bleſt is the man, unto whoſe charge
the Lord imputes no ſin;
Whoſe ſpirit no hollow holds ſo large,
to lodge deceit therein.
3 When now my tongue all ſpeech forborne,
in painfull ſilence lay:
Through my loud roaring daily worne,
my bones with age decay.
4 For day and night with weight ſo great,
thine hand upon mee lies,
That like the drought in ſummers heat,
my kindly moiſture dries. *Selah.*
5 I did acknowledge unto thee
the ſinne that I had done:
Of mine iniquitie in mee
I have concealed none.
6 My ſinne, I ſaid, I will repeat,
and to the Lord confeſſe:
And of my crime thy mercy great,
forgave the wickedneſſe. *Selah.*

7 Now

7 Now therefore every Saint ſhall pray,
while time to find is found:
Sure, reach him none there is that may,
when many waters ſound.
8 From troubles beat my head to ſhade,
thou art a ſecret place:
With ſongs for my deliverance made,
thou ſhalt about mee trace. *Selah.*
9 I will inſtruct, and teach thee ſo,
thou ſhalt not walke awry:
And in the way that thou ſhalt goe,
give counſell with mine eye.
10 O doe not ye like Horſe, like Mule,
no underſtanding beare;
Whoſe mouth muſt bit and bridle rule,
to thee for comming neere.
11 Much ſorrow ſwells on every ſide,
to plague the wicked race:
But in the Lord whoſe hopes abide,
him mercy ſhall embrace.
12 Joy in the Lord, ye Juſt rejoyce,
ſhout out your glad delight,
As well in geſture, as in voice,
all ye of heart upright.

PSAL. 33. *Exultate Juſti.*

YE Juſt, be joyfull in the Lord;
becomes the righteous praiſe:
2 Harp, Violl, Voice, and Decachord,
to praiſe the Lord upraiſe.
3 A new ſet-ſong to him endite,
loud notes to muſickes height:
4 For of the Lord the Word is right,
and all his worke in faith.

5 His love on Iuſtice he beſtowes,
deſire with Iudgement dwells:
Of mercie from the Lord that flowes
the earth with fulneſſe ſwells.
6 The Heav'ns by word the Lord did frame,
and as his mouth did breathe,
His ſpirit made all the hoſt of them
above Sunne, and beneath.
7 The ſea he bounds within the ſhore,
on heaps the waters keeps:
As into treaſuries of ſtore
he giveth up the deeps.
8 To feare the Lord, all Regions call,
on earth, through every land:
And in the world the dwellers all,
in awe of him to ſtand.
9 For as he ſpake, the word once paſt,
the worke forthwith was done:
As he commanded, it ſtood faſt,
his word and deed were one.
10 That Heathen counſell is deſtroi'd,
the peoples plots caſt out;
And all their purpoſes made void,
the Lord can bring about.
11 The counſell by the Lord decreed
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure:
The thoughts that from his heart proceed,
to age and age endure.
12 O bleſſed Nation, whom the Lord
to be their God doth bleſſe:
Bleſt people, whom his owne accord
hath choſen to poſſeſſe.
13 The Lord, all Adams ſons to ſee,
in Heaven his ſtation plants:

14 All from his Manſion vieweth hee,
the earths Inhabitants.
15 Their heart he faſhion'd all alone,
the cloiſters of their thought;
Conſiders all what they have done,
the workes that they have wrought.
16 Say, he command a copious Hoſt,
no King ſo ſaves his right:
No Mighty man, whoſe might is moſt,
delivered is by might.
17 A reſt unſafe to ſave a man
a Horſe falls out to bee;
Nor he by ſtrength, ſtrive all he can,
can ſet his Rider free.
18 Behold, the Lord his heedfull eye
on them that feare him bends:
Upon his mercies ſafe ſupply,
whoſe ſettled hope attends.
19 When earth exacts her due of earth,
to free their ſoule from death;
To keep alive in time of dearth,
when famine faints for breath.
20 Our ſoule her hopes aſſured hold
upon the Lord doth build:
Of whoſe defence we may be bold,
he is our help and ſhield.
21 Our heart in him ſhall gladneſſe pure,
and perfect joy conceive;
That in his holy Name ſecure
our hopes aſſurance leave.
22 Thy mercies gifts, O Lord, downe ſend,
on us ſo free to fall;
As we to thee our truſt commend,
to meaſure them withall.

PSAL. 34.

PSAL. 34. *Benedicam Domino.*

Davidis, cùm mutavit sensum suum ante Abimelech, & relegavit eum, & abiit. Acroſtichon.

א ALl times to bleſſe the Lord, will I
occaſions all prevent;
And make my mouth continually
his praiſes inſtrument.

ב 2 Be thou, O Lord, my ſoules ſole choice,
my glories ſoveraigne head:
The meeke ſhall heare it and rejoyce,
by my example led.

ג 3 Greatly extoll the Lord with mee
ſuch praiſe together frame,
As with his greatneſſe may agree,
to magnifie his Name.

ד 4 Deſirous that the Lord ſhould heare,
I ſought him, and he heard,
And ſent mee out of all my feare
deliverance un-deferr'd.

ה 5 Him to behold, to him they flow'd,
his light did them inflame:
ו Upon their faces fell no cloud,
no bluſh, the brand of ſhame.

ז 6 Zealous, this poore man cri'd and crav'd
ſo loud, for ſome redreſſe,
That ſoon the Lord him heard and ſav'd,
from all his deep diſtreſſe.

ח 7 Hovering about them, in pitch't field,
JAH'S Angel ſpreads his wings:
To them that feare him, for a ſhield
to them releaſement brings.

ט 8 Taſte but how good the Lord, and ſee
what bleſſings downe he ſends:

O bleſſed

O bleſſed, bleſſed man is he,
whoſe truſt on him attends!
ר 9 In feare, ye Saints, that ſerve the Lord,
to ſerve him ſet your mind:
All plenty doth his feare afford,
no want his fearers find.
כ 10 Courageous Lions hunger-pin'd,
how poorly ſeeke they food!
But they that ſeeke the Lord ſhall find
no want, ſhall want no good.
ל 11 Learne, ſons, come liſten unto mee,
my doctrine with you beare:
Your faithfull teacher will I be,
how ye the Lord ſhall feare.
מ 12 Man, who art thou, that wouldſt live long,
and ſee good dayes the while?
נ No evill-teller, keep thy tongue,
thy lips from ſpeaking guile.
ס 13 Shun evills out-ſide-falſers face,
the in-ſide-foule eſchew:
Occaſion to doe good embrace,
ſeeke peace, her ſteps purſue.
ע 14 His eares as to the Juſt to heed,
ſo bends the Lord his eies:
His eyes obſervers of their need,
his eares to heare their cries.
פ 15 Put againſt them that evill doe,
firme ſets the Lord his face,
That out may their memoriall goe,
cut off from earth their race.
צ 16 True ſorrowes gueſts, the poore they cry,
the Lord their crying heares:
His aide to them doth he apply,
and all their troubles cleeres.

ק 17 Care-

ף 17 Care-broken hearts to them that have,
the Lord is ever neere;
And he the contrite ſpirit will ſave,
his care with comfort cheere.
ץ 18 Redundant evills many fall,
and on the Juſt encreaſe:
Yet ſoon delivered from them all,
the Lord will him releaſe.
ש 19 Summ'd up, he ſafeguards every bone,
their number and their ſtate,
That broken of them goes not one
to deaths returnleſſe gate.
ת 20 The paſſage home ſhall miſchiefe thruſt,
the wicked man to ſlay:
Juſt hand on them that hate the Juſt,
a guilty death ſhall lay.
21 His ſervants ſoule the Lord redeemes,
ſo deare to him eſteem'd:
And none, whoſe truſt of him eſteemes,
as guilty ſhall be deem'd.

PSAL. 35. *Judica, Domine.*
Davidis.

MY right, O Lord, againſt them plead,
that plead againſt my right:
My powers to fight againſt them lead,
whoſe powers againſt mee fight.
2 Upon thy dart-deſpiſing ſhield
and buckler lay thy hand:
In my defence to fight the field,
and up to help mee ſtand.
3 Charge lance and ſword, and ſtop the way
where any mee purſu'th:

Soule,

Soule, I am thy ſalvation, ſay,
ſay to my ſoule for truth.
4 Confuſion let them never lacke,
that ſeeke my ſoules ſurprize:
Their branded faces ſhame ſend backe,
my evill that deviſe.
5 Driven as the chaffe before the wind,
let breath their burthen beare:
The Angel of the Lord behind,
them ſcatt'ring here and there.
6 Let darke and ſlipp'ry be their way,
and let (that they may fall)
The Angel of the Lord diſmay,
and perſecute them all.
7 For cloſely they their net have rigg'd,
corruptly to entoile;
And cauſleſly a pit have digg'd,
to make my ſoule their ſpoile.
8 Let deſolation unawares,
and head-long him foreſtall;
And caught in his owne ſecret ſnares,
ſelfe-miſchiefe make him fall.
9 And let my ſoule her ſolace ſing,
that in the Lord I find:
What joy doth his ſalvation bring,
what muſicke to my mind?
10 Which were my tongue enforc't to ſtay,
and ſilent-ſtrooke in mee:
My bones would all breake forth, and ſay,
Lord, who is like to thee,
That bringſt deliverance to the poore,
from hand for him too ſtrong:
The poore-afflicted from the doore,
where rapine dwells and wrong?

11 Falſe

11 False-witnesse did against mee rise,
avouching termes untrue;
And they to charge mee did devise,
with what I never knew.
12 My good with evill they repaid,
and for my recompence,
My barren soule by them fore-laid,
bereft of all defence.
13 But as for mee, when sicke they were,
in sack-cloth weed I mourn'd:
My humbled soule did food forbeare,
my bosom'd-praier return'd.
14 I walk't, as if I had been one
had lost a friend or brother;
I bow'd downe sadly, as a sonne,
that sorroweth for his mother.
15 But in my halting, glad together,
the abject-scourges got;
In spite or scorne, I knew not whether,
to rend mee, resting not.
16 With flatterers, flouting Parasites
at riotous Revells met,
To feast their feasters with delight,
their teeth against mee whet.
17 This, Lord, how long wilt thou behold?
my soule from tumult free:
My dearling from the Lions hold,
let safely rescu'd be.
18 So in the great Assembly thankes
to thee will I present:
And through a mighty peoples rankes,
will make thy praise be sent.
19 O make not my false-hearted foes
triumphers over mee:

With

With cauſleſſe hate, their eyes which cloſe,
and ſleering will not ſee.
20 For why? they ſpeake not peace as friends,
but beare us faire in hand,
To croſſe with their deceitfull ends
the quiet of the land.
21 Their mouth on mee they opened wide,
and full of ſcorne and ire:
Aha, Aha, Our eye hath ſpi'd,
(ſaid they) our hearts deſire.
22 Thou, Lord, haſt ſeen all this exceſſe,
then hold not thou thy tongue:
From mee, O Lord, in this diſtreſſe
depart not farre, nor long.
23 Ariſe, and make no longer pauſe,
to judge my right awake:
My God, my Lord, to plead my cauſe,
of mine thine owne it make.
24 As Juſtice is thy touch, to trie,
judge, Lord my God, of mee:
And let not their unrighteous eie,
my fall, their triumph ſee.
25 Let them not ſay within their heart,
Ha, this our ſoule would have;
Let them not ſay, We for our part
have made our throat his grave.
26 Abaſh't confuſion cloud their face,
that at my hurt rejoyce:
Shame be their ſhrowd, to my diſgrace
that magnifie their voice.
27 But joyfull ſhouting raiſe their ſpirit,
and give their gladneſſe way:
That in my Juſtice take delight,
this alway let them ſay,

28 "Thy

28 "Thy servant prospers more, the more
"his proud oppressors cease:
"The Lord be magnifi'd therefore,
"that loves his servants peace.
29 And so thy Justice shall fulfill
the musicke of my tongue:
Upon thy praise shall be my skill
to descant all day long.

PSAL. 36. *Dixit Insipiens. Ad Praestantem, servi Domini David.*

TRansgression of the wicked cries
(within my heart I heare)
Assuredly before his eies
of God there is no feare.
2 For flatt'rie is the glozing dresse,
wherewith his eyes he blinds,
Untill his hatefull wickednesse
an end as hatefull finds.
3 Of wicked words, and slie deceit,
his mouth powr's out a flood:
His heart for wisedome is no seat,
his deeds dis-us'd to good.
4 In bed his mischiefe he begets,
and throw's in thought-full brest:
Himselfe in no good way he sets,
nor evill doth detest.
5 Thy mercy, Lord, to Heaven extends,
the Heav'ns are not so hie:
Thy faithfulnesse the clouds transcends,
transcends the highest skie.
6 Thy Justice, as Gods Mountaines steep,
lift up a lofty crest:

Thy

Thy Judgements are a mighty deep,
thou, Lord, sav'st man and beast.
7 How good, O God, how precious things
thy mercie doth enclose:
When under shadow of thy wings
mens sonnes their trust repose!
8 The fatnesse of thy house, their fill
on them thou shalt bestow;
And of the streames to drinke at will,
from whence thy pleasures flow.
9 For why? of life from thee that streames,
the fountaine is with thee:
We in thy lights resplendent beames,
enlightned light shall see.
10 To them that know thee, through this light
thy tender love extend;
To them that are in heart upright,
thy Justice recommend.
11 Let not the lofty foot of pride
invade mee from on hie:
Let not the wicked arme provide
a hand to make mee flie.
12 There are they fall'n, that wickednesse
with travell exercise:
Downe are they cast without redresse,
or able meanes to rise.

PSAL. 37. *Noli æmulari. Davidis, Acrostichon.*

NAT evill doers evill deeds
repine not, though they thrive:
Envie them not, when well succeeds
what wicked heads contrive.

2 For

2 For as the grasse to ripenesse grow'n,
downe shall they soon be cut;
And withered like the green herb mow'n,
whereto the sithe is put.

ב 3 Build on the Lord thy trust; doe good,
and dwelling in this mind,
Dwell in the land, where store of food
thy faith shall surely find.
4 Upon the Lord set thy delight,
thy vowes let him inspire;
And he thy service shall requite
above thy hearts desire.

ג 5 Goe to the Lord to lead thy way,
thy trust to him commit:
And he thy steps shall (walking) stay,
and make thy hopes to hit.
6 Thy Justice cleere as is the light,
his furnace shall refine:
The day at noon shines not so bright,
as shall thy Justice shine.

ד 7 Dumb-silent on the Lord attend,
undaunted at his way,
That prospers, when malignant end
his slie devices lay.

ה 8 Hold off from anger, wrath asswage,
fret not thy selfe a whit;
Lest like transgressors, in thy rage
like evill thou commit.
9 For evill doers best successe
themselves cut off shall end:
The earth shall they and theirs possesse,
that on the Lord attend.

ו 10 Well, yet a little while expect,
the wicked shall not be:

Thine

Thine eye upon his place reflect,
they are not His, nor He.
11 They shall possesse the earths encrease,
that are of humble sp'rit:
And in the multitude of peace,
shall set their whole delight.
ז 12 Zealously bent against the Just,
the wicked grinds his teeth:
13 The Lord shall laugh to scorne his trust,
whose day at hand he seeth.
ח 14 Hand on the sword un-sheath'd, and bow
fore-bent, the wicked lay:
The poore afflicted downe to throw,
the upright-wai'd to slay.
15 Their sword on them his point shall trie,
and through their heart shall pierce:
The bowes they bent shall broken lie,
wherewith they were so fierce.
ט 16 The little that the Just possesse
availes to better steed,
Than wicked riches, never lesse,
than when they most exceed.
17 For broken shall be found the armes,
whereto the wicked trust:
But with his powerfull arme, from harmes,
the Lord upholds the Just.
י 18 Instructed in the Perfect's waies,
the Lord hath his fore-cast:
An heritage before them laies,
that shall for ever last.
19 In them shall shame inure no staine,
when evill times grow rough:
And in the daies that dearth doth raigne,
then shall they have enough.

כ 20 Consum'd yet wicked men in haste,
JAH'S foes shall soon decay;
As fat of lambes, as smoake doth waste,
shall they consume away.
ל 21 Large sums the wicked borrowing shift,
and nothing payes againe:
The Just is bountifull in gifts,
of mercy makes his gaine.
22 In him shall they that blessed are
possesse the earths increase:
But they that in his curse have share,
cut off (and soon) shall cease.
מ 23 Mans steps, where-ever-so he treads,
the Lord upholder staies:
His way to him delightfull leads,
and to his liking layes.
24 He through his frailty though he fall,
away shall not be cast:
For to uphold his hand withall,
a hand, O Lord, thou hast.
נ 25 Now I that have been young, am old,
the Just man and his seed,
Yet never did mine eye behold
forsooke, nor seeking bread.
26 All day, he mercy shewes and lends,
not less'ning so his heap:
His seed that from his loines descends,
the more in blessing reap.
ס 27 Shun evills evill neighbourhood,
no dwelling neere that doore:
Depart from evill, and doe good,
and dwell for evermore.
28 The Lord loves Judgement, and will not
forsake his Saints at need:

Preserv'd

Preserv'd for ever is their lot,
cut off the wicked seed.
29 The soile the Just inherit shall
for their possession:
The termlesse terme perpetuall,
that they shall dwell thereon.
30 Plenty that in the Just abounds,
from forth his floud-gates breakes:
His mouth the deeps of wisedome sounds,
his tongue of Judgement speakes.
31 Goe where he will, stay or depart,
he hath a perfect guide:
His great Gods Law is in his heart,
his footing shall not slide.
32 To stall the Just man in his way,
the wicked sets his watch:
And takes occasion him to slay,
advantage if he catch.
33 And though he fall into his hand,
the Lord there leaves him not:
Accus'd in judgement though he stand,
the sentence is forgot.
34 Cleave to the Lord, and keep his way,
and he shall hold up thee,
To hold the land: whence cut away
the wicked thou shalt see.
35 Russling the wicked have I seen,
in highest pride of all:
Wide-spreading, like a Laurell green,
and like a Cedar, tall.
36 He past away, and loe was gone
this Lord of so much ground;
I sought him, but of such a one,
no footstep could be found.

ט 37 See and observe the Perfects close,
the righteous man attend,
What ever pressure him oppose,
peace is his after-end.
38 Together, where transgressors all
shall be destroi'd in haste:
Of wicked men, their endlesse fall
shall cut them off at last.
נ 39 To all the righteous, from the Lord
doth their salvation flow:
Whose strength to them doth strength afford,
when trouble strikes them low.
By them the Lord their helper stands,
deliverer of the Just;
Deliverer-safe from wicked hands,
because in him they trust.

PSAL. 38. *Domine, ne in furore.*
Psalmus Davidis ad commorandum.

MY faults, let no reproofe of thine,
Lord, in thy wrath repeat:
Nor chastise any crime of mine
in thy displeasures heat.
2 A show'r of arrowes shot from thee,
come storming on my crowne:
And some of them sticke fast in mee,
thy hand doth presse mee downe.
3 My flesh is all un-sound within,
in thy displeasure lest:
My bones, by reason of my sin,
are of their peace bereft.
4 My wickednesses heaped store,
above my head is gone:

The burthen of them is too sore,
for mee to beare alone.
5 My festred stripes a loathsome sent,
my foolishnesse bewray:
6 So crooked I, so bow'd, so bent,
goe mourning all the day.
7 My flankes inflam'd with scorching smarts,
that in my boiles abound:
My flesh, that hath so many parts,
not any part hath sound.
8 I feeble am, and broken sore,
in mine unquiet fits:
For griefe of heart I groan and roare,
my paine so neere mee fits.
9 Before thee, Lord, my whole desire,
my sighes not hid from thee:
10 My heart doth pant, my strength expire,
mine eye-sight not with mee.
11 Alooffe my loving neighbours stood,
before my stroake at hand:
My friends, the neerest of my bloud,
strove who should furthest stand.
12 And they that seeke my soule, set snares,
that evill search and say:
To circumvent mee unawares,
went musing all the day.
13 I like a deafe man am become,
that heares no sound at all:
As from whose mouth (a man strook dumbe)
not any word doth fall.
14 As one not hearing, held I fast
mine eares, mine answers hold;
As one un-meeke, reproofes to cast,
whose mouth was not the mold.

15 Because, O Lord, I wait for thee,
for thee my hopes awake:
Thou, Lord my God, shalt answer mee,
and answer for mee make.
16 Heare mee in this distresse (said I)
lest they rejoyce at mee:
And when my foot but steps awry,
they magnifie to see.
17 And ready sure I am to halt,
so hard thy hand doth straine:
Continually with fresh assault,
before mee is my paine.
18 My crimes I freely will confesse,
and openly declare:
Be sorry for my sinnes excesse,
with un-dissembled care.
19 Yet live my mighty foes the while,
their power with mine compare:
And they that doubled hate with guile,
how multipli'd they are!
20 And they that evill pay for good,
for gaine returne mee losse:
Against mee that for goodnesse stood,
ungraciously stand crosse.
21 Me doe not thou, O Lord, forsake,
nor farre from mee be gone:
22 My God, more haste to help mee make,
Lord, my salvation.

PSAL. 39. *Dixi custodiam. Ad Præstantem, ad Jeduthun, Psalmus David.*

WHat waies my wary foot shall presse,
I will (said I) take heed:

And

And with my tongue leſt I tranſgreſſe,
adviſedly proceed.
My mouth from ſpeaking word amiſſe,
as with a bridle curbe,
Before mee while the wicked is,
leſt ſome diſtaſte diſturbe.
2 With ſtilneſſe dumb I nothing ſpake,
from termes I did refraine,
Even good, untill my heart did ake,
and troubled, was my paine.
3 My heart was hot in my deſire,
which ſilence ſmoth'red long:
While thus I mus'd, out burſt the fire,
then ſpake I with my tongue.
4 Lord, make mee know my journies end,
the meaſure of my daies:
That I may learne what is to ſpend,
how ceaſing ſoon my waies.
5 Loe, thou haſt given my daies a ſpan,
my world as nothing plaine:
Before thee every ſettled man
is (doubtleſſe) wholly vaine. *Selah.*
6 Sure, ſhadow-like, man makes a ſhew,
in vaine they vexe their mind:
He heaps up goods, and doth not know
what gatherer them ſhall find.
7 And now, Lord, what doe I expect?
on whom doe I attend?
On thee doe all my hopes reflect,
in thee begin and end.
8 From all my foes deliver mee,
that on my ſhame encroach;
And make mee not for faults to thee,
to be the fooles reproach.

9 As one ſtrook dumbe, depriv'd of ſenſe,
complaint my mouth made none;
Nor opened once that two-leav'd fence,
for thou didſt what was done.
10 Thy plague away from mee revoke,
more than I can withſtand:
That am conſumed by the ſtroke
of thy reſiſtleſſe hand.
11 When man for ſinne thy chaſtning wroth,
with ſtripes calls home againe:
Thou melt'ſt his beauty like a Moth;
ſure, earthly man is vaine. Selah.
12 Heare, Lord, my praier, and with thine eares,
conſider of my cries:
Hold not thy peace, my ſpeaking teares,
hot-ſhowring from mine eies.
For I a ſtranger am with thee,
nor ſeat have certaine here:
A ſojourner thou harbour'ſt mee,
as all my fathers were.
13 O ſpare mee with a little breath,
my ſtrength to mee reſtore:
Before I goe from hence to death,
and then I be no more.

PSAL. 40. *Expectans expectavi.*
Ad Præſantem, Davidis Pſalmum.

AS waiting for the Lord I ſtai'd,
I waited patiently;
And he to mee with preſent aide
inclining, heard my cry.

2 He brought mee from the groaning pit,
out of the myrie clay:
Upon a rocke my feet did fit,
and ord'red all my way.
3 He gave into my mouth a song,
that newly was compil'd:
A Psalme to praise that did belong,
and to our God was stil'd.
This sight shall many eies behold,
and feare what he hath done:
Their hopes shall on the Lord lay hold,
by my example wonne.
4 Blest is the man, whose hopes reflect
upon the Lord his eies:
That to the proud gives no respect,
nor such as turne to lies.
5 O Lord my God, thy wonders wrought,
thy thoughts, no thought of man:
As thou to us, to thee hath brought,
nor bring in order, can.
6 When I to speake of them addresse,
and would their summe declare;
Names greater than I can expresse,
past number summes they are.
7 No sacrifice didst thou desire,
yet opened hast mine eares:
Nor offring-burnt for sinne require,
which bloud-stain'd Altar beares.
8 My selfe I come, then (said I) lo,
the booke-roll to attest:
Thy will, my God, I joy to do,
thy Law is in my brest.
9 I to the great Assembly told,
the Justice that thou shew'st:

Nor shall my lips refraine, behold,
and that, O Lord, thou know'st.
10 Thy Justice did I not obscure,
hid in my heart to dwell:
Thy faithfulnesse did I assure,
and thy salvation tell.
Thy loving kindnesse have I not,
nor yet thy truth conceal'd:
Nor in the great concourse forgot,
to make them both reveal'd.
11 With-hold not, thou, O Lord, from me
thy tender bowells store:
Thy mercy, and thy truth let be
my safeguards evermore.
12 For evills moe than may be told
have round-environ'd mee:
My sinnes on mee have caught such hold,
I have no power to see.
The haires upon my head that grow,
in number they exceed:
My heart with trouble stricken low,
forsakes mee at my need.
13 Lord, let it be thy pleasure now,
to safe deliver me:
O Lord, to help me hasten thou,
as able, ready be.
14 Shames loading let them never lacke,
that would my soule destroy:
Abash't confusion drive them backe,
that at my evill joy.
15 Let desolation be their pay,
the pension of their shame,
Aha, Aha, to mee that say,
and make my griefe their game.

16 Let

16 Let those that seeke thee all, alway
with joy in thee abide:
Let thy salvations lovers say,
"The Lord be magnifi'd.
17 On mee that poore and needy stand,
yet thinkes the Lord my stay:
My help with thy redeeming hand,
my God, make no delay.

PSAL. 41. *Beatus vir, qui intelligit.*
Ad Præcentem, Psalmus David.

BLest is the man, that wisely weigh
the poore-afflicted can:
Deliverance in the evill day,
the Lord will send that man.
2 Him shall the Lord preserve alive,
and keep on earth to blesse:
Him to his foes thou shalt not give,
their soule shall not possesse.
3 The Lord upholds his feeble head
upon his couch of paine:
Turnes in his sicknesse all his bed,
returnes his health againe.
4 I said in depth of my distresse,
Be gracious, Lord, to mee:
O heale my soule, whose sinfulnesse
hath sore offended thee.
5 On mee mine enemies exclaime,
and evill of mee say:
When shall he die? when shall his name
with him be cast away?
6 And if to visit mee he come,
his heart vaine falshood speakes:

Iniquitie

Iniquitie, his errands ſumme,
at his returne forth breakes.
7 All they that hate mee, on a knot,
againſt mee whiſp'ring ſwarme:
Againſt mee they this evill plot,
devis'd to doe mee harme.
8 "An evill doome on him is paſt,
"which he deſerv'd before:
And now (ſay they) that he lies faſt,
let him riſe up no more.
9 Yea, in my peace the man ſo great,
to ſpeciall truſt receiv'd:
Which of my bread did alſo eate,
his heele againſt mee heav'd.
10 Be gracious, Lord, to mee therefore,
and raiſe mee up againe;
And I to them ſhall then reſtore,
like payment for their paine.
11 By this I know thou favour'ſt mee,
that though my foes aſſaile:
Triumphers yet they ſhall not be,
againſt mee, nor prevaile.
12 But mee, in mine integritie
thy hand doth ſtill uphold:
And ſet mee, where eternally
thy face I may behold.
13 The Lord, the God of Iſrael,
be bleſt for ever then:
Let age to age eternall tell
his praiſe: Amen, Amen.

Finis Libri primi.

LIB. II.

PSAL. 42. *Quemadmodum desiderat. Ad Præstantem, erudiens, filiis Coreh.*

Like as the braying Hind emboſt,
desires the water brookes;
So after thee, my ſoule neere loſt,
O God, ſends longing lookes.
2 To God, the living God, for whom
my ſoule ſo thirſteth ſore:
O when ſhall my appearance come,
the face of God before?
3 My teares to mee have been the food,
that day and night I eat:
While daily they in ſcornfull mood,
Where is thy God? repeat.
4 Remembrance of the time fore-ſpent,
my ſoule upon mee poures;
When to the Houſe of God I went,
at our accuſtom'd houres.
We in the voice of joy and thankes,
together held our way:
A multitude of order'd rankes,
that holy kept the day.
5 Why does my daunted ſoule give place,
and droop in my diſtreſſe?
Wait thou on God, health's of my face,
whom yet I will confeſſe.
6 My ſoule (my God) within mee ſinkes,
and here in deſerts ſtill,

On

On Jordan land, on Chermon thinks,
on little Mitſghar hill.
7 Deep calls on deep, with thundring voice
thy water-Canons ſound:
Thy billowes all with horrid noiſe,
thy waves above mee bound.
8 His mercy will the Lord by day
command, his ſong by night,
With mee a praier to God to pray,
my lives eternall light.
9 I unto God my Rocke will ſay,
Why doſt thou mee forget?
Why walke I mourning on my way,
oppreſt, and foe-beſet?
10 A murth'ring through my bones doth gride,
to my reproach all day:
Where is thy God? in ſcornfull pride,
when my diſtreſſors ſay.
11 Why does my daunted ſoule give place,
and droop in my diſtreſſe?
Truſt God, my God, healths of my face,
whom yet I will confeſſe.

PSAL. 43. *Judica me, Deus.*

JUdge mee, O God, my pleading plead,
againſt a perverſe land:
Aſſert mee from the wily head,
and from the wrongers hand.
2 For of my ſtrength the God thou art,
why turn'ſt thou mee to goe,
Oppreſt in habit as in heart,
to mourne before the foe?

3 Send

3 Send forth thy light and truth to fill
my darke distrustfull breſt,
To guide mee to thy holy Hill,
thy Tabernacles reſt.
4 Then to Gods Altar will I goe,
to God, my joyes exceſſe:
And thee with Harp and Hymnes thereto,
O God, my God, confeſſe.
5 Why does my daunted ſoule give place,
and droop in my diſtreſſe?
Truſt God, my God, healths of my face,
whom yet I will confeſſe.

Psal. 44. *Deus auribus.*
Ad Præſtantem, filiis Core animadverſio.

O God, we heard it with our eares,
our fathers have us told,
What deeds thou didſt in former yeeres,
what in their daies of old.
2 The Heathens how thy hand out-caſt,
our fathers ſeed to ſowe:
The people how thou didſt lay waſte,
and made our parents grow.
3 For not by their owne ſwords keen edge,
did they poſſeſſe the ſoile;
Nor their owne arme can they alledge,
did for their ſafety toile.
But thy right hand, thine armes defence,
thy countenances light;
Thy favour gave them eminence,
in them thou took'ſt delight.
4 My King, O God, on Jacobs head,
thy ſaving healths command:

5 To

5 To hundge our foes, them downe to tread,
thy Name for us shall stand.
6 For neither bow nor sword I have,
whereon my truste to ground:
7 But thou art he from foes didst save,
our haters didst confound.
8 Of God all day the praise we spread,
and ever sing thy Name. *Selah.*
9 Of ours no host yet dost thou lead,
but shunn'st, and leav'st us shame.
10 Thou mak'st us turne our backes in fight,
and to our foes give way:
That they that hate us hold but right,
to make our goods their prey.
11 Thou sorteſt us on termes un-even,
like sheep to serve for meat:
Hast scatt'red us among the Heathen,
as chaffe of winnow'd wheat.
12 Thy people hast thou sold for nought:
Sold! rather hast forsooke:
For they that sold, of them that bought,
no prices for them tooke.
13 Thou hast expos'd us to reproach
of neighbours round about;
Too neere upon us that encroach,
at us to scorne and flout.
14 Among the Heath'ns of our estate,
a by-word didst thou make;
The people that our heads did hate,
their heads at us did shake.
15 And every day before mine eies
is my confusion set:
Beneath the vaile that on mee lies,
my face and shame are met.

16 The

16 The loud reproachers voice I heare,
the proud blasphemer brooke:
To see thy face (my foe) I feare,
and for th' Avenger looke.
17 All this upon us have we felt,
yet have not thee forgot;
Nor falsly with thy Covenant dealt,
therein we fail'd thee not.
18 Our heart is backward turn'd to none,
revolt is not our fault:
Our steps out of thy pathes not gone,
nor in thy pathes did halt.
19 In dens, where Dragons draw their breath,
though thou hast crush't us neere;
And covered with the shade of death,
our heads thou heldst so deare;
20 If of our God at any time
the Name we have forgot;
Or of a stranger god, the crime,
our hands up-lifted, blot.
21 Where-ever selfe this sinne bestowes,
shall God not search it out?
For he the very secrets knowes,
in heart un-brought about.
22 For thy sake all day are we kill'd,
whom elfe no crime could staine:
On this account our bloud is spill'd,
like sheep in shambles slaine.
23 Awake, why sleep'st thou all this space?
for ever leave us not:
24 Rise, Lord, why hidest thou thy face,
our wants, our woes forgot?
25 Our soule is humbled to the dust,
our belly glew'd to ground:

Rise,

Riſe, help, redeem us, of whoſe truſt
thy mercy is the bound.

PSAL. 45. *Eruſtavit cor meum.*
Ad Præſtantem, ſuper Shoſhannim, filiis Corah.
Canticum Amorum.

MIne heart is working out
a piece of peerleſſe skill:
Mine argument the King, my tongue
a ſpeedy writers quill.
2 Than Adams ſonnes more faire,
grace from thy lips doth flow;
His bleſſings therefore God on thee
for ever did beſtow.
3 Gird on thy thigh thy ſword,
great Champion as thou art:
4 With glory arm'd, and high renowne,
faire proſper thy deſert.
5 Ride on, the word of Truth
and Meekneſſe reigne thy Steeds;
With Juſtice manag'd, thy right hand
ſhall teach thee dreadfull deeds.
6 Whole Nations under thee,
thine arrowes ſharp ſhall bring:
Shall of thy foes ſubdue the heads,
and pierce the hearts, O King.
7 Thy Throne, O God, out-laſts
the longeſt ages light:
Thy Kingdomes Scepter, as the hand
that holds the Scepter, right.
8 Juſt (as thy hate) thy love,
with Juſtice loves to goe:
Thy hate againſt injuſtice, juſt,

holds

holds wickednesse thy foe.
Thee therefore God, thy God,
so to himselfe endeers,
As to annoint thee with the oile
of joy above thy Peers.
9 In robes perfum'd with teares
of Myrrhe and Aloë clad,
With Cassia from the Ivory roofes,
more than thy Makers glad.
10 Kings daughters in thy Traine,
of thee their honour hold:
Upon thy right hand sits the Queen,
attir'd in Ophir gold.
11 O daughter, heare and see,
hereto encline thine eare:
Thy people, and thy fathers house
forget that thine they were.
12 So covet shall the King
thy beauty, his desire;
He is thy Lord, him serve, observe,
adore with heart entire.
13 Tyres daughter with a gift
shall there beseech thy face:
The wealthy Sydons peopled shores
with presents sue for grace.
14 The daughter of the King
all-glorious is within;
Her robes of gold, her fairer face
her faireſt soules faire Inne.
15 So comes she to the King,
in vesture needle-wrought.
With Virgin-Ladies of her traine,
to thee shall she be brought.
16 This Royall Troup along

shall

shall joy and gladnesse bring:
And enter shall they in this pomp
the Palace of the King.
17 Sonnes in thy fathers stead,
of thee shall he beget:
Sonnes whom thou maist in all the earth,
for soveraigne Princes set.
18 Thy Name to age and age
shall my remembrance sing:
The people therefore on thy praise
shall ever dwell, O King.

PSAL. 46. *Deus noster, refugium.*
Ad Praestantem, filiis Choreb, super Gnalamoth. Canticum.

ON God our stay and strength we ground,
that refuge else have none:
Aboundantly in trouble found,
when other helps are gone.
2 Though earth should change, we would not feare,
although the mountaines steep;
Were rent, and hurri'd here and there,
dis-bowell'd in the deep.
3 Should waves of waters roare and swell,
or should the mountaines shake;
When seas against the rockes rebell,
and billowes batt'rie make: *Selah.*
4 There is a river streaming by,
makes glad Gods Citie walls:
The holy Torrent, O most-Hie,
that from thy Mansion falls.
5 Amidst her God this care hath tooke,
remov'd she shall not be:

Which

Which, forth before the morning looke,
will God her keeper see.
6 The Heath'ns enrag'd these tumults felt,
mov'd Kingdomes made a noise:
He thundred, and the earth did melt,
when God gave forth his voice.
7 The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
our hosts to fortifie:
The God of Jacob shall abide
for us a refuge hie. Selah.
8 O come but hither, and behold
what workes the Lord hath wrought:
What desolations late, and old,
his hand on earth hath brought.
9 Unto the earths extremest ends,
he maketh warre expire:
The bow he breakes, the speare he rends,
the chariots burnes with fire.
10 That I am God, surcease, and know,
among the Heath'ns will I
Exalted be, by high and low,
and in the earth made hie.
11 The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
our hosts to fortifie:
The God of Jacob shall abide
for us a refuge hie.

Psal. 47. *Omnes Gentes plaudite.*
Ad Præstantem, filiis Chorch, Psalmus.

YE people all, the Quire to fill,
come clap your hands on hie:
With joyfull voice to God shout shrill
triumphant melodie.

2 For dreadfull is the Lord most-High,
through earth a mighty King:
3 That Tribes and Nations farre and nigh,
beneath our feet did bring.
4 An heritage for us he chose,
(right) not to be remov'd:
The excellency to dispose
of Jacob his belov'd.
5 In triumph, with applauding noise,
is God himselfe gone by:
The Lord is with the Trumpets voice
ascended up on hie.
6 Sing, make the praise of God your mirth,
sing praises to our King:
7 For God is King of all the earth,
a Psalme instructive sing.
8 Above the Heath'ns God raignes alone,
co-equall none admits;
Above the Heav'ns upon his Throne
of Holinesse he sits.
9 The Nations Princes feed among
the God of Abrahams flocke:
For earths great shields to God belong,
their high-exalted Rocke.

PSAL. 48. *Magnus Dominus.*
Canticum Psalmi, filiorum Coreh.

GReat is the Lord, prais'd all abroad,
but chiefly to be prais'd;
Where in the Citie of our God,
his holy Mount is rais'd.
2 Mount Sion beauteous is in site,
besides the Northern lands:

Of

Of all the earth the glad delight,
the great Kings Citie ſtands.
3 God in her Palaces is knowne
for her a refuge hie:
4 For Kings (behold) oppugnants grow'n,
are gone together by.
5 This wondrous ſight ſtrook ſuddenly
ſuch terrour in their mind:
No heart to ſtay, ſcarce feet to flie,
could feare confounded find.
6 Upon them feare ſtrong hold did build,
and paine, the racke of feare;
7 As, when a woman bigge with childe,
her burthen throwes to beare.
8 So (tempeſt-beaten) at their leake,
the ſhips ſalt water drinke:
The ſhips of Tarſhiſh doſt thou breake,
and with an Eaſt wind, ſinke.
9 As we have heard what deeds have been
done in our fathers coaſts;
Like have we in the Citie ſeen,
thy Citie, Lord of Hoſts.
The Citie which our God hath choſe,
and cleer'd from hoſtile hand,
Will God eſtabliſh and diſpoſe
eternally to ſtand.
10 In ſilence we (O God) attend,
thy faithfulneſſe to find:
And when thy mercy thou wilt ſend,
amidſt thy Temple, mind.
11 Thy praiſe, O God, as farre extends,
as doth thy Names command:
Thy praiſe of earth fills all the ends,
and Juſtice thy right hand.

12 Rejoyce,

12 Rejoyce, Mount Sion, most of all,
be Judahs daughters glad:
Because thy Judgements made them fall,
that made her faces sad.
13 Goe compasse stately Sion Mount,
her walls walke round about:
The number of her Towers account,
observe her strength throughout.
14 Set ye your heart upon her fort,
view her high places well;
And to your nephewes make report,
that they to theirs may tell;
15 That this is God, our God, whose power
for ever and beyond,
Will be our guide and governour,
and us till death defend.

PSAL. 49. *Audite hæc.*
Ad Prostantem, filiis Coreh, Psalmus.

HEare, O ye people all, this lore,
all in the world that dwell;
Earth-borne and noble, rich and poore,
together hearken well.
2 Of my discourse in every part,
my mouth shall wisedomes teach,
The meditation of my heart
to understanding reach.
3 To heare a Parable propos'd,
mine eare will I encline:
Darke mysteries, and undisclos'd,
upon my Harp divine.
4 I see no cause why I should dread,
or day of evill doubt:

When

When on my heeles the sins that tread,
shall compasse me about.
5 Of them, whose hopes their heaps esteem,
and of their riches boast:
His brother no man may redeem,
nor cleare to God that coast.
6 For precious is their soule of price,
and dearer to release,
Than whereunto may ransome rise,
so that must ever cease.
7 That he may yet for ever live,
and not to death submit:
Nor to the earth his ashes give,
nor see corruptions pit.
8 The wise, the foole, the brutish sot,
he sees together die;
And leave the wealth that they have got,
on others wings to flie.
9 And yet they hold their houses sure,
their shields unsoil'd with shames,
Shall so from fire to sonne endure,
and give their lands their names.
10 But man in honour bearing place,
the night of death arrests:
His brutish life by sinne made base,
is silenc't like the beasts.
11 This is the foolish way they love,
unconstant constant end:
Which their posterity approve,
and from their mouth commend. *Selah.*
12 They in the grave lie pent, like sheep,
where death on them shall feed,
Who, when the morning calls from sleep,
obey the righteous seed.

13 Their image shall the grave bereave,
and waste from where they dwell:
But God shall ransome and receive
my soule from hand of Hell. Selah.
14 Though one thou seest of riches seaz'd,
yet be thou not affraid:
With glory of his house encreas'd,
though he thy wants upbraid.
15 For nothing with him when he dies
conveigh from hence he must:
His windy-glory from him flies,
when he descends the dust.
16 For while on earth his daies did dwell,
his soule he seem'd to blesse:
And to thy selfe when thou dost well,
of thee will men confesse.
17 His dwelling with his fathers all,
shall be the house of Night:
This brood of darknesse never shall
behold eternall Light.
18 Man in this honour bearing place,
of understanding void:
Like brutish in his life, and base,
is like the beasts destroi'd.

PSAL. 50. *Deus Deorum.*

Psalmus Asaph.

THe God of Gods, the Lord hath spoke,
and earth to heare did call:
From where the Eastern Sun-beames smoake,
to where the Westerne fall.
2 From Sion (Beauties perfect prize)
a Beauty more divine,

That

That Sions beauties beautifies,
did God in brightneſſe ſhine.
3 Our God ſhall come, and ſilence ceaſe,
a fire before him eate:
A vehement tempeſt ſhall encreaſe,
and round about him beat.
4 Heaven from above, earth from below,
his dreadfull voice will call:
What Judgements weight, that they may know,
ſhall on his people fall.
5 My Saints to mee aſſemble now,
whoſe pledges I have tooke:
My Covenant, that by ſolemne vow
with ſacrifice have ſtrooke.
6 His righteouſneſſe heavens ſhall declare,
where his decrees are writ,
Where kept his Courts of Juſtice are,
where God the Judge doth ſit.
7 Heare, O my people, what I ſay,
and I will teſtifie
Againſt thee (Iſrael) this day,
God, even thy God am I.
8 For not thy ſacrifices want
in thee will I reprove:
Before mee thy burnt-offrings ſcant,
mine anger never move.
9 I take no Bullocke from thy ſtall,
nor Buck-goat from thy fold:
10 Mine are the Beaſts that forreſts all,
or thouſand mountaines hold.
11 I know all Fowles on every hill,
the fields wild Beaſts with mee:
12 If hungry, mine the worlds whole fill,
I take and tell not thee.

13 Eate I Bulls flesh, or drinke the bloud
of rancid Goates will I?
14 Sacrifice praise, thy vowes make good,
to God, to God Most-Hie.
15 And in thy trouble call on me,
that day upon me crie;
And thy deliverer will I be,
whom thou shalt glorifie.
16 But God to man ungodly saith,
My Law why dost thou preach?
My Covenant, failing in thy faith,
affirming in thy speech.
17 Where thou to be reform'd dost hate,
of all thy faults fore-past;
And of my words the weight abate,
and backe behind thee cast.
18 Saw'st thou a Thiefe, it was thy care,
with him to hold consent;
And with Adulterers, for thy share,
thy feet fore-runners went.
19 Thy mouth thou turn'st to evill talke,
thy evill thoughts to joyne:
Thy tongue, the hammer, that doth walke,
deceitfull slips to coine.
20 Thou sitt'st, and what was never done,
against thy brother speak'st;
And slandring so thy mothers sonne,
thine in-bred malice wreak'st.
21 I held my peace, when thou hadst done,
thy wicked thought suppos'd,
Me like thy selfe, another one,
as wickedly dispos'd.
22 But I shall thee reprove eftsoone,
and set before thine eies,

The

The evill deeds that thou hast done,
the thoughts thou didst devise.
13 Forgetfull ye, and slow of sense,
of God unmindfull minds,
Consider, lest I rend you hence,
where guilt no rescue finds.
14 He honours me, that praises paies,
for sacrifices due;
And I to him that rights his waies,
will Gods salvation shew.

PSAL. 51. *Miserere mei Deus.*

Ad Præstantem, Psalmus David, cùm venit ad eum Nathan Propheta, postquam ingressus est ad Bathsabagh.

THy mercy great, O God, to me
as graciously expresse:
As thy compassions many be,
blot out my trespasses.
2 Much deeper my defections lie,
my soulnesse farther in:
Wash throughly mine iniquitie,
and cleanse me from my sin.
3 For of my crimes I know the cries,
acknowledge every one:
Continually before me lies
the sinne that I have done.
4 To thee, thee only, sinn'd have I,
done evill in thine eies:
Thy Word of truth to justifie,
how cleere thy judgement tries.
5 Behold, my shape when I receiv'd,
did wickednesse begin:

My mother when she me conceiv'd,
conceiv'd in heat of sin.
6 Loe, truth within mine inmost part
doth thy delight affect:
And thou the secret of my heart,
by wisedome shalt direct.
7 With hyssop purifie this deed,
so purg'd I cleane shall grow:
Wash mee, my whitenesse shall exceed
the whitenesse of the snow.
8 Of joy and gladnesse, make me heare
thy reconciling voice:
The bones by thee that broken were,
shall then afresh rejoyce.
9 Hide from my sins thy face, forget
what follies I have done:
All my misdeeds blot out, and let
thy wrath remember none.
10 Cleane heart to me, O God, create,
this spirit of mine subdue;
Right spirit in me regenerate,
and re-inspire anew.
11 And cast me not, but of thy face,
where sight I may possesse:
Nor from my sinfull flesh displace
thy Spirit of Holinesse.
12 The joy that thy salvation gives,
restore to me againe;
And with thy Spirit, where freedome lives,
my sin-bound soule sustaine.
13 Then shall I teach transgressors all,
within thy waies to tread;
And sinners my example shall
to thee converted lead.

14 Deliver

14 Deliver me, O God, from bloud,
pale deaths polluted spring:
God of my health, my tongue aloud
shall of thy Justice sing.
15 My sin-shut lips, Lord, open thou
with thy kind mercies keyes:
So then my mouth will I bestow,
in setting forth thy praise.
16 For sacrifice none thou requir'st,
else would I give it thee:
Burnt-offrings neither thou desir'st,
nor thy delights they be.
17 A wounded spirits heart-breaking smart,
to God burnes sacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
thou, God, wilt not despise.
18 On Sion, as thy goodnesse falls,
with wonted favour fill'd:
Of thy Jerusalem the walls,
on thy good pleasure build.
19 Then sacrifice of righteousnesse
to please thee shall ascend:
Burnt-offrings whole thine Altar presse,
and frequent Calves contend.

PSAL. 52. *Quid gloriaris?*
Ad Praestantem, Maschil Davidis. Cum veniret Doeg Idumeus, & nunciaret Sauli, ac diceret illi, Venit David in domum Achimelec.

WHy dost thou, Tyrant, mischiefe boast,
how much thou canst procure?
Gods mercy (doe thy worst and most)
doth daily yet endure.

2 Thy tongue of evill doth entreat,
which forth thy falshood puts:
As thou with doing of deceit,
so sharp no razor cuts.
3 At evill more than good to reach,
thy earnest love is bent;
And then on Justice is thy speech,
on falshood rather spent.
4 To speake all words that may devoure,
thy lewd desire doth long,
To swallow up, where thou hast power,
O thou deceitfull tongue.
5 For ever thee shall God destroy,
and from thy dwelling place,
From where the living land enjoy,
rend and root out thy race.
6 And this the Just shall also see,
and seeing this shall feare;
And laugh to scorne the Brave, whom he
thus brought to nought shall heare.
7 Behold the strong, that of his state,
not God the strength did seat:
Whose trust was in his riches rate,
in evill only great.
8 I, alwaies like an Olive green,
my growth of daies to spend:
Shall in the House of God be seen,
whose mercy I attend.
9 Thy deeds my praises shall proclaime
in publike evermore:
And patiently expect thy Name
so good, thy Saints before.

PSAL. 53. *Dixit Insipiens. Ad Præstantem, super Mahalath. Psalmus Davidis.*

THere is no God, in heart to say,
so farre the foole is gone:
Corrupt and odious is their way,
good-doer there is none.
2 Downe from the Heavens God look't to see,
what Adams sons desir'd:
Of understanding who was he,
that after God enquir'd.
3 Out of the way they are all gone,
gone altogether backe:
Good deed, good-doer none, not one,
of all their loathsome packe.
4 Is all their understanding fled,
to wicked workes that fall?
That eate my people up like bread,
on God they never call.
5 There did they feare, where was no feare,
to fright those guilty ones:
For God hath scattered here and there
the proud besiegers bones.
6 Them to confusion hast thou sent,
thine enemies surpriz'd
With shame (of sin the best event)
for God hath them despis'd.
7 Salvations who to Israel
shall out of Sion give?
When they that now in bondage dwell,
no longer captives live.
His people home when God hath had,
of whom he made his choice:

Then Jacobs Nation ſhall be glad,
and Iſrael rejoyce.

PSAL. 54. *Deus, in nomine.*

Ad Præſiantem, in Neghinoth, Maſchil Dividi, cùm veniſſent Ziphæi, & dixiſſent Sauli, Nonne David abſcondit ſe nobiſcum?

THy Name in this diſtreſſe of mine,
O God, to ſave mee ſend:
To judge me, as revenge is thine,
thy powerfull ſtrength extend.
2 Unto my praier, O God, draw neere,
that I to thee commend;
And of my mouth the words to heare,
thine eare attentive bend.
3 For ſtrangers up againſt me riſe,
and tyrants take the way,
Not taking God before their eies,
to marke my ſoule their prey. *Selah.*
4 But God my helper is, behold,
in my defence to ſtand:
To help them that my ſoule uphold,
the Lord is neere at hand.
5 By evill that my foes contrive,
of their deſir'd ſucceſſe,
His like reward ſhall them deprive,
them in thy truth ſuppreſſe.
6 An offring of a free-will'd heart
to thee will I preſent;
And praiſe thy Name, O Lord, that art
to goodneſſe wholly bent.
7 For by the helps he did apply,
my troubles all expire:

And

And on mine enemies, mine eye
hath seen my full desire.

PSAL. 55. *Exaudi Deus.*

Ad Præstantem, in Neghinoth, Maschil Davidis.

UNto my praier, O God, give eare,
that where thou art in place,
My supplication may come there,
and thou not hide thy face.
2 Intend, and answer my complaint,
with straining up my voice:
In these extremes of woe that faint,
and make a troubled noise.
3 The enemies reproaches ring,
the wicked raise debate:
Iniquitie on me they bring,
and wroth the hand of hate.
4 My heart within me troubled sore,
is rack't to sorrowes height:
Than death it selfe, deaths terrours more
oppresse me with their weight.
5 Upon me feare and trembling fell,
and over me at last,
(My sorrowes best befitting cell)
a covering, horrour cast.
6 O, had I of a Dove (said I)
the wing, to waft my breast,
I then from these assaults would flie,
and find some seat of rest.
7 Hence would I get me farre (behold)
and in the Deserts bide,
Where I could seaze some safer hold,
my harmlesse head to hide.

8 Hence

8 Hence would I haſten mine eſcape,
and (horrour left behind)
Exchange my ſhelter and my ſhape,
to ſhun the ſtormy wind.
9 Their diſcord-tongues, O Lord, divide,
by ſwallowing up their life:
For in the Citie have I ſpi'd,
that rapine reignes and ſtrife.
10 Upon the walls thereof they goe,
in compaſſe day and night,
And in the midſt thereof by woe,
ſtands miſchiefe arm'd with might.
11 Within her, who there walkes awhile,
but wickedneſſe he meets:
Diſſembling mates, deceit and guile,
depart not from her ſtreets.
12 For, not my ſoe was my diſgrace,
his blow I could have borne:
From open hate have hid my face,
had he heav'd up his horne.
13 But it was thou, that went'ſt aſide,
didſt (faithleſſe) faith pretend:
O man, my other halfe, my guide,
mine owne familiar friend.
14 Our Counſell ſweetly did conſent,
conceiv'd on either part:
As brethren to Gods Houſe we went,
as in two breaſts one heart.
15 Let haſty death upon them throng,
and ſend them quicke to Hell:
For evills are their roofes among,
within them where they dwell.
16 But I will call on God, and ſoon
the Lord will ſafety ſend:

At even will pray, at morne, at noone,
while he my cry intend.
17 He hath redeem'd my ſoule in peace,
from battels doubtfull feare:
Againſt me, as they did increaſe,
ſo with me many were.
18 Yea, God ſhall heare, and hold them low,
he that of old abode: *Selah.*
For changeleſſe, but to worſe they grow,
and why? they feare not God.
19 Againſt the heads, with him at peace
he hath ſent forth his hand;
And (faithleſſe) having no releaſe,
profan'd his Covenants band.
20 His mouth more ſmooth than butter, words,
but in his heart made warre;
More ſoft than oile, than ſpeares, darts, ſwords,
words wounding deeper farre.
21 Upon the Lord thy burthen caſt,
and he ſhall nouriſh thee;
And give the Juſt to ſtand ſo faſt,
that mov'd they never be.
22 The wicked, thou, O God, ſhalt fling
into corruptions pit:
Where they untimely periſhing,
beyond all time ſhall ſit.
Men ſtain'd with blouds, and fraudulent,
ripe age ſhall never ſee:
Nor live out halfe their daies well-ſpent;
but I will truſt in thee.

PSAL. 56.

PSAL. 56. *Miserere mei Deus.*

Ad Præstantem, super Columbam mutam Remotorum, Michtam Davidis, cùm deprehenderent eum Philistim in Gath.

BE mercifull, O God, to mee,
whom man would make his prey:
Whose hands from fighting never free,
oppresse me all the day.
2 My foes to swallow me out-right,
their daily powers apply:
For many hands against me fight,
O thou that art Most-Hie.
3 The day that cloudy doubts appeare,
to make my heart affraid;
My hopes yet shining through my feare,
expect thy promis'd aide.
4 In God by me his Word sincere,
sincerely prais'd shall be:
In God I trust, and will not feare
what flesh can doe to me.
5 To wrest my words is all their care,
their daily counsells end,
Against me, all for evill are
the thoughts that they entend.
6 Together all lay out their line,
as close as hooke in bait:
Observing every step of mine,
when for my soule they wait.
7 Shall wickednesse such wages have?
so safe shall they escape?
Digge in thy wrath, O God, the grave
that for their fall shall gape.

8 Thou

8 Thou numbreſt all my wandring yeeres,
what toiles I undertooke:
Told in thy bottle put my teares,
are they not in thy booke?
9 That day that I upon thee call,
my foes ſhall turne their backe:
Of God, I know, I never ſhall
the gracious favour lacke.
10 In God the Word will I commend,
the Word praiſe-worthy moſt:
Lord, of thy Word, where is no end
of praiſe, my praiſe ſhall boaſt.
11 On God my hopes their anchor throw,
affraid I will not be,
What earthly man to me can doe,
or challenge done by me.
12 Thy vowes, O God, upon me are,
which I to thee will pay:
And ſacrifice of praiſe prepare
before thy face to lay.
13 For thou my ſoule from death didſt free,
my feet from ſliding quite:
To walke, O God, in ſight of thee,
with them that live in light.

PSAL. 57. *Miſerere mei Deus.*
Ad Præſtantem. Ne corrumpas, Michtam Davidis, cùm fugeret à facie Saulis in ſpeluncam.

BE mercifull to me, O God,
be mercifull to mee:
For as my ſafeties ſole abode
my ſoule doth truſt in thee.

And

And in the ſhadow of thy wings,
my hopes aſſurance ſeat:
Till time an end of evills brings,
and calme this tempeſts heat.
2 I unto God Moſt-High will call,
my plaint before him lay:
Whoſe promiſe firme performance ſhall
in full perfection pay.
3 He from the Heavens ſhall ſend his hand,
and ſave me by his power:
Hath mark't him with reproaches brand,
whoſe mouth would me devoure. *Selah.*
4 His mercy, and his truth, before
ſhall God ſend forth in aide:
For, where fierce Lions ramp and roare,
my ſoule is ſubject laid.
5 Among the ſons of man I lie,
that fire and fury breathe:
Speares from whoſe teeth, and arrowes flie,
whoſe tongues ſharp ſwords unſheath.
6 O God, where brightneſſe moſt abounds,
above the Heavens aſcend:
Thy glories beames beyond the bounds
of all the earth extend.
7 A net they for my ſteps have laid,
and downe my ſoule is bow'd:
But in the trench are they betrai'd,
which they for me had plow'd.
8 My heart, O God, is fixt on thee,
on thee my heart is fixt:
The ſong that I ſhall ſing, ſhall be
of thankes and praiſes mixt.
9 Awake, my glory, ſlow delay
my Lute and Harp off ſhake:

Before

Before the Starre that ushers day,
I early will awake.
10 To thee, O Lord, my thankes will I
among the people bring;
And where the Nations scatt'red lie,
aloud thy praises sing.
11 The greatnesse of thy mercies store
above the Heavens doth streach:
Thy truth up to the skies doth soare,
a higher pitch to reach.
12 O God, where brightnesse most abounds,
above the Heavens ascend:
Thy glories beames, beyond the bounds
of all the earth extend.

PSAL. 58. *Si verè utique.*

Ad Praestantem. Ne corrumpas Davidis.

AND call ye this (O men of Might)
pronouncing sentence just?
And call ye this to judge upright,
O eldest sons of dust?
2 Yea, wickednesse ye worke in heart,
and under faire pretence:
Where through the earth ye hold your Mart,
your hands weigh violence.
3 The wicked, from their mothers wombe
estrang'd, from goodnesse flie;
And erring, from the belly come,
no sooner speake, but lie.
4 The poysoning Serpent poyson beares,
lesse deadly than their sting:
With like deafe eare the Python heares
the wise Enchanter sing.

5 Their

5 Their teeth, O God, breake in their mouth,
the Lions tuskes out-root:
6 Like waters, Lord, ſhrinke up their growth,
cut off the ſhafts they ſhoot.
7 As Snaile conſum'd within the ſhell,
all out in ſlime is runne:
Abortive as the birth that fell,
ſo ſee they not the Sunne.
8 Before your pots perceive the thorne,
or feele the brambles heat,
Let whirling-fury tempeſt-borne,
their counſells crude defeat.
9 So ſhall the Juſt rejoyce a good,
to ſee the vengeance raigne;
And waſh his feet in reeking bloud
of wicked doers ſlaine.
10 So ſay ſhall men of mortall kind,
fruit for the juſt there is:
There is a God, the earth ſhall find,
and judgement (doubtleſſe) his.

PSAL. 59. *Eripe me.*

Ad Præſtantem. Ne corrumpas, Dividi Michtam, cùm mittente Saule, obſervaretur domus, ut interficerent eum.

FRom them that are mine enemies,
my God, deliver mee:
From them that up againſt me riſe,
my head up-rais'd ſet free.
2 Aſſert thou mee from their purſuit,
that evill worke with paine;
And from their hands, whom blouds pollute,
in ſafety me ſuſtaine.

3 Loe,

3 Loe, for my ſoule in wait they lie,
the ſtrong together draw:
When fault of mine they none could ſpie,
nor ſinne, O Lord, they ſaw.
4 Without iniquitie in mee,
they runne and ready make
To meet me, raiſe thy ſelfe and ſee;
my helper, Lord, awake.
5 Awake therefore, Lord God of hoſts,
thou God of Iſrael,
To viſit all the Heathen coaſts,
againſt thee that rebell.
6 And where for grace to thee alone,
fraile ſinners find acceſſe:
O let thy mercy favour none,
that faithleſly tranſgreſſe. Selah.
7 They, when the evening Sun ſhuts in,
run jetting to and fro;
And like a dogge they howle and grin,
and round the Citie goe.
8 Vollies loe from their mouth they ſhoot,
ſwords in their lips they beare:
Weapons that warre with ſilent foot,
for who (ſay they) ſhall heare?
9 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt them deride,
make all the Heath'ns a mocke:
That ſtrength to thee will I aſcribe,
to thee, O God, my Rocke.
10 God of my mercy ſhall prevent,
and in ſuch plight to mee;
Mine enemies ſhall God preſent,
as my deſire would ſee.
11 Whom let not ſlaughters hand devoure,
leſt that my flocke forget:

Diſperſe

Disperse them by thy mighty power,
them, Lord our shield, defeat.
12 Their sinfull mouth, their lip-wise words,
let their swolne pride descry:
And take them in their selfe-twin'd cords,
that curse, forsweare, and lye.
13 Consume, consume them in thy wrath,
that they no more may grow:
What empire God in Jacob hath,
through earth that they may know.
14 As soon as day his light drawes in,
returne they to and fro;
And like the dogge, they howle and grin,
and round the Citie goe.
15 Goe wandring here and there for meat,
and snarl, if un-suffic'd:
They find short fare for them to eate,
by want and hunger siz'd.
16 But I will sing thy mighty power,
thy mercy early praise:
For thou hast been my fortresse-Tower,
my Rocke in restlesse daies.
17 I, O my strength, to thee will sing,
to God, my refuge hie:
The God that makes his mercies spring,
my mercies treasurie.

PSAL. 60. *Deus repulisti.*

Ad Præstantem, super Susban-Eduth, Michtam Davidis, ad docendum, cùm contenderet ergà Aram Naharaim, & ergà Aram-Zobah, & conversus Joab, et percussit Edom in valle Salis duodecim millia.

THou hast, O God, cast us aside,
routed our poore remaine:

Thine

Thine angry brow haſt bent to chide,
O turne to us againe.
2 The trembling earth thou didſt invade,
and rifts therein haſt cleft:
O heale the breaches thou haſt made,
for it is ſhaking left.
3 Thou ſhewdſt thy people harder things,
than they had borne before:
Of wine, that ſtupid horrour brings,
to drinke, thou gav'ſt them ſtore.
4 To them that feare thee haſt thou given
a ſigne, to ſhun the bow:
A Banner, by the hand of Heaven
ſet up, for truth to ſhew.
5 That free deliverance they may have,
that are belov'd of thee:
With thy reſiſtleſſe right hand ſave,
O heare and anſwer mee.
6 God in his Holineſſe hath ſpoke,
which I with joy repeat:
In Shechem will I ſtrike the ſtroke,
and Succoths valley mete.
7 Mine Galghad is, Manaſſeh mine,
ſtrength of my head doth live:
In quiver-bearing Ephraims line,
my Law ſhall Judah give.
8 My waſh-pot Moab will I make,
my ſhooe on Edom fling:
Thy pride, Peleſheth overtake,
and to my triumphs bring.
9 The Citie of ſuch ſtrength within,
what guide ſhall make me get?
The warlike Edoms towers to win,
what Leader ſhall I ſet?

10 When

10 When thou, O God, as nought of worth,
haſt caſt us off ſo long;
And with our Armies wentſt not forth,
to make our battels ſtrong.
11 O give us help from our diſtreſſe,
mans health is vaine deceit:
Through God we ſhall doe valiantneſſe,
our foes he ſhall defeat.

PSAL. 61. *Exaudi Deus.*

Ad Præſantem, ſuper Neghinoth. Davidis.

MY crie, O God, my praier attend,
when I to thee complaine:
2 When from this earths extremeſt end
my ſmoth'red heart I ſtraine.
3 Conduct me to the Rocke of power,
that higher is than I:
4 For thou haſt been my hopes ſtrong tower
againſt the enemie.
5 Thy Tabernacle will I take,
for ever there to dwell;
And to my hopes a ſhelter make,
thy wings my ſecret cell. *Selah.*
6 For thou to heare my vowes from heaven,
thine eare, O God, didſt frame:
An heritage to me haſt given,
of them that feare thy Name.
7 Daies upon daies encreaſt by thee,
thou to the King ſhalt give:
The compaſſe of his yeeres ſhall be,
from age to age to live.
8 Him God before his face to ſit,
for ever ſhall accept:

With

With mercy, truth prepare thou fit,
by whom he may be kept.
9 Praiſe to thy Name ſo will I ſing,
for ever day by day:
To thee my vowes upon me bring,
that I may duly pay.

PSAL. 62. *Nonne Deo?*

Ad Præſtantem, apud Jeduthun. Pſalmus Davidis.

ON God my ſilent ſoule attends,
his ſeaſons (ſurely) heeds:
To him my ſafeties care commends,
from whom my health proceeds.
2 He ſurely is my Rocke of power,
and my ſalvation prov'd:
My hold, my high-defenſive tower,
I ſhall not much be mov'd.
3 How long on miſchiefe will ye thinke?
Man-ſlayers, ſlaughtred all,
Ye like a ruin'd fenſe ſhall ſinke,
and like a ſhaken wall.
4 His dignity how to ſuppreſſe,
their counſells they convert:
Delight in lies, with mouth they bleſſe,
but curſe within their heart. *Selah.*
5 On God, yet never thou the leſſe,
my ſilent ſoule, attend:
From whom my hopefull patientneſſe
expects a happy end.
6 He ſurely is my Rocke of power,
and my ſalvation prov'd:
My hold, my high-defenſive tower,
I ſhall not be remov'd.

7 In

7 In God is my Salvations port,
my Glories lofty creſt,
Rocke of my ſtrength, in God my Fort,
my Confidences reſt.
8 O people, truſt in him alway,
your heart before him powre:
For of our hopes God is the ſtay,
our ſafeties truſty towre.
9 Sure, Adams ſonnes are vanitie,
and lighter in account:
The beſt together weigh'd, a lie,
and make the ballance mount.
10 Truſt not in wrong, to reap your part,
in rapine be not vaine:
If wealth encreaſe, ſet not your heart
on baited lures of gaine.
11 God ſpake at once, which twice I heard,
"To God the power pertaines;
Of puniſhment, and of reward,
of pardons, and of paines.
12 And mercy, Lord, in thee alone
exceeds, from thee proceeds:
For thou wilt render every one
according to his deeds.

PSAL. 63. *Deus, Deus meus.*

Pſalmus David, cùm in eſſet in ſolitudine Jehudah.

THou art, O God, my God alone,
mine eies ſhall watch to ſee
The Nights obſcurer watchmen gone,
and early ſeeke for thee.
2 For thee my thirſty ſoule doth toile,
for thee my fleſh doth long:

Within

Within a waſte and weary ſoile,
and waters none among.
3 Within thy Sanctuaries ſear,
which now I ſee no more;
To ſee thy power and glory great,
as I have ſeen before.
4 For, good thy mercy is above
the gladſome length of daies,
More lovely is than life thy love,
" My lips ſhall ſing thy praiſe.
5 Thus will I bleſſe thee, while I live,
while breath this breaſt commands;
And in thy Name, the off'ring give
of my up-lifted hands.
6 With marrow, and with fatneſſe fed,
my ſoule ſhall be full fill'd;
And from my mouth thy praiſes ſpread,
through joyfull lips diſtill'd.
7 Of thee my bed remembrance brings,
by night I watch for thee:
8 And ſhout, when ſhadowed with thy wings,
thy ſaving help I ſee.
9 To thee my Hermit-ſoule adheres,
here, from thy Houſe expell'd;
Where never thy right hand forbeares,
nor leaves me un-upheld.
10 But they, that make my life their prey,
and for my ſoule contend:
Where loweſt earth hath made their way,
to death let them deſcend.
11 A hand on them the ſword ſhall heave,
and ſhed their guilty blood:
The loath'd remainder they ſhall leave,
ſhall be the Foxes food.

12 In God, be glad, yet ſhall the King,
and all that ſweare Him by;
Shall glory, but be ſtopt the ſpring,
the lips that ſpeake a lie.

PSAL. 64. *Exaudi Deus.*
Ad Præſtantem. Pſalmus David.

UNto my voice, O God, give eare,
to whom my praier doth goe:
Preſerve my life from pallid feare,
of my purſuing foe.
2 My head from ſecret counſells hide,
that wicked heads contrive;
From rage againſt me open wide,
that evill doers drive.
3 With venom'd edge and fell intent
which whet their tongues like ſwords;
And ſhoot in bowes by malice bent,
(ſharp arrowes) bitter words.
4 A ſecret ſhot at him to fit,
that is in heart upright:
With ſure and ſudden hand they hit,
and feare not where it light.
5 Themſelves in miſchiefe make they bold,
and commune how to lay
Their ſecret ſnares, to take ſure hold,
and, who ſhall ſee them? ſay.
6 Iniquities new ſhapes have ſought,
and masked faces found;
Diſcovering of their wicked thought,
the heart-corrupted ground.
7 But God, a ſudden ſhaft ſharp ground,
and ſwifter than the wind,

Shall

Shall shoot at them, and in the wound,
shall leave the head behind.
8 Yea, their owne tongues shall they incite,
upon themselves to fall:
Which all that see, with fearfull slight,
shunne their example shall.
9 All earthly men shall in their feare,
the worke of God declare;
And wisely weigh what these men were,
and whose these doings are.
10 The just and upright, for his part,
shall in the Lord rejoyce;
And trust in him: All true of heart,
shall glory in their choice.

PSAL. 65. *Te decet Hymnus.*
Ad Praestantem. Psalmus David. Canticum.

ON thee waits Sions silent praise,
O God, that hear'st the praier:
2 To thee, the vow thy people paies,
to thee all flesh repaire.
3 Iniquities, with words at will,
against me have prevail'd;
But our transgressions covering still,
thy mercy never fail'd.
4 O blessed he, whom thou dost chuse,
so neere thy Courts to dwell:
Thy Houses goods where we may use,
thy Temples plenty, tell.
5 Thou God, our health, by fearfull signes
shalt answer us againe:
Just hope of all that earth confines,
or fartheſt seas containe.

6 Which by his ſtrength lifts up the hills,
above the plaines to towre;
And firmneſſe to their height fulfills,
which girded is with pow'r.
7 Which ſtills the raging of the ſeas,
becalmes the billowes ſounds;
And (more outragious, to appeaſe)
the peoples tumult bounds.
8 On earth, the utmoſt dwellers feare
thy ſignes: The goings out
Of Eaſt and Weſt (thy light that beare)
for joy thou mak'ſt to ſhout.
9 Thou viſiteſt the ſoile with ſhowres,
of life-inſpiring raine;
Rich Mynes of pearle, thy deaw downe powres,
the greedy Plowmans gaine.
10 Gods River reacheth far and wide,
thy care prepares the corne;
And ſeed, to mother earth doſt hide,
in teeming-furrow borne.
11 The waters melt her drunken plaine,
the verdant bloſſomes ſwell;
On whoſe encreaſe, as drops of raine,
ſo many bleſſings dwell.
12 The yeere, with goodneſſe doſt thou crowne,
beginning where thou end'ſt;
And every ſtep ſtills fatneſſe downe,
which from the clouds thou ſend'ſt.
13 They drop upon the paſtures wide,
that robe the wilderneſſe;
The little hills, begirt with pride,
no little joy expreſſe.
14 The paſtures cloth'd with flockes un-ſhorne,
their double fleeces bring:

The

The vallies covered are with corne,
for joy they shout and sing.

PSAL. 66. *Jubilate Deo.*
Ad Præstantem, Canticum Psalmi.

IN God be joyfull all the earth,
his Names renowne to raise:
2 Sing Psalmes, make loud triumphant mirth,
put glory to his praise.
3 Say unto God, Thy dreadfull deeds,
who can enough expresse?
Whose foes, thy power, that so exceeds,
(faign'd tongues, false hearts) confesse.
4 The earth throughout, to worship thee,
their humbled hearts shall frame;
And of thy praise, in Psalmes agree,
to sing unto thy Name. *Selah.*
5 The workes of God, O come and see,
what he to passe hath brought,
What terrible atchievements he
for Adams sons hath wrought.
6 The Sea, away on heaps he sent,
the Deep he made dry ground:
Where, through the floud on foot we went,
in him, there joy we found.
7 He rules for ever by his power,
on Nations sets his eies:
That (never rais'd, but, to devoure)
rebellion, never rise. *Selah.*
8 And ye, our God, O people blesse,
with tongues, and hearts prepar'd,
Through every land, let more or lesse,
his praises voice be heard.

9 Which putting deaths blacke darts aside,
our soule in life doth stay:
And suffering not our foot to slide,
upholds us in our way.
10 For thou, O God, didst triall make,
what heat we could endure:
If fire could force us thee forsake,
that fines the silver pure.
11 Thou broughtst us where we were betrai'd,
and tangled in the net:
Where straitnesse on our loines was laid,
and pinching pannels set.
12 Thou causedst men, as heads of nought,
above our heads to ride:
Through fire and waters hast us brought,
where peace and plenty bide.
13 With offrings burnt my vowes to pay,
I to thine house will presse,
Performing what my lips did say,
the mouth of my distresse.
14 Burnt sacrifices, fatlings throats,
to thee will I returne;
Rams incense, Bullockes, and Buck-goats,
upon thine Altar burne. Selah.
15 O come, and hearken every one,
of God that stand in feare;
And for my soule what he hath done,
ye from my mouth shall heare.
16 I with my mouth to him complain'd,
his praise my tongue preferr'd:
If wicked sight my heart had stain'd,
the Lord would not have heard.
17 God surely heard my voice complaine,
my praier to him repaire:

Blest

Blest God, that turn'd not backe againe
his mercy from my prai'r.

PSAL. 67. *Deus misereatur.*
Ad Præstantem, in Neginoth. Psalmus Cantici.

IN mercy God to us encline,
and blesse us with his grace:
Upon our darknesse make to shine,
his light out-shining face. *Selah.*
2 That knowne may be thy heavenly way,
within this earthly round:
That thy salvations message may
among all Nations sound.
3 Thy praise, O God, let peoples sing,
as far as nights and daies,
The Sun transcends his signes to bring;
all people sing thy praise.
4 For joy let all the Nations shout,
for thou with righteous doome,
Shalt judge the people earth throughout,
the Nations guide become. *Selah.*
5 Thy praise, O God, let peoples sing,
as far as nights and daies,
The Sun transcends his signes to bring;
all peoples sing thy praise.
6 In field and furrow then the land
shall yeeld her fruits increase;
And God, our God, with gracious hand,
to blesse us shall not cease.
7 His blessing God on us shall send,
all Nations far and neere:
The earth throughout, from end to end,
of him shall stand in feare.

PSAL. 68. *Exurgat Deus.*

Ad Præstantem, Davidis, Psalmus Cantici.

LEt God arise, and (disarai'd)
his scattred foes give place:
And let his haters all dismai'd,
flie from before his face.
2 Driven, as the smoake before the wind,
as waxe, at fire, doth melt;
So perish let the wicked kind,
Gods awefull presence felt.
3 But let the Just in him rejoyce,
before Gods face expresse
Their joy of heart, with gladsome voice
shout out their joyes exceesse.
4 Sing, sing to God; his Name on hye,
that rides through Deserts, raise:
Make JAH'S Name way, and joyfully
before his face sing praise.
5 The Father of the fatherlesse,
Judge of the widowes crie
Is God, whose Throne of Holinesse,
whose Mansion is on hie.
6 God into houshold doth dispose
the solitarie Cell:
The prisoners lock't in chaines sets loose,
in drought lets Rebells dwell.
7 O God, when through the Desert-sands,
thou went'st before thy flockes;
And taught'st their clay-worne feet and hands,
to climbe Arabian rockes. *Selah.*
8 Earth shooke, Heav'ns swet, Mount Sinai fell,
and shrunke, to give God place:

When

When God, the God of Israel,
shew'd forth his face: His face!
9 Thou shedd'st, O God, a gracious Raine,
and thine Inheritance,
Long languishing in thirsty paine,
thy deawes did re-advance.
10 Therein the Congregation dwelt,
this coast thy creatures shar'd:
Thus hath (O God) thy goodnesse dealt,
thus for the poore prepar'd.
11 The Lord gave word, by women spread,
through that great Army they
Sung, "Kings, with Armies fled; they fled,
the Hou[illegible]-Dove shar'd the prey.
12 Your beauty, though the pots have spilt,
where (sooty) ye have line:
With silver wings, neckes parcell-gilt,
your Dove-like plumes shall shine.
13 When God Almighty gave the blow,
where Kings confounded fell:
Our Sion, shady-Tsalmons snow,
for whitenesse did excell.
14 Gods Mountaine, as Mount Basan stands,
Mount Basan, fertile, hie:
Whose creft, so many crests commands,
to Sion comes not nie.
15 Insulting Hills, so high, so great,
this Mountaine God loves well:
The Lord desires to make his seat,
for ever here to dwell.
16 Myriads of Angels; Mighty Names,
Gods Chariots, Millions fill;
In them the Lord, as Sinai's flames,
on Sions holy Hill.

17 Thou art ascended up on hie,
above the fiery heaven;
Hast captive led captivitie,
and gifts in man hast given.
With them (the more ingratefull they,
that faithlesse did rebell;
And but compell'd, would not obey)
that thou Lord God mightst dwell.
18 The Lord be blest, throughout our land,
whose boundlesse mynes of wealth,
With bounty daily load our hand,
the God, our saving health. Selah.
19 God our salvations is become,
our God, that gives us breath,
Eternall is, the Lord, to whom
the issues are of death.
20 Sure, God will smite his haters heads,
and wound the hairie skull
Of him, that life ungodly leads,
and sinne on sinne doth pull.
21 The Lord said, I will bring againe,
from Basans slaughtred King;
Thee, from the gulfes amid the Maine,
againe, my people, bring.
22 Deep in the bloud of Tyrants shed,
thy trampling foot to staine;
And of thy dogs the tongue die red,
where all thy foes lie slaine.
23 What triumphs thee, O God, did bring,
they saw it face to face;
Thy goings, O my God, my King,
within thy holy place.
24 Before went singers, afte they
on Instruments that plai'd;

Among

Among them Damsels held their way,
that hand on Timbrell laid.
25 In thine assembly let not thankes
from God the Lord depart:
O Fountaine, clos'd in Israels bankes,
from fountaine of thy heart.
26 There, little Benjamin set hie,
with Judahs Royall race;
Of Zebulun, and Nephthali,
the Princes crown'd the place.
27 Strength from his strength forth-issuing,
thy Gods command hath brought;
Establish thou, O God, the thing,
that thou for us hast wrought.
28 And for Jerusalems deare sake,
and for thy Temple there;
To thee shall Kings their homage make,
and humbly presents beare.
29 Rebuke the wild beasts of the reed,
the Bulls incursions barre:
Whose calves on silver fragments feed,
disperse the friends of warre.
30 Sultans shall from Canopus come,
Cush, from Cassumo's Sunne,
To God, on glad Ambassage home,
with hands out-stretch't shall runne.
31 To God, on earth ye Kingdomes nie,
to God like praises bring;
In Psalmes sing to the Lord Most-Hie,
your highest praises sing. *Selah.*
32 To him that on the Heavens doth ride,
the Heav'ns that were of old;
Loe, what he is, his voice hath tri'd,
a voice of strength hath told.

33 To

33 To God give ſtrength, that doth excell,
from whom all ſtrengths ariſe:
Whoſe glory over Iſrael,
whoſe ſtrength is in the skies.
34 How dreadfull is, O God, thy ſight,
thy Sanctuaries tell:
Bleſſe God, that gives his people might,
the God of Iſrael.

PSAL. 69. *Salvum me fac.*
Ad Præſantem ſuper Soſannim, Davidis.

SAve me, O God, the waters riſe,
ſo faſt the flouds come on,
That even unto my ſoules ſurprize,
the ſwallowing gulfe is gone.
2 Downe in the mud I ſinke ſo low,
to ſtand I find no ground;
So high the waves above me flow,
ſo deep the ſurge to ſound.
3 My weary ſpirit is ſpent with cries,
my throat with ſcorching ſtrait:
My ſight attentive, failes mine eies,
while for my God I wait.
4 My head hath haters moe than haires,
whom wrong upon me throwes;
And power, that in my right impaires,
in mine oppreſſors growes.
5 I paid them that I never tooke,
what follies are in mee:
What faults, when thou art pleas'd to looke,
are knowne, O God, to thee.
6 Let not (Lord God of Hoſts) my blame,
abaſh thy ſervants care:

O God

O God of Israel, in my shame,
let none that seeke thee, share.
7 For thy sake have I borne reproach,
in me this blot thou hast:
No covering elſe could shame encroach,
upon my face to cast.
8 My brethren, no such brother know,
no fremme, befriended leſſe:
My mothers children, none such owe,
none more unwelcome gueſt.
9 Out-eaten with thy Houſes zeale,
mine earning heart is rent;
And their reproaches on me steale,
that at thy face were bent.
10 Mine eyes to weep, my ſoule to faſt,
was my reproach and shame:
11 And sackcloth on my shoulders caſt,
their jeſting-ſtocke became.
12 Within the gate, did they that ſit,
againſt me ſet their tongue:
Their tipling-talke, my troubles fit,
I was the Drunkards ſong.
13 But, Lord, a gracious time aſſigne,
to anſwer me with ruth:
Thy mercies beames, O God, let ſhine,
and thy ſalvations truth.
14 Deliver me out of the mire,
my feet from ſinking keep:
Redeem me from my haters ire,
and from theſe waters deep.
15 Let not the gulfie-mountaines tombe,
her creſt above me put:
Let nor the pits inſatiate wombe,
her mouth upon me ſhut.

16 Lord,

16 Lord, answer me, for thou art kind,
and gracious evermore:
O turne thy face, that I may find
thy tender mercy store.
17 And from thy servant cease to hide
thy face in time of need:
In my distresses springing tide,
to answer me make speed.
18 Draw neere, my soule, and cleare the debt,
for my redemption due:
Deliver me, whom sore beset,
mine enemies pursue.
19 Reproach and shame (thou know'st) have (brought
mine honour in disgrace:
All this have my distressors wrought,
and all before thy face.
20 Rebuke hath broken through my heart,
some balme for sorrowes wound
I sought; but none to salve my smart,
no comforter I found.
21 For food to eate they gave me gall,
my hungry taste to dine:
For drinke, when, thirsty, I did call,
they gave me eagre wine.
22 Let be their table made their snare,
to trap themselves withall;
And well what might have made them fare,
be warp to make them fall.
23 Darke eies, let darker judgement bleare,
nor sight, nor fore-sight take;
And make their loines for guilty feare,
continually to shake.
24 Thine indignation on them powre,
with dread to strike them cold;

Or

Or let thy hot displeasures showre,
upon their heads take hold.
25 Waste let their ruin'd Castle lie,
no hand their soile manure;
Nor Lord, nor Tenant hold thereby,
no head their Tents endure.
26 For whom thou smit'st, they persecute;
thou chastenest, they confound:
And how to mischiefe they dispute,
where thou hast made a wound.
27 From wicke ineſſe to wickednesse,
let their offences fall;
And to thy Justice have accesse,
of them let none at all.
28 Out of the Booke let them be crost,
where thine Elected live;
And with the Just no name engrost,
of them no notion give.
29 As poore and pensive as I stand,
thy saving healths supply,
Let find, O God, a powerfull hand,
to raise me up on hie.
30 To blesse thy Name, O God, will I
a Psalme of praises bring;
And with confession magnifie
his mercy, whom I sing.
31 And this shall doe the Lord more good,
and better please in proose,
Than tendrest Bullocke reeking blood,
in pride of horne and hoose.
32 To see this sight, with joy of heart,
it shall transport the meeke:
Your soule from life shall not depart,
if after God ye seeke.

33 For

33 For to the poore the Lord gives eare,
his prisoners cares to keep:
34 Heavens, Earth, and Seas, his praises beare,
and all that in them creep.
35 For his Mount Sion God will save,
and Judah's Cities build:
That there their dwellings men may have,
with heires of promise fill'd.
36 And of his servants shall the seed
possesse the heritage:
And they that love his Name, succeed
therein, from age to age.

Psal. 70. *Deus in adjutorium. Ad Præstantem, Psal. Davidis, ad recordandum.*

NOw, now, in my extremes of need,
O lose no time in waste;
Deliver me, O God, with speed,
to help me, Lord, make haste.
2 Shame and confusion on them lie,
that seeke my soules annoy:
Turn'd backe, and blushing let them flie,
that in my evill joy.
3 Let this reward their wages pay,
to send them backe with shame:
Aha, in scorne to me that say,
and make my griefe their game.
4 Let them that seeke thee, all alway,
in thee with joy abide:
Let thy Salvations lovers say
still, God be magnifi'd.
5 To me, poore soule, so low downe cast,
O God, make speed away:

My

My help, and my deliverer haſte,
O Lord, make no delay.

Psal. 71. *In te Domine.*

For ever, me, that in thee truſt,
Lord, let not ſhame deprave:
2 My plaintiffe-ſoule, as thou art juſt,
deliver, heare, and ſave.
3 Be thou, where I may enter, ſtill
my Rocke of reſidence;
To ſave me, is thy Precepts will,
the Fort of my defence.
4 The raging hand, my God, becalme,
aſſert my libertie,
Safe, from the evill-doers palme,
ſow'r-leav'nd in crueltie.
5 For thou, Lord God, art of my reſt
the long-expected ſcope;
Thou art my weaner from the breaſt,
mine infant-ages hope.
6 My navill, ſince the wombe forſooke,
thy hand did me uphold:
Me, from my mothers bowels tooke,
of thee, my praiſe ſtill told.
7 As from a Monſter, many eies,
from me aſtoniſht ſtart:
When ſtrong diſtreſſe yet on me lies,
my ſtronger hope thou art.
8 My mouth, no other muſicke fill,
no ſtory ſtile my ſong;
To deſcant of thy praiſe, my skill,
thy glory, all day long.

9 O caſt

9 O, cast me not in age away,
when weakneſſe ſtrong aſſailes:
Now leave me not to my decay,
when ſtrength enfeebled failes.
10 For they that bare me cauſleſſe hate,
(my foes) againſt me ſpake;
And they that for my ſoule lay wait,
together counſell take.
11 Since God (ſay they) doth him forſake,
now left he is alone:
On, on, him perſecute, him take,
to reſcue him is none.
12 But goe not farre, O God, from me,
nor fit occaſion waſte;
At preſent need as preſent be,
my God, to help me haſte.
13 Confuſion let confound them all,
that to my ſoule are foes:
Reproach, diſhonour on them fall,
that ſeeke my evill woes.
14 Yet ſhall my hope wait patiently
upon thy help in ſtore;
And to thy praiſe, continually
adde praiſes more and more.
15 Thy Juſtice ſhall my mouth expreſſe,
thy ſaving health all day:
Whoſe numbers ſumme ſo numberleſſe,
my cyphers cannot ſay.
16 To ſing thy power, this power of mine,
how be it (Lord God) too weake;
Yet of thy Juſtice, only thine,
ſomewhat, ſuffice, I ſpeake.
17 My heart, O God, haſt thou prepar'd,
and from my childhood taught:

And hitherto have I declar'd,
what wonders thou hast wrought.
18 And now, that I (O God) am old,
mine Almond-tree growne gray:
Mine age, from thee, let none behold,
forsaken, sent away.
19 Till I have shew'd thine Armes extent
unto this Ages view;
And of thy power, a president,
to all that shall ensue.
20 Thy Justice is in thee alone,
O God, unto on hie:
To those great acts which thou hast done,
who like (O God) comes nie?
21 Thou shew'dst me many evill daies,
much sorrow mad'st me see;
From under ground yet didst thou raise,
returne, and quicken mee.
22 To make me greater, far and wide
thou gav'st me great encrease;
To better me on every side,
thy goodnesse did not cease.
23 Thee, and thy Truth, my God, to praise,
not Psalterie alone;
But Song and Harp will I up-raise,
O Israels Holy-One.
24 With joy, above all joyes esteem'd,
my lips shall shout to thee;
So shall my soule, by thee redeem'd,
in Psalmes as joyfull be.
25 My tongue, the Trumpet, shall proclaime
thy Justice all the day:
For they are blank't, and brought to shame,
that seeke my soules decay.

PSAL. 72. *Deus, Judicium. Solomoni.*

O God, give Judgement to the King,
thy Judgements depths to sound;
And to the Kings son, Knowledge bring,
where Justice may be found.
2 So, he that gives the life to Lawes,
an upright hand shall beare:
With Justice judge the peoples cause,
the poore, with Judgement, heare.
3 The Mountaines, that in height excell,
shall bring the people peace;
The lesser Hills, that lower dwell,
by Justice shall encrease.
4 Him, for their Judge the poore shall have,
to crush the fraudulent:
The sons of needy-soules to save,
suppresse the violent.
5 And they with feare shall thee adore,
when daies and nights are none;
When Sun and Moon shall shine no more,
when Ages all are gone.
6 He shall come downe, like soaking showers,
in fleece-shorne medow mowne;
Embroid'ring earth with fruits and flowers,
on Summers mantle growne.
7 The Just shall flourish in his daies,
and multitude of peace;
Untill the Moones extinguisht raies,
shall change, to change, and cease.
8 The utmost shoare, from sea to sea,
shall be his Empires bound;

And from Euphrates watrie-lea,
as farre as earth hath ground.
9 The Ethiopian Sun-burnt Cruſt,
ſhall (bow'd before him) kneele:
His enemies ſhall licke the duſt,
that ſcatt'reth from his heele.
10 With preſents, and with precious things,
from Tharſhiſh, and the Iſles;
From Sheba, and from Seba, Kings,
ſhall meaſure worlds of miles.
11 All Kings (before whom ſubjects kneele)
kneele downe, and ſerve him ſhall:
All Nations, his dread Scepter feele,
and downe before him fall.
12 For he that heares him, ſhall redeeme
the needy, when he cries:
The poore un-heeded ſoule eſteem,
and him that helpleſſe lies.
13 The ſimple he (with want, that ſtrive)
ſhall mercifully ſpare:
Preſerve the needy-ſoules alive,
and for their ſafetie care.
14 Their ſoule from rapine he ſhall free,
whom fraud or force betray:
And precious in his eies ſhall be
the bloud that they ſhall pay.
15 And he ſhall live, and Sheba's gold,
to him ſhall men commend;
And praiers for him continuall hold,
to praiſe him all day ſpend.
16 A ſhocke of corne the Hills ſhall make,
the Citie ſhall abound;
Whoſe fruit, like Lebanon ſhall ſhake,
and ſpring, as graſſe on ground.

17 His

17 His Name (the SON) when Sun ſhall reſt,
ſhine freſh for ever ſhall:
Yea, in his Name (and call him bleſt)
be bleſt ſhall Nations all.
11 To God the Lord, the God in whom
the ſonnes of Iſrael live:
From whom alone all wonders come,
to him all bleſſings give.
19 Be ever bleſt his glorious Name,
and by the ſons of men,
Let with his glory, earths whole frame
be fill'd, Amen, Amen.

20 For Solomon his ſonne to ſing,
this Pſalme his father penn'd;
So Davids praiers here did the King,
the ſonne of Jiſhai, end.

Finis Libri ſecundi.

LIB. III.

PSAL. 73. *Quàm bonus Deus.*
Psalmus Asaphi.

ET God to Israel is good,
affects the pure in heart!
2 And I; my feet, but faltring stood,
my steps were like to start.
3 I envi'd follies proud commands,
the wickeds peace I saw:
4 For in their death there are no bands,
but Lording-strength their Law.
5 Tell them of troubles, where, or when,
for care they keep no roome;
Nor are they plagu'd, like other men,
neere them no crosse may come.
6 Of pride therefore a chaine hung downe,
about their neckes they beare:
And violences guarded gowne,
the garment is they weare.
7 Their fat-swolne eyes beare out so bold,
in plenty share such part:
Their heaps no house enough to hold,
their happinesse no heart.
8 Corrupt, in their licentious vaine,
with their malicious tongue:
Oppression proudly they maintaine,
and highly boast of wrong.
9 Their mouth against the heavens they vent,
to brave, blaspheme, and sling,
Throughout the earth, till they have spent
their tongues envenom'd sting.

10 His

10 His people therefore hither turne,
and seeking like successe,
Of waters wrung from their full urne,
sucke up the bitternesse.
11 Tush, how should God, that comes not nie,
(say they) such trifles know:
Or how shall he, that is Most-Hie,
esteem of things so low?
12 Loe, these the worlds ungodly guests,
and there, these prosper best:
Loe, these are they, that wealth possesse;
Nay, are by wealth possest.
13 Now surely I, on poore pretence,
have cleans'd my heart in vaine;
And washt my hands in innocence,
with labour for my paine.
14 And dieted I am all day
with plagues, for my repast;
And in the mornings, is my pay,
rebuke, to breake my fast.
15 Thus, if I say, when I have said,
How (faithlesse) I offend;
And of thy sons, the race up-brai'd,
and rashly reade their end?
16 Then thought I how to cleere this doubt,
to sound this depth againe;
But found it hard to find it out,
and in mine eyes a paine.
17 Till to Gods holy House I went,
and wisely did attend:
Of these men, there, and their extent,
I understood the end.
18 Them, surely, hast thou set aloft,
on high, but slipp'ry seats:

Whence,

Whence, when they fall, they fall not oft,
but soon thy hand defeats.
19 How suddenly left desolate,
to ruine are they brought;
How soon consum'd is their estate,
with terrours over-wrought?
20 As, on the wing of fancy flies,
a dreame from one awake;
So, Lord, when up thou shalt arise,
despis'd their image make.
21 My sowre-leav'nd heart did surely pant,
my reines corrected mee:
22 So brutish I, so ignorant,
was, as the beasts, with thee.
23 With thee, yet still did I abide,
to thee, my right hand, cleave:
Me, with thy counsell shalt thou guide,
to glorie then receive.
24 In Heaven, what one have I, but thee,
to whom my hopes suspire:
25 In earth, delights are none for mee,
but thou, my lifes desire.
26 My flesh and heart, consum'd at length,
as now, assist me not:
But of my heart, the Rocke of strength,
for ever, God my lot.
27 For loe, by thee be overthrowne,
and perish shall each one,
That are to Idols of their owne,
from thee awhoring gone.
28 As for my good, I hold it best,
neere God to draw my care:
On God the Lord, my hopes to rest,
and all thy workes declare.

PSAL. 74. *Vt quid Deus?*
Admonitio Asaphi.

FOr ever! what doth thee provoke,
from us caſt off to keep?
Still ſhall, O God, thy noſtrils ſmoake,
againſt thy paſture-ſheep?
2 Thy Congregation call to mind,
thy now forſaken fold,
Whom thou, from bondage didſt unbind,
and purchaſt haſt of old.
3 Thine Heritages rod redeem'd,
among our fathers dealt:
This Sion-Mount, ſo much eſteem'd,
the ſeat, where thou haſt dwelt.
4 Lift up thy feet: Thy foe defeat
for ever, every one:
That to thy Sanctuaries ſeat
have all this evill done.
5 Amidſt thy holy places met,
thine adverſaries roare:
Their Enſignes up for ſignes they ſet
of conqueſt got before.
6 He that high groves of Cedars growne,
with axe up-lifted fell'd,
By much leſſe loud report was knowne,
like ours, no ſpoiler held.
7 And now they rend, and raze as faſt,
the roofes, the beames, lie broke,
The carved columnes downe are caſt,
with maule and hammers ſtroke.
8 Thy Sanctuaries, ſet on fire,
laid levell with the ground:

The

The place profan'd, where thy desire
to plant thy Name was found.
9 Let us (in heart, said they) make spoile,
together them destroy:
Unburnt, let God, in all the soile,
no Synagogue enjoy.
10 Our signes, we see not! Prophet none,
our Seers all among:
Before our evill day be done,
none left, that knowes how long.
11 How long, O God, of this our shame,
shall our distressor dreame?
How long, for ever, shall thy Name
the Enemie blaspheme?
12 Why, turne thy hand? why, thy right hand
held in thy bosome void?
Why, this (while thou, withdrawne dost stand)
Destroier undestroi'd?
13 For why? God is my King of old,
by whom, Salvations wrought,
Doe we, amidst the earth behold,
as from their fountaine brought.
14 Through standing seas divided walls,
thy power, thy peoples leads;
And with thy batt'ring water-falls,
thou break'st the Dragons heads.
15 Leviathans great heads (more great)
thy surges swept away:
Thou gav'st him to be peoples meat,
the Desert-dwellers prey.
16 Thou mad'st out of the stony rocke
whole flouds and fountaines flie;
And through their laps, to lead thy flockes,
drew'st mighty rivers drie.

17 Thine is the day, the night is thine,
thou haſt prepar'd the light:
By day, the golden Sunne to ſhine,
the ſilver Moone by night.
18 (The ſeas, ſhut up within their ſhores)
thou quarter'ſt out the coaſts:
The Summers, and the Winters flow'rs,
thou lay'ſt with fires and froſts.
19 Remember, Lord, how this reproach,
the Enemie did frame:
How fooliſh people did encroach,
that durſt blaſpheme thy Name.
20 Thy Turtles ſoule commit thou not
to be the wild beaſts prey;
Nor thine afflicted flocke, forgot,
for ever caſt away.
21 Unto thy Covenant have reſpect,
for all the earth is darke;
And here, her roofes hath rapine deck't,
oppreſſion ſet her marke.
22 O, let not thine oppreſt depart,
repuls't with brand of ſhame:
But let the poore afflicted heart,
and needy, praiſe thy Name.
23 Ariſe, O God, thy plea proceed,
to plead without delay,
Remember how the foole-mad breed,
reproach thee all the day.
24 Forget not, of thine enemies,
the voice that thee offends:
Their tumult, that againſt thee riſe,
continually aſcends.

PSAL. 75. *Confitebimur tibi.*

Al Præstantem. Ne corrumpas. Psalmus Asaphi, Canticum.

TO thee, O God, our thankes confesse,
thy praise we celebrate;
And neere to us thy Names accesse,
thy wondrous workes relate.
2 When time shall bring about the day,
that I the Rule receive:
With Justice will I guide the way,
and righteous Judgement give.
3 The earth, and earths in-dwellers all,
dissolv'd, and downe are cast:
Her shaken fabricke, from to fall,
her pillars I set fast. *Selah.*
4 To mad-proud fooles I said, Beware,
let folly be forborne;
And to the wicked, Have a care,
ye lift not up the Horne.
5 Fooles, heave not up your Horne on hie,
lest Heaven your Antlers checke:
Your words on lowly wing let flie,
not with a stiffe-borne necke.
6 For, neither from the East nor West,
nor Hills, high-callings come:
But God the Judge, "Some humbleth best,
"Exalteth other some.
7 For, in his hand the Lord doth beare
a cup, whose wine is red;
And full of mixture is the Mere
by him distributed.

Of indignation in this cup,
on earth, the wicked all,
Wring-out the dregs, and drinke them up,
depriv'd of mercy shall.
8 But I, for ever will declare,
and Hymnes of gladnesse bring:
Which I, for praises shall prepare,
to Jacobs God to sing.
9 And of the wicked, every horne,
I from their heads will rend:
When high shall every beame be borne,
that forth the Just shall send.

PSAL. 76. *Notus in Judea.*

Ad Praestantem, in Neghinoth. Psalmus Asaphi, Canticum.

IN Judah God is knowne, his Name
is great in Israel:
2 His Tent in Salem: He the same,
that doth in Sion dwell.
3 The burning arrowes, there he brake,
shot from the bow-mans hand:
The sword and shield, made field forsake,
and warlike bands dis-band. *Selah.*
4 Much brighter shines thy Glories Crowne,
than brightnesse shines by day:
Thine Excellence of more renowne,
than are the Mounts of prey.
5 There, mighty-hearted men lay foil'd,
and falling, slept their sleep:
The men of power, of power, found spoil'd,
which none found hands to keep.

6 O God

6 O God of Jacob, thy reproofe,
sent many a daring head:
Chariot and Horse, with thundring hoofe,
to sleep among the dead.
7 Thou, thou art to be fear'd alone,
for thy resistlesse might:
And in thy wrath, from then, what one
shall stand before thy sight?
8 From Heaven, to have thy Judgement heard,
it was thy dreadfull will;
And at thy thundring voice afeard,
earth trembled, and was still.
9 When God in Judgement rose, to save
the meeke on earth, un-slaine: *Selah.*
Praise of mans rage, thou sure shalt have,
the rest thou shalt restraine.
10 Vow to the Lord your God, and pay,
all round about him neere;
Your present in the presence lay,
of Jacobs Fathers Feare.
The spirit of Princes rank-growne pride,
his gathering spirit shall prune:
That is, on earth an awfull guide,
to keep their Kings in tune.

PSAL. 77. *Voce mea ad Dominum.*
Ad Præstantem, super Jedutbun, Asaphi Psalmus.

I With my voice to God did crie,
so loud, that he might heare:
My voice to God I rais'd on hie,
and he to me gave eare.
2 While day to my distresse gave light,
unto the Lord I mourn'd:

My restlesse sore ran out by night,
my soule from comfort turn'd.
3 I thought on God: My troubled thought
betooke me no reliefe;
My spirit complain'd, but over-wrought
was my complaint with griefe. Selah.
4 Thou heldst my heavie eyes awake,
while I, with watching, weake,
Would rest; but rest I could not take,
astonish't, could not speake.
5 I thought upon the daies of old,
their compleat summe to cast;
And of our fathers ages told,
what yeeres in number past.
6 I call'd to mind my song by night,
I commun'd with my heart;
And throughly out to search my spirit,
bare every part a part.
7 For ever, will the Lord, displeas'd,
cast off, and not restore:
And will his anger, unappeas'd,
adde no acceptance more?
8 For ever, is his Mercy done,
his Word, to ceasing put;
9 His Grace, hath God forgot so soon,
in wrath his Bowells shut? Selah.
10 Or, is my sickneſse this, (said I)
that I so late began:
Of his right hand, that is Most-Hie,
the changing turnes to skan?
11 To my remembrance will I call,
what workes the Lord hath wrought,
What wonders did of late befall,
will ponder in my thought.

12 Of

12 Of all thy workes will I advise,
and as I meditate,
Make my discourses exercise,
thy doings to relate.
13 Most Holy is (O God) thy way,
thy Sanctuaries seat;
Thy Second, whom can any say,
as God, a God so great?
14 Thou art the God, that Strength, thou art,
that strange designes hast showne;
And of thy power, hast made thy part,
among the people knowne.
15 Thy peoples generations,
thine arme redeem'd of old:
Thy Jacobs, and thy Josephs sons,
whom Josephs brethren sold.
16 Thy face, O God, the waters saw,
the waters saw thy face;
The trembling waters stood in awe,
the groaning deeps gave place.
17 The clouds on earth, their tempests powr'd,
the skies gave out a sound:
Thine arrowes from the quiver showr'd,
made seas on seas rebound.
18 Thy thunder-shot roar'd round about,
the world with lightnings shone;
The earth was stirr'd, and shooke, in doubt,
her day-light lamp was gone.
Yea, even this dreadfull glimm'ring light,
glad comfort gave their eie;
That in this darknesse-double-night,
yee let them see to die.
19 Thy way, is in the sea aside,
on heaps divided throwne:

Thy pathes through many waters guide,
thy footsteps are not knowne.
20 Thou leadst thy people through the Land,
as Shepheard leads his sheep:
By Moses, and by Aarons hand,
thy flocke ordain'd to keep.

PSAL. 78. *Attendite, Populo. Admonitio Asaphi.*

MY Law, that I shall give in charge,
O ye my people, heare:
To what my lips shall speake at large,
incline your heedfull eare.
2 A Parable my mouth shall shew,
darke mysteries of old,
3 What we have heard, and knowne, renew,
as have our fathers told.
4 Which of the Ages sons un-borne,
we will conceale from none,
What Crownes of praise the Lord hath worne,
what powerfull wonders done?
5 A Covenant he with Jacob strooke,
gave Israel a Law:
Wherein, strait charge our fathers tooke,
to hold their sons in awe.
6 That their Posteritie might know,
and learne by them alive:
From seed to seed rise up and sowe,
from sonne to sonne derive.
7 On God, their hopes that they might set,
Gods acts charactred deep
Within their breast, might not forget,
and his Commandments keep.

8 Not,

8 Not, as their fathers disobey'd,
a race that did rebell:
A race, from God, whose heart un-stai'd,
whose spirit unfaithfull, fell.
9 Such as the sons of Ephraim were,
that arm'd, and bearing bow,
Flung downe their armes, and fled for feare
before the signall-blow.
10 Of God, the Covenant kept they not,
his Precepts pathes eschew'd:
11 What deeds he did for them, forgot
what wondrous workes he shew'd.
12 What wonders in their fathers sight,
sad proofe can Egypt yeeld,
Whereto, though Misraim all, had right,
most right had Zoan field.
13 The sea for them did he divide,
and made them passage all:
He heap't the waters side by side,
to stand, as wall by wall.
14 A cloud all-day, their course to keep,
all night, a light of fire:
15 From Desert-rockes, as from the Deep,
gave drinke at their desire.
16 Swift streames out of the Rocke he brought,
that forth like rivers flie:
17 Their sinne, on sinne, in Desert wrought,
provok't, yet, God Most-Hie.
18 And, tempting God, with grudging hearts,
their soule requiring meat:
19 Shall God (said they) in Desert parts,
on tables set to eate?
20 Behold, he smote the stony Rocke,
whence flow'd those streames afresh:

But,

But can he for his peopled flocke
find bread, or furniſh fleſh?
21 This heard the Lord; but heard with wrath,
the fire that Jacob blew:
For this ingrateſull breach of troth,
on faithleſſe Iſrael flew.
22 For they to God no faith had given,
nor his ſalvation truſt:
23 Though clouds enjoyn'd, & doors of Heaven,
lay open to their luſt.
24 He, Manna downe on them did raine,
their hunger to ſuffice;
And gave them of that Heavenly graine,
from Garners of the skies.
25 That man, the Mighties Bread might eate,
it was his Makers will:
Who ſent them this Celeſtiall meate,
of Angels food, their fill.
26 He, from Heavens Nabathean mouth,
his Eaſt wind made to blow:
His power brought from Sabean South,
a ſofter gale to glow.
27 He rain'd downe fleſh, the Deſert duſt,
to number, is not more;
And feathred-fowle, to fill their luſt,
as ſand, on ſea-driv'n ſhore.
28 He made it fall, his Camp throughout,
ſo bigge the cloud did ſwell;
His habitations round about,
the feathred-tempeſt fell.
29 So they did eate, and had their fill;
their luſt, ſo highly priz'd,
Had what they would, yet, not their will;
were cloi'd, but not ſuffic'd.

30 While

30 While yet the meat was in their mouth,
Gods wrath upon them came;
And slew the fat of all their youth,
the hopes of Israels name.
31 This done, yet sinn'd they more and more,
the more their God to grieve:
His wonders slighting, as before,
nor would they yet beleeve.
32 He therefore did consume their daies
in vanitie, their yeeres,
Not close, with Ages kind decaies,
but crosse, with hasty feares.
33 On them, when slaughters hand he brought,
then home to him retir'd:
Then sought him, early then him sought,
then after God enquir'd.
34 That God was then their Rocke of strength,
they could remember well;
And that the Highest God, at length,
was their Redeemer, tell.
35 Yet did their mouth but faigne the while,
this was but flatt'ries gloze,
Their tongue fram'd this alluring stile,
these lies with him to close.
36 Their heart with him was wrong within,
his Covenants faith forgot:
His Mercy covered yet their sin,
and them corrupted not.
37 How often his compassions wing,
could wind his wrath aside;
And on their heads forbeare to bring
his whole displeasures tide.
38 Remembring that they were but flesh,
a vapour, whift away:

Whose

Whose flower may never spring, refresh,
but once, and soon decay.
39 How often did they him provoke,
the Wilderness can speake:
How often his displeasures stroke,
the Deserts saw him breake.
40 Yet turning backe, to sinne they fell,
and tempting God againe:
The Holy-One of Israel,
their limits would containe.
41 Nor minded they his Mighty hand,
nor their Redemption-day:
When he them freed from Pharaoh's Land,
from bondage sent away.
42 What strange designes in Egypt done,
what wonders Zoan-plaines:
All Ages wonder, equall none,
and Memphis yet complaines.
43 He turn'd their rivers into bloud,
that thirst it selfe did shrinke,
In plenty, poore; of Nilus floud
when Egypt could not drinke.
44 Devouring flies, promiscuous swarmes,
to eate them up, he sent;
And fenny frogs importune charmes,
corrupting, where they went.
45 He let the Caterpiller eate
the fruit of all their soile;
And gave their labours hopefull sweat,
to be the Locusts spoile.
46 Their Vines, with haile-stones he destroi'd,
their Sycamores with frost:
47 With haile, their heards, their flocks annoi'd,
in flames of lightning lost.

48 His

48 His indignations fi'rie ſtripes,
his fury on them ſpent;
And guilty-ſoules tormenting gripes,
by evill Angels ſent.
49 He ſpared not their ſoule from death,
to weigh his angers way,
Made man and beaſt give up their breath,
the Peſtilences prey.
50 The firſt of all in Egypt borne,
unequall death prevents;
The Principall of ſtrength, the Horne,
where Cham had pitch't his Tents.
51 But forth, like ſheep, from tempeſt fled,
he made his people paſſe;
And, like a flocke in Deſerts led,
as in deep paſture graſſe.
52 He led them ſafe, and free from feare,
their walkes were through the waves;
But drown'd their foes, that here and there
had made the ſea their graves.
53 And them, he to his Rocke of reſt,
his holy Border, brought,
This Mountaine lov'd above the beſt,
and with his right hand bought.
54 Before them, out the Heath'ns he caſt,
and ſhar'd their lot by line;
Where Anak raign'd in Ages paſt,
the ſhields of Jacob ſhine.
55 Ingratefull they, their God Moſt-Hie,
yet tempt, afreſh provoke:
His Teſtimonies naught ſet by,
with them can beare no ſtroke.
56 They turne their backes, diſloyall grow,
and flie their fathers flight:

"So

" So ſtarts aſide the warping bow,
the Archer aiming right.
57 And now, to grate his angry gall,
Hill-Altars, Idoll-Groves,
Grav'n-Imagery, whereto they fall,
his jealous fury moves.
58 This, hearing God, his wrath grew hot,
ſo foule revolt to heare;
So Iſrael his hatred got,
his people held ſo deare.
59 His Tabernacle he forſooke,
that Shilo lov'd ſo well;
His Tabernacle, where he tooke
delight with men, to dwell.
60 His Arke, his Monument of Power,
he left in captive bands;
And gave his Glories beauteous flowre
into Diſtreſſors hands.
61 He chain'd his people to the chance
of Tyrants raging blade;
And wroth with his Inheritance,
their heads the hoſtage made.
62 Their young men were untimely driven,
of fire to be the food:
Their virgins not in marriage given,
nor by their praiſers woo'd.
63 Their Prieſts annointed, ſlaine with glaves,
and laid on bloudy Beers:
No widowes, on their wedlockes graves,
to melt ſome mourning teares.
64 So wak't the Lord, as after ſleep,
the rowzed ſp'rits refine:
Or, as a Giant, ſowſed deep
in laviſh cups of wine.

65 With

65 With Hemorroids, on their parts behind,
his enemies he ſmote;
And branded them, and all their kind,
with ſhames eternall note.
66 For Joſephs Tent he did refuſe,
or Ephraims Tribe to move:
67 But Judah's Royall Tribe did chuſe,
and Sion-Mount his love.
68 There, built his Temples Hornes on hie,
his Holy-place ſo ſure,
That founded to Eternitie,
might firme, as earth, endure.
69 His ſervant David (hooke and ſling)
he drew from folds of ſheep;
And of a Shepherd, made a King,
a flocke of ſoules to keep.
70 From following Ewes, with young ones great,
of Jacobs choſen ſeed:
Poſſeſt him of a Regall-ſeat,
his Iſrael to feed.
And them within this Holy Land,
with perfect heart he fed:
Them, with a prudent Paſtors hand,
(his flocke) diſcreetly led.

Psal. 79. *Deus, venerunt.*
Psalmus Asaphi.

THine Heritage, O God, expil'd,
invading Heath'ns laid waſte:
Thine Holy place have they defil'd,
on heapes have Salem caſt.
2 The carkaſſe of thy ſervants, meat
given to the fowle of Heaven;

And

And of thy Saints, the flesh to eate,
to earths wild beast is given.
3 Their bloud, about thy Salem, round,
like waters have they shed,
Profanely left above the ground,
their bones un-buried.
4 Our neighbours neere, on every side,
reproach us face to face;
And round about us scorne, deride,
and load us with disgrace.
5 How long? for ever, Lord, how long,
before thine anger turne?
O, shall thy jealousie so strong,
like fire for ever burne?
6 Upon the Heath'n powre out thy wrath,
and make their Kingdomes flame,
Whose heart of thee no knowledge hath,
that call not on thy Name.
7 For, they have eat up Jacobs race,
his seed, by sword devour'd;
And on his wasted dwelling place,
their fire and fury powr'd.
8 Call not our former sins to mind,
with speed some mercy shew;
Prevent us with thy bowells kind,
whose losse hath brought us low.
9 Help us, God of our health, and make
thy Name the glory share:
Deliver us, for thy Names sake,
our sins in mercy spare.
10 For why live we, to see this day,
to beare this by-word home;
To heare the Heath'n-blasphemer say,
Where is their God become?

To

To Heath'ns let this be understood,
before our eyes be read;
How deare thy vengeance sells the blood
of us thy servants shed.
11 Let prisoners sighes, yet reeking warme,
before thee bring their breath:
According to thy powerfull arme,
reserve the sons of death.
12 And their reproach, which to our paine,
our neighbours on thee lay;
Into their bosome, Lord, againe,
with seven-fold paine repay.
13 So we, thy peoples pasture sheep,
shall ever of thy praise,
With thankfull Hymnes, Memorials keep,
to Age, and Age of daies.

Psal. 80. *Qui regis Israel.*
Ad Præstantem, super Sosannim Ghedutth. Asaphi Psalmus.

SHepheard of Israel, give eare,
That Joseph, like a sheep, dost lead,
That sitt'st upon the winged-chaire,
The Cherubims, cleare up thy head.
2 Before Ephraim, and Benjamin,
Before Manasseh, to us come;
Stirre up thy mighty strength herein,
And for salvation bring us home.
3 To shew, that saving health is thine,
Turne us, O turne to us againe:
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
Salvation so shall we attaine.

4 Lord

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
In these extremes of our affaires,
Hot-smoaking bend thine angry brow,
Against thy peoples humble praiers?
5 Thou mak'st them eate the bread of teares,
Of teares, to drinke in measure great,
6 Our neighbours strife to fill our eares,
With scorne, our foes us foule entreat.
7 To shew, that saving health is thine,
O God of Hosts, turne us againe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
Salvation so shall we attaine.
8 A Vine from Egypt hast thou brought,
The Heath'ns dis-planted by thy hand,
9 Before thy plant the way hast wrought,
Which, taking root, hath fill'd the Land.
10 The Hills were covered with the shade,
That from her fanne of leaves did fall;
For cold, for heat, kind shelter made,
Her stature, like Gods Cedars, tall.
11 Her branches bound the sea, a Crowne,
Her boughes be-deck't Euphrates shores.
12 Her hedge, why hast thou broken downe,
That passers-by, her clusters rore?
13 To root it up, the woods wild Boare,
To rend it downe, the fields wild Beasts,
All glutted with her purple gore,
Were this faire Vines unfitting guests.
14 Returne, O God of Hosts, and now,
With eyes, than light, that brighter shine,
Looke downe from Heaven upon this bough,
Behold, and visit thou this Vine.
15 This Vine, the strength of thy right hand,
Stock, burnt with fire, the boughes cut downe;

16 Sonne,

16 Sonne, for thy ſelfe made ſtrong to ſtand,
They periſh at thy faces frowne.
15 Upon the Man of thy right hand,
O let thy hand continue long;
Upon the Son of man let ſtand,
Whom for thy ſelfe thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
18 So no revolt of ours ſhall give,
Our backes to thee, to brand with ſhame,
O, quicken us, and we ſhall live;
And living, call upon thy Name.
19 To ſhew, that ſaving health is thine,
Lord God of Hoſts, turne us againe;
And cauſe on us thy face to ſhine,
Salvation ſo ſhall we attaine.

PSAL. 81. *Exultate Deo.*

Ad Præſtantem, ſuper Gittith, Aſaphi.

TO God, our ſtrength, with joyfull voice,
in triumph let us ſing:
To Jacobs God, with echoing noiſe,
make we the aire to ring.
2 Take up the Pſalmes ſweet melodie,
the ſounding Timbrell bring:
The pleaſant Harp, the Pſalterie,
ſtraine voice, and wind, and ſtring.
3 Blow up the Trumpet, when the Moone,
her ſilver hornes renewes;
At ſolemne feaſt, as to have done,
on our high day we uſe.
4 For this a ſtatute was ordain'd,
to Iſrael fore-told:
A Rite to Jacobs God retain'd,
for Jacobs ſons to hold.

5 In

5 In Joseph was this witnesse cleer'd,
when he from Pharaoh's land
Went forth, a language there I heard,
I did not understand.
6 "I eas'd him of the burthen there,
that on his shoulders lay;
His palmes by me delivered were,
from carrying hods of clay.
7 Thou call'dst me in distresse, thy yoke
of bondage I remov'd;
To thee in cloud of thunder spoke,
at Meribah thee prov'd. Selah.
8 Heare, O my people, my Record,
and I will witnesse beare;
O Israel, to this my word,
give thou but heedfull eare.
9 Strange God in thee there shall none be,
nor worship shalt thou spend,
To any other God but me,
thine humbled knee to bend.
10 I, that from Egypt up thee brought,
the Lord thy God am still;
Whom land nor sea can fill, thy throat
wide open, I shall fill.
11 But this my people would not heare,
my voice could not attone;
Of me, for favour nor for feare,
my Israel would none.
12 On this revolt, and breach of trust,
did I from him depart;
And sent them, to pursue their lust,
the counsels of their heart.
13 O, had their eare my people bent,
in their declining daies,

Had

Had Israel his wandrings spent
in walking in my waies.
14 Their foes I should have soon put downe,
that now against them stand;
On their distressors heads have throwne
my wraths directed hand.
15 The haters of the Lord, with lies,
confounded had been found;
But of their favour, in his eies,
had boundlesse been the bound.
16 With fat of wheat would I have fed
his hunger, highly priz'd;
And from the Rocke, with honey shed,
would I have thee suffic'd.

Psal. 82. *Deus stetit in Synagoga.*
Psalmus Asaphi.

With Princes (peoples heads) the head
of Princes, God doth stand,
Great Judge amidst the gods to plead,
with Judges of the land.
2 How long will ye Judge evill good,
in wrongs no measure kept:
Of wicked heads, preferre the hood,
the faces, well accept?
3 The weake, and fatherlesse befriend,
that Justice judge them right;
The needy and distrest defend,
from over-bearing might.
4 The weakling, and the poore discharge,
that they may live un-harm'd,
Them, from the powerfull hand enlarge,
which wickednesse hath arm'd.

5 They

5 They know not, neither understand,
their walkes in darkneſſe end:
Move all foundations of the Land,
it moves them not to mend.
6 That ye are Gods, ſo ſaid have I,
ſons of the Higheſt, all:
7 Yet ſure, ye Gods, like men ſhall die,
and, one with Princes, fall.
8 Great Judge on earth, of Kingdomes King,
thy ſelfe, O God, advance:
For, all the Nations ſhalt thou bring
to thine Inheritance.

PSAL. 83. *Deus, quis?*
Canticum Pſalmi Aſeph.

CEaſe not, as deafe, O God, ſo long,
ſo long hold not thy peace:
In ſilence ſtill keep not thy tongue,
O God, thy ceaſing ceaſe.
2 For loe, thy foes a tumult make,
their troupes againſt us lead;
And they that hate thee, for our ſake,
have lifted up their head.
3 Againſt thy people they diſcourſe,
in conſultations:
Contriving fraud with open force,
againſt thy ſecret ones.
4 Come, Let us cut them off (they ſaid)
that Nation never more,
Nor name of Iſrael decaſ'd,
remembring Age reſtore.
5 For they have caſt with one conſent,
and ſtrooke a league in heart,

Their

Their powerfull armes against thee bent,
against us to convert.
6 The Tents of Edom, Ismaelites,
with Moabs mis-borne breed:
The Hagarens, the Gebalites,
and peopled Ammons seed.
7 With them doth Amalek conspire,
with them Peleseth runs:
Ashur, with them that dwell at Tyre,
arme Lots rebellious sons. Selah.
8 Such end doe thou upon them bring,
as Madian Princes tooke:
Like Sisara, like Jabin King,
that fell at Kishon brooke.
9 Which perished on Endor plaine,
where (monuments of shame)
In dust and bloud, their bodies slaine,
as dung on earth became.
10 Let Oreb, and let Zeeb fore-tell
theirs, and their Princes fall:
As Zebach, and Zalmunnah fell,
so fall their Princes all.
11 Which said, "Our Houses to advance,
Gods Houses let us take;
And heires of his Inheritance,
our heires succeeding, make.
12 Make like a wheele, my God, the race
of their outragious lives;
Or, as the winds distemp'red face,
the withered stubble drives.
13 As fire, that burneth up the wood,
and bares the thickest hold;
Or, as the flame devoures for food
the Mountaines sulphur-mold.

14 So with thy tempests wrath dismai'd,
pursue them to the death;
And make them with thy storme afraid,
to draw their guilty breath.
15 Their brazen faces, brands of shame,
their soules, of sorrow, beare,
That they, O Lord, may seeke thy Name,
if not for love, for feare.
16 Confusion sudden evermore,
and trouble them torment;
And give their sinfull lives before,
a shamefull deaths event.
17 That they may know, that thou alone,
whose name is ETERNALL,
On earth thy foot-stoole, Heaven thy Throne,
Most-Hie art over all.

PSAL. 84. *Quàm dilecta?*

Ad Præstantem, super Gittith. Filiorum Chereb Psalmus.

HOw amiable (Lord of Hosts)
thy dwelling places are?
How farre above all other coasts,
thy Tents exceed compare?
2 Lord, of thy Courts, to joy the sight,
my longing soule suspires,
My flesh, my heart, above delight,
the living God desires.
3 The Sparrow finds a roome to rest,
from reach of common wrong:
The Swallow builds a curious nest,
where she may couch her young.

4 They

4 They, Lord of Hosts, within thy roofe,
even to thine Altars home,
My King, my God, without reproofe,
(O me excluded) come.
5 With them, what blessings dwellers are,
that in thy dwellings dwell:
A house for thee, their hearts prepare,
thy praises shall they tell. *Selah.*
6 They through the vale of Baca goe,
where teares find comforts spring;
And showers, to quench the sighes of woe,
in cisterns, blessings bring.
7 So marching on, from strength to strength,
them shall their vigour beare;
Till to the God of Gods, at length,
in Sion they appeare.
8 Lord God of Hosts, from Heaven thy seat,
my supplication heare:
To what my praiers of thee entreat,
O Jacobs God, give eare.
9 See who it is that sues for grace,
see whom thou hast forlooke:
O God, our shield, upon the face
of thine annointed looke.
10 For, in thy Courts the sweet content,
that one day spent, commends;
Is better than a thousand spent,
that elsewhere any spends.
More in thine House love I their roome,
that at thy threshold sit;
Than in their Tents, my God, to come,
that wickednesse commit.
11 For God the Lord, our Sun and Shield,
will grace and glory give;

And no good thing withhold to yeeld,
to them that perfect live.
12 O Lord of Hosts, thy Arme of Power,
that Armies powers doth bend;
Shall on the man thy blessings powre,
whose hopes on thee depend.

PSAL. 85. *Benedixisti Domine.*
Ad Praestantem, filiis Chored, Psalmus.

NOw art thou gracious Lord become,
unto thy chosen Land:
Thou hast return'd thy Jacob home,
redeem'd from captive hand.
2 Thy peoples faults hast thou forgiven,
and covered all their sin:
Thy furious wrath away hast driven,
and call'd thine anger in.
3 O God of our salvation, see,
our former cares encrease:
Turne thou to us, turne us to thee,
thine indignation cease.
4 For ever wilt thou be displeas'd
with us, and never end?
Wilt thou, thine anger un-appeas'd,
to Age and Age extend?
5 Wilt thou not once returne againe,
and us to life restore;
That we, thy peoples poore remaine,
may joy in thee therefore?
6 Severely, Lord, as thou hast dealt,
to us thy mercy shew:
Thy heavie hand, as we have felt,
thy saving health bestow.

7 To

7 To heare what God the Lord will ſpeake,
with heed will I attend:
Whoſe promiſe he will never breake,
but with performance end.
For he will cauſe our preſſures ceaſe,
and comfort ſuch as mourne;
And to his gracious Saints ſpeake peace,
leſt they to folly turne.
8 His ſaving health, ſure neere at hand,
ſhall they that feare him win:
That glory may in-dwell our land,
inglorious made by ſin.
9 With Mercy, Truth in one did meet,
and hands together ſtrike;
Where Juſtice, Peace with kiſſe did greet,
and peace return'd the like.
10 Truth, Heaven her place of birth forſooke,
out of the earth ſhall ſpring;
And Juſtice downe from Heaven ſhall looke,
a heav'n on earth to bring.
11 The Lord his goodneſſe ſhall expreſſe,
ſo ſhall our Land not ceaſe;
The Lord with bleſſings us to bleſſe,
our Laud with fruits encreaſe.
12 Before his face ſhall Juſtice goe,
and in the way reſpect,
To put her order'd footſteps ſo,
as he ſhall them direct.

PSAL. 86. *Inclina Domine. Oratio Davidis.*

INcline thine eare, O Lord, to mee,
and heare my humble praier:

For poore and needy, I to thee,
for answer make repaire.
2 Thee, let my soule her keeper have,
for mercifull am I:
Thou, O my God, thy servant save,
whose hopes on thee relye.
3 Upon thee all day calls my voice,
Lord, for thy Graces gift:
4 O, make thy servants soule rejoyce,
which, Lord, to thee I lift.
5 For thou, O Lord, art good to all,
and ready to forgive;
And much in mercy, all that call
upon thee, to relieve.
6 Give eare, Lord, what my praier requires,
in these extremes of mine;
And of my humble-ey'd desires,
unto the voice encline.
7 I, in the day of my distresse,
will call aloud to thee;
Nor doubt accesse, nor good successe,
for thou wilt answer mee.
8 Among the Gods, O Lord, is none
with thee that can compare:
Nor like the workes that thou hast done,
workes done by any are.
9 All people, Lord, whom thou hast fram'd,
shall come and worship thee;
And glorious shall thy Name be nam'd,
by Nations all that be.
For, great thou art, as we have found,
by those great marvels done:
That neither equall hast, nor bound,
thou God, thy selfe alone.

10 My

10 My walkes, Lord, in thy way so fit,
and in thy truth so frame;
My heart to thee so firmly knit,
that I may feare thy Name.
11 To sing, O Lord my God, thy praise,
my heart shall wholly send;
And to thy Name such glory raise,
as never shall have end.
12 For towards me thy mercy great,
no measure may esteem;
And from in Hell the lowest seat,
my soule didst thou redeem.
13 The proud, O God, against me rise,
and force with falsehood met,
Have sought to make my soule their prize,
nor thee before them set.
14 Thy pity, streames, Lord God, so strong,
as no compassion such:
Thy grace abundant, sufferance long,
thy Truth and Mercy much.
15 O turne thy face to me at length,
as grace hath well begun;
To me thy servant give thy strength,
and save thy hand-maids son.
Some signe, for good, upon me shew,
which let my haters see;
And blush, when thou, O Lord, they know,
didst help and comfort mee.

PSAL. 87. *Fundamenta ejus.*
Filiæ Ecclesiæ. Psalmus Cantici.

LOw, where the hallowed Mountaines fall,
lie his foundation-plaines:

2 Much more than Jacobs dwellings all,
the Lord loves Sion gates.
3 Like glorious things have not been heard,
nor moderne, nor of old;
To God, thou City most endear'd,
as have of thee been told. Selah.
4 In my remembrance Rahab runnes,
and Babel, knowing mee:
Loe Paleſtine, and Tyre, thy ſonnes,
with Cuſh, there borne was hee.
5 And of thee, Sion, ſhall be ſaid,
the mother of us all;
Whom the Moſt-Hie ſo firme hath laid,
ſhall man and man thee call.
6 With him, when he the peoples writes,
the Lord ſhall firſt begin;
And ſay, when he their names recites,
This man was borne therein. Selah.
7 Singers, and Inſtruments that ſound,
rejoycers all with mee:
Voice, ſtring, wind, water-falls abound,
"My ſprings are all in thee.

PSAL. 88. *Domine, Deus ſalutis.*

Canticum Pſalmi, filiis Chorah, ad Præſcitum, ſuper Mahalath Leannoth, Maſchil, Hemani Iſrahite.

MY crying ſupplication,
Before thee day and night,
Lord God of my ſalvation,
2 Let enter in thy ſight.
Encline thine eare, and heare mee,
My ſoules full troubles tell,

Whole

3 Whose evills trench so neere me,
My life drawes neere to Hell.
4 Like them to death betaken,
That downe the pit are gone,
I seem a man forsaken;
A strength, that strength hath none.
5 Among the dead, free-sleeping,
That in the grave lie slaine,
Which (cast out of thy keeping)
Cut from the hand remaine.
6 My head thou hast captived
Within the loweſt pit,
Where I of light deprived,
In deeps of darknesse sit.
7 Thy furies heat inflicted,
Lies heavie on my crowne,
With all thy flouds afflicted,
Thy billowes beare me downe. Selah.
8 Set farre from mine acquaintance,
To them thou hast me set,
Abhorr'd, shut up in durance,
Whence out I cannot get.
9 Faint-ey'd, to tuning fall I,
Afflictions sobs my Psalmes,
On thee, Lord, all day call I,
To thee I spread my palmes.
10 Wilt thou from deaths vast Regions,
Prodigious shadowes raise;
Of all those Idoll-legions,
What one shall sing thy praise?
11 And shall thy loving kindnesse,
Within the garve be told?
Or shall ABADDON'S blindnesse,
Thy faithfulnesse unfold?

12 Thy deeds of Admiration
Shall Darkneſſe bring to light?
Who in Oblivions Nation,
Thy Juſtice ſhall recite?
13 But, Lord, to thee ſincerely
My plaint doe I preſent;
And in the morning early,
My prai'r ſhall thee prevent.
14 Why, Lord, doſt thou reject mee?
Why lay my ſoule aſide?
Why let thine eare neglect mee?
Thy face why doſt thou hide?
15 Afflicted ſoule, deceaſing,
Thy ceaſleſſe ſtripes I beare,
From ſince my youths increaſing,
Diſtraction, doubtfull feare.
16 Thine angers overgrow mee,
Thy frightings mee diſmay:
17 All round they overflow mee,
Like waters, all the day.
18 From mee thou haſt removed
My friends, my knowne delight,
My lovers, my beloved,
Are darkneſſe in my ſight.

Psal. 89. *Miſericordias Domini.*
Maſchil, Etan Izraita.

THe tender mercies of the Lord
ſhall ever be my ſong;
So ſhall my mouth thy truths record,
to age and age prolong.
2 For mercy ſhall be built (I ſaid)
eternall to endure:

The

The Heav'ns establisht hast thou laid,
then Heav'n, thy truth more sure.
3 The Covenant with thy chosen stroke,
shall in my mind be borne:
The oath, which I to David tooke,
to him my servant sworne.
4 For ever, of thy seed to reigne,
will I establish one;
To Age and Age that shall remaine,
will I build up thy Throne. Selah.
5 In speechlesse speech the Heav'ns, O Lord,
thy wondrous workes confesse;
The Saints Assemblies, of thy Word
declare the faithfulnesse.
6 For who in Heav'ns high Mansions
may with the Lord compare?
Or who among the mighties sons,
can equall lordship share?
7 God is exceeding dreadfull, where
his Saints their secret hold;
And round about him full of feare,
all-over to behold.
8 Lord God of Hosts, All-powerfull Lord,
what power is like to thine?
The splendour of whose faithfull Word,
doth round about thee shine.
9 Thou rul'st the swelling of the Seas,
proud billowes of the Maine;
Their waves high-rising to appease,
and still their stormes againe.
10 The Pharian Rahab didst thou smite,
as one that wounded lies:
Thou scatt'redst with thine arme of might
thy mighty enemies.

11 Thine

11 Thine are the Heav'ns, the earth is thine,
the world thy Word did found;
And all within the vast Machine,
the plenty of this Round.
12 Thee, North and South, Creatour call,
to sing thy Name they run:
From Westerne Tabors shady fall,
from Chermons rising Sun.
13 Thou hast a Mighty Armes command,
extended farre and nie:
Of strength resistlesse is thy hand,
and thy right hand is hie.
14 With Justice Judgement, Bases stand,
supporters of thy Throne;
And Truth with Mercy, hand in hand,
before thy face are gone.
15 O people blest, that know aright
the Trumpets joyfull sound;
Still walking in thy faces light,
shall they, O Lord, be found.
16 For in thy Name shall they delight,
all day remembring thee;
And in thy Justice made upright,
shall they exalted be.
17 The glory of their strength thou art,
to us thy favour borne,
Shall be the strengthner of our heart,
up-lifter of our Horne.
18 Suffice it, that the Lord alone
in our defence we bring:
Our shield is of the Holy One
of Israel, our King.
19 In Vision, to thy Holy One,
then spake thy Spirit, and said,

My

My help have I, to hold the Throne,
on one, made Mighty, laid.
20 One of the people, rais'd to lead
my flocke, did I appoint,
My servant David, and his head,
my holy oile annoint.
21 With whom my hand shall be so strong,
that strengthned with my arme,
Him, nor exacting foe shall wrong,
nor sonne of evill harme.
22 And his distressors, from his face,
with strokes will I beat downe;
And give my plague a lighting place,
upon his hatets crowne.
23 My faithfulnesse shall be the same,
with him my mercy rest;
His Horne shall flourish in my Name,
with high-exalted crest.
24 From shore to shore, from land to land,
enrich't with unbought goods,
I in the sea will set his hand,
his right hand in the floods.
25 Himselfe the issue of my flocke,
my sonne, and me he shall,
My father thou, my God, the Rocke
of my salvation call.
26 And him the first-borne will I give,
the Kings of earth above;
With him my love shall ever live,
my Covenant faithfull prove.
27 And in their changes to succeed,
when times and times are done;
For ever will I set his seed,
as daies of Heav'n his Throne.

28 But

28 But if my Law his sons forsake,
my Judgements walke beside;
Profane my Statutes, faile to take
my Precepts for their guide.
29 To visit their misdeeds will I
then with the rod begin;
Lay stripes on their iniquitie,
and scourge them for their sin.
30 My mercy yet shall no repeale,
to part from him prevaile;
Nor I with him will falsly deale,
against my faith, nor faile.
31 My covenant shall no change profane,
what league my lips did tye:
My Holinesse once swore in vaine,
if I to David lye.
32 His seed shall ever be: His Throne
before me shall appeare,
Like Heav'ns bright paire, the Sun, the Moone,
that faithfull witnesse beare.
34 But thine Annointed left forsooke,
thy wrath hath beaten downe;
The Covenant of thy servant broke,
profan'd on earth his Crowne.
35 His hedges all hath overthrowne,
wide open flung his folds,
Where any sort of his was knowne,
to ruine brought his holds.
36 All passengers of him make prey,
to neighbours neerer home
An object, he of scorne and play
a loud reproach become.
37 His foes right hand hast thou upset,
his hands successe to crosse:

Their

Their joy, his joyes from him to get,
their laughter made his losse.
38 His swords keen edge didst thou abate,
his hand in battell bound;
Hast made to cease his glories date,
and throwne his throne to ground.
39 His daies of youth hast thou made short,
cut off before they came:
Un-ripened reapt, but to abort,
and wrapt him up with shame. *Selah.*
40 For ever, Lord, and no returne,
how long selfe absent?
How long wilt thou thy wrath shall burne,
like fire, and not relent?
41 Remember, O, how swift my time,
how short my ages span?
In vaine, why all the sons of slime,
hast thou created man?
42 What strong man lives, and sees not death,
or who his soule shall save;
And stop the hand that stops his breath,
the hand of Hell, the Grave? *Selah.*
43 Where, Lord, where are those loves of old,
thy former favours borne,
So long forborne, so quencht, so cold,
thy faith to David sworne?
44 Remember, Lord, thy servants shames,
what foule reproach they beare;
How many (all great peoples) blames,
I in my bosome beare.
45 Wherewith thy foes, Lord, have reproach't,
wherewith reproach't they have:
Of thine Annointed scandals broach't,
the footsteps to deprave.

To

To Age and Age, as heretofore,
among the sons of men:
Blest be the Lord for evermore,
Amen (say we) Amen.

Finis Libri tertii.

LIB. IIII.

PSAL. 90. *Domine, refugium.*
Oratio Mosis Viri Dei.

THou, Lord, hast bin our dwelling place,
nor other refuge wee;
Nor other found our fathers race,
from Age to Age but thee.
2 Before the Mountaines borne were nam'd,
of mother earth a part:
Before the earth or world were fram'd,
eternall God thou ART.
3 Man to his mold dissolv'd thou laist
in dust of death, and then,
To fraile and contrite earth thou saist,
Returne ye sons of men.
4 For yeeres a thousand in thine eies,
are but as yesterday;
When past it is, by night; so flies
the wing'd-foot watch away.
5 Thou bearst them as a floud of sleep,
that slides along the sand;

As morning dewes on Meddowes weep,
that wait the Mowers hand.
6 Whose grasse the rising Sun sees green,
and flowring fresh as day;
Which downe at evening mowne is seen,
a withered locke of hay.
7 For as thine anger waxeth great,
so we consume withall;
And troubled at thy furies heat,
how sudden is our fall?
8 Our faults, that feare or shame would hide,
before thee hast thou set:
And at thy faces light descri'd,
our secret sins are met.
9 For when thy wrath on us is brought,
then all our daies decline:
Our yeeres consume we as a thought,
our blast of breath resigne.
10 Our daies are threescore yeeres and ten,
fourscore, if strength supply,
Pride reape with paine, and (wretched men)
how soon away we flie?
11 Who knowes what power thine anger hath,
who hath the power to beare?
Sure, best the fury of thy wrath,
is measur'd by thy feare.
12 O teach us then to know our daies,
their number so to try,
That taught by thee to wisedomes waies,
our hearts we may apply.
13 Returne, O Lord, how long? at last,
O let it thee repent?
Of thy displeasures bitter blast,
against thy servants bent.

14 And

14 And let thy mercies morning dewe,
upon us downe distill;
So all our daies of life (a few)
shall joy and gladnesse fill.
15 Like joyfull daies, as while by thee
afflicted we have been;
Good yeeres, like many, let us see,
as evill we have seen.
16 And what thy hand for us hath wrought,
to us thy servants shew;
And what thy glory forth hath brought,
make thou our sons to know.
17 And, Lord our God, on us let stand,
thy pleasing graciousnesse:
To prosper what we take in hand,
our handy worke to blesse.

PSAL. 91. *Qui habitat.*

HE that with him, that is Most-Hie,
in secret shall abide,
Shall to th' Almighties shadow flie,
his safe-lodg'd head to hide.
2 With him: "My refuge, thou, my Fort,
(say to the Lord will I;)
My God, with whom in safeties Port,
my hopes at anchor lie.
3 He, where the Fowler sets his snare,
shall set thee free from thence;
And to preserve thee have a care,
from woefull Pestilence.
4 His wing, to over-shade thee spread,
his plumes thy confidence:

His

His Truth a ſhield to ſave thy head,
a buckler for defence.
5 Nor ſhall thee, terrour of the night,
nor arrow ſhot by day:
6 Nor Plague, that walkes in darkneſs, ſmite,
nor noon-tide-KETEB ſlay.
7 A thouſand fall beſide thee ſhall,
yet thou not fall thereby:
Ten thouſand at thy right hand fall,
yet thee no Plague come nie.
8 This onely ſhall thine eye behold,
what payment for their paine:
For what reward their ſervice ſold,
what hire the wicked gaine.
9 Becauſe thou, Lord (my hope hath ſaid)
my hope doſt fortifie;
The Manſion of my hope is laid
in him, that is Moſt-Hie.
10 There ſhall no evill thee befall,
thy Tent no Plague annoy:
11 Thy keepers, he his Angels ſhall
in all thy waies employ.
12 And they, to beare thee up from ground,
ſhall joyne their palmes in one:
Thy foot, leſt lightly thou ſhouldſt wound,
or daſh againſt a ſtone.
13 Upon the Lion ſhalt thou tread,
upon the Aſpikes crowne:
The Lions whelp, the Dragons head,
thy foot ſhall trample downe.
14 Becauſe on me he ſet his love,
whence his deliverance came;
Him will I ſet his harmes above,
for he hath knowne my Name.

15 His

15 His calling on me will I heare,
and answer his entreat:
Be with him in distresse, set cleare,
and make his honour great.
16 Long life on him will I bestow,
and fill him full of daies;
And unto him the splendour shew
of my salvations rayes.

PSAL. 92. *Bonum est confiteri.*
Ad diem Sabbathi.

TO praise the Lord, is to present
a good and gracious thing;
And, O Most-Hie, a day well spent,
Psalmes to thy Name to sing.
2 When for my morning songs delight,
I strike thy Mercies string:
Still-musicke, when to silent night,
thy faithfulnesse I sing.
3 To touch the ten-string'd Lute with art,
on Psalterie to sound;
The meditation of my heart,
to make my Harp expound.
4 For thou, O Lord, hast made me glad,
such worke thou bringst about;
And such successe thy hands have had,
that I for joy will shout.
5 Thine actions are, O Lord, how great?
thy thoughts exceeding deep,
Whereof the brute hath no conceit,
the foolish takes no keep.
6 When, like the grasse, the wicked growes,
to evill doers nie:

Their

Their endleſſe fall, their flowre fore-ſhewes;
thou Lord, for ever hie.
8 For, loe thy foes, Lord, loe thy foes,
their ruines time attends;
And wicked workers worke the woes,
that worke them wofull ends.
9 But like the Unicorne's, my Horne,
exalted ſhall appeare:
And with freſh Oyle, mine Age, unworne,
annointed, ſhall I beare;
10 With envious eyes, who me behold,
their fall ſhall feed mine eyes,
Mine eyes ſhall heare their ruine told,
that up againſt me riſe.
11 The Juſt ſhall like a Palm tree ſpread,
what blaſt ſoever blowes,
And Cedar-like, lift up his head,
in Lebanon that growes.
12 The planted, where the Lord doth dwell,
the plants there rooted deep;
Within the Courts ſhall proſper well,
where houſe our God doth keep.
13 Their grayneſſe fruit yet forth ſhall bring,
no Ages grievance, ſeene:
Their Almond-tree, their Autumne-ſpring,
ſhall ſprout out fat and greene.
14 That they may ſhew, and men may ſee,
the Lord to be upright;
That no unrighteouſneſſe can be
in him, my Rocke of might.

PSAL. 93.

PSAL. 93. *Dominus regnavit.*

THe Lord raignes Soveraigne Governour,
is cloth'd with glory bright:
The Lord is cloth'd in robes of power,
hath girt himselfe with might.
The world is also made so sure,
to be remov'd by none:
2 From then, establisht to endure,
eternall is thy Throne.
3 The flouds up-rais'd, Lord, make a noise,
with mouthes, like gaping graves,
The flouds have lifted up their voice,
the flouds lift up their waves.
4 When many waters voices crie,
and winds raise mighty seas,
More mighty he that sits on hie,
the Lord can them appease.
5 Thy Testimonies are the summes
of very faithfull sayes:
Thine House, Lord, Holinesse becomes,
to endlesse length of daies.

PSAL. 94. *Deus ultionum.*

LOrd God, to whom revenge belongs,
set forth thy selfe thereto:
O God, avenger of all wrongs,
shew what thy power can doe.
2 Judge of the earth, lift up thy head,
the proud lift up their hearts;
Upon the haughty-hearted tread,
reward them their deserts.

3 How

3 How long insult, O Lord, how long
shall wicked, wicked scorne,
Contriving, executing wrong,
with such delight be borne?
4 How long shall wicked workers speake
the language of disdaine;
And forth in such proud boastings breake
their mischiefes, bred with paine?
5 Thy people, Lord, they bruise, they bray,
thine heritage oppresse:
The widow and the stranger slay,
strike dead the fatherlesse.
6 God shall not looke (say they) so nie,
and who shall make him know?
7 The God of Jacob is too hie,
to understand so low.
8 Unwise among the people heed,
in time your selves advise,
Before too farre your pride proceed:
Fooles, when will ye be wise?
9 Shall he, whose hand did plant the eare,
of hearing have no sense?
Nor sight, the eyes great Engineer,
that form'd their sevenfold sense?
10 He that whole Nations doth chastise,
his censure who shall beare?
He that in knowledge schooles the wise,
his compasse who shall steere?
11 The Lord, he knowes mans thoughts (vaine
to vaine conclusions draw: (foole)
12 Blest (Lord) the man thou sett'st to schoole,
and lesson'st in thy Law.
13 To give him, from the evill dales,
in quiet rest to sit:

From

From them that follow wicked waies,
untill be digg'd the pit.
14 His people want the Lord may make,
yet will not leave them there;
Nor his Inheritance forsake,
howbeit, sometime forbeare.
15 But Judgement shall to Justice fall,
to Righteousnesse revert;
And after it shall follow all
that are upright in heart.
16 Against the evill doers head,
with me who lifts a hand?
Against iniquitie to plead,
on my part who will stand?
17 If from the Lord, that never failes,
some help I had not felt,
My soule had then (that now prevailes)
almost in silence dwelt.
18 When, Lord, I said my foot did move,
thy mercy was my stay;
My soules delights (thy comforts) drove
my clouds of thoughts away.
19 Of Tyran-evills shall the throne
have fellowship with thee;
Whose shadow'd lusts, for law have gone,
of mischiefe make decree?
20 The Just mans soule they hunt by troupes,
condemne the guiltlesse blood:
21 My refuge yet, the Lord, my hopes,
my God their Rocke, makes good.
22 On them the Lord shall cause to fall
their painfull wickednesse:
Suppresse them in their malice shall,
our God shall them suppresse.

PSAL. 95. *Venite, exultemus.*

COme to the Lord, ſing joyfully,
let us together flocke;
And ſhout aloud triumphantly,
in our Salvations Rocke.
2 His face with praiſe let us prevent,
in him with Pſalmes rejoyce:
Triumphant ſhouts to him preſent,
and make a cheerfull noiſe.
3 For why? the Lord our God is great,
a mighty King he is:
Above all gods, the Soveraigne ſeat,
the power Imperiall his.
4 The deeps of earth are in his hand,
his, is the ſtrength of Hills:
The ſhore-bound ſea, the dry-laid land,
his hand that form'd, fulfills.
5 O come, and let us then adore,
due worſhip yeeld him all;
And proſtrate on our knees, before
the Lord our Maker fall.
6 For in his folds and fields is he
our God, that doth us keep:
The paſture his, his people we,
we of his hand the ſheep.
7 To day his voice if ye will heare,
then harden not your hearts:
In Meribah, like them that were,
in Maſſah's Deſert parts.
8 That day your fathers faulty were,
ſhooke off their former awe:
9 To tempt Me fell, to prove Me there,
and yet my workes they ſaw.

10 To whom (ſaid I) with griefe de ferr'd,
full forty yeeres of dales,
This people in their heart have err'd,
and have not knowne my waies.
11 To whom I ſwore it in my wrath,
hot boiling in my breſt:
If ever—: witneſſe this mine oath,
they enter not my reſt.

PSAL. 96. Cantate Domino.

SIng to the Lord a new ſet ſong,
that all the earth may ſing;
That all, that to the Lord belong,
his praiſe aloud may ring.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſſe his Name,
where-ever day doth dwell;
Good tidings day by day proclaime,
of his ſalvation tell.
3 Among the Heath'ns his glory ſhew,
to Nations farre and neere;
His wonders let the people know,
with wondrous gladneſſe heare.
4 For great the Lord, his greatneſſe more,
than can by praiſe be prais'd:
All other gods above, before,
his feare is to be rais'd.
5 For all the gods among the Heath'ns,
are off-gods, Idols vaine:
The Lord is he that made the Heav'ns,
of Heav'ns, that holds the reine.
6 Before him beames of glory bright,
and Majeſtie bowe downe:

His

His Sanctuary, matchleſſe might,
and beauteous glory crowne.
7 Aſcribe unto the Lord, aſcribe
of every line that live;
Of all the people, every tribe,
all power and glory give.
8 Give to the Lord the honour'd Name,
that with his glory ſorts:
Take up an offring to the ſame,
and come into his Courts.
9 In honour of his Holy place,
before the Lord appeare:
Bowe downe your ſelves, and at his face
ſtand all the earth in feare.
10 The Lord (ſo tell the Nations) raignes,
eſtabliſht by his might:
That he, the world unmov'd containes,
ſhall judge the people right.
11 Let Heav'ns (the havens of joy) rejoyce,
and let the earth be glad;
The ſea ſet forth his roaring voice,
in all his plenty clad.
12 Field, and what ever clothes the field,
ſhout out in ſpeechleſſe noiſe;
All trees, that Frith or Forreſt yeeld,
before the Lord rejoyce.
13 Becauſe he comes, becauſe he comes,
with Judgement in his mouth,
To judge the world with righteous doomes,
earths people with his Truth.

PSAL. 97. *Dominus regnavit.*

REjoyce let earths whole Continent,
it is the Lord that raignes:
Be glad, ye many Islands, pent
within the Maines demaines.
2 About him clouds and darknesse round,
obscur'd the light that shone:
With Justice, Judgement laid the ground,
the Bases of his Throne.
3 Consuming fire before him goes,
that flaming from on hie,
On every side pursues his foes,
them following where they flie.
4 His lightnings at the world shoot light,
which bright, but dreadfull shines;
The earth lies trembling at the sight,
and from her hinge declines.
5 In presence when the Lord appear'd,
like waxe, the Mountaines melt:
The Lord of all the earth they fear'd,
his prefence (trembling) felt.
6 His Justice, as the Heavens declare,
whose Ministers they be;
On earth how great his glories are,
so all the people see.
7 Graven Images all they that serve,
confusion stands before;
That boast of Idols, whom they carve,
him, all ye gods, adore.
8 This Sion heard, and joy'd to heare,
that such successe they had;
Thy Judgements, Lord, with reverend feare,
made Judah's daughters glad.

9 For

9 For thou, O Lord, far higher art,
than all the earth is hie;
No height, to thy heights loweſt part,
of all the gods comes nie.
10 Hate evill, ye that love the Lord,
who for his Saints doth ſtand;
His ſervants favour'd-ſoules reſtor'd,
to free from wicked hand.
11 A light is for the Juſt one ſowne,
whoſe crop ſhall come to light:
From whence ſhall ſheaves of joy be mow'n,
by men in heart upright.
12 Ye juſt then in the Lord rejoyce,
your muſicke make his praiſe:
His Holineſſe, with thankfull voice,
remembring to up-raiſe.

PSAL. 98. *Cantate Domino.*

SIng to the Lord a new-ſet ſong,
for wonders hath he done:
With holy Arme, whoſe right hand ſtrong,
hath his Salvation wonne.
2 His ſaving health the Lord made knowne,
the Nations eyes beheld:
His Juſtice to the people ſhewne,
hath he himſelfe reveal'd.
3 His Truth and Mercy, mindfull friends
to Iſraels houſe have been;
And of the earth, have all the ends,
our Gods Salvation ſeen.
4 Shout to the Lord a cheerfull cry,
let all the earth up-raiſe:

Shout out, rejoyce triumphantly,
in joyfull Pſalmes ſing praiſe.
5 Sing Pſalmes with Harp, with Harp & Voice,
Pſalmes to th' Eternall ſing:
6 With Trumpets ſound, with Cornets noiſe,
before the Lord the King.
7 Roare ſea, and all that ſea full fills,
world, and world-dwellers all:
8 High-riſing rivers, high-borne Hills,
clap hands, to ſhouting fall
9 Before the Lord: for he in ſight,
to judge the earth is come:
To give the world his judgements right,
the peoples equall doome.

PSAL. 99. *Dominus regnavit.*

THe Lord is King, though peoples fits,
his raigne (in rage) reprove:
Between the Cherubims he ſits,
let earths foundations move.
2 The Lord is great in Zions fame,
above all people hie:
3 Great, fearfull, holy is his Name,
let their confeſſion crie.
4 Strength-ſtrengthning Judgement loves the (King,
of Righteouſneſſe his Throne:
With Juſtice Judgement ſtabliſhing,
in Jacob haſt thou done.
5 The Lord our God, as it is meet,
exalt, and proſtrate all;
Before the footſtoole of his feet,
(for he is Holy) fall.

6 With

6 With Moſes, Aarons Prieſts enſtall'd,
and Samuel, on his Name,
With them that call on IAH they call'd,
the Lord then anſwer'd them.
7 He from the cloudy Pillar ſpoke,
they in obedience have
His Teſtimonies kept unbroke,
the Law to them he gave.
8 Thou Lord our God didſt anſwer make,
their pardoning God thou wert;
Yet did thy vengeance overtake,
and their inventions thwart.
9 Exalt the Lord our God, before
his holy Mountaine all;
(For Holy is our God) therefore
bowe downe your ſelves, and fall.

PSAL. 100. *Jubilate Deo.*

Pſalmus, ad Confeſſionem.

SIng loud unto the Lord a ſong,
that all the earth may ring:
2 With gladneſſe ſerve the Lord among,
before him come and ſing.
3 Know that the Lord is God, that he,
not we our ſelves did make:
His paſture-ſheep, his people, we
from him our being take.
4 Goe in his gates, your thankes proclaime,
his praiſe within his Coures:
To praiſe him, and to bleſſe his Name,
make thither your reſorts.
5 For good and gracious is the Lord,
his Mercy never ends:

The truth of his eternall Word,
to Age and Age extends.

PSAL. 101. *Misericordiam & Judicium.*
Davidis Psalmus.

WHat Mercy, and what Judgement say,
Lord, I will sing to thee:
2 And wisely take the perfect way,
when thou shalt come to mee.
3 My selfe will good example give,
to walke with upright heart;
And others, as I live, to live,
amidst my house convert.
3 I will not in mine eyes, abide
a word of Belial:
I hate their worke, that turne aside,
nor cleave to me it shall:
4 A froward heart, an evill man,
from me unknowne depart:
5 Detractors tongue, nor beare I can,
proud looke, nor large of heart.
6 The faithfull of the Land mine eyes
soft out with me to sit;
In perfect way, whose walking lies,
for me is servant fit.
7 Within mine house deceitfull wight
there shall not any dwell;
Nor be establisht in my sight,
whose lips doth leasings tell.
8 The wicked all out of the land,
my morning search shall shut,
That from Gods City may my hand
all evill doers cut.

PSAL. 102. *Domine, exaudi.*

Oratio afflicti, cùm obruitur, & effundit coram Domino meditationem suam.

IN my distresse to comfort me,
yet heare, O Lord, my praier;
And let the crying unto thee
of my complaint repaire.
2 Hide not thy face from me this day,
when trouble tells my need:
Incline thine eare, and heare me pray,
to answer me make speed.
3 For here my daies consum'd on earth,
away like smoake are gone:
My bones are burnt up, like an hearth
of fire-out-eaten stone.
4 My heart is smitten downe for dead,
and withred as the grasse;
That I, to eate my daily bread,
forgetfull, overpasse.
5 My breast, my sorrowes uncouth Inne,
breathes forth such broken groanes,
My flesh but knits up with my skinne,
a sacke of sapplesse bones.
6 So mournes the Wilderneſſes Foule,
the Hermit-Pellican:
In Desert shades so shriekes the Owle,
portending spells of bane.
7 I watch the widow'd Sparrowes watch,
on houses ridge alone,
That of (her better halfe) her match,
bewailes the comfort gone.
8 Reproaches bitter gall, my foes
cast daily in my dish;

And in their madneſſe make my woes,
the meaſure of their wiſh.
9 For I, when faintneſſe would be fed,
and thirſt no longer beares,
Have eaten aſhes as my bread,
and bleat my drinkes with teares.
10 Thine angry threat ſo ſore doth lie,
ſo fierce thy wrath doth grow;
Thy hand but heav'd me up ſo hie
to hurle me downe as low.
11 The ſhadow of my daies declin'd,
my light in darkneſſe ſpends;
Like withred graſſe my breath reſign'd,
the houſe of death attends.
12 But thou, O Lord, one and the ſame,
for ever doſt reſide;
And this Memoriall of thy Name,
ſhall age and age abide.
13 Thou to thy mercies ſeat ſhalt climbe,
and bring thy Sion home:
For now of mercy is the time,
(the time appointed) come.
14 Now, though thy ſervants nought relieve,
delight her ſtones yet move:
To ſee her in the duſt they grieve,
and yet her duſt they love.
15 Thy Name, O Lord, the Heath'ns ſhall feare,
to find what thou haſt done;
And all the Kings on earth, to heare
what glory thou haſt wonne.
16 When Sion up the Lord to build,
in glory ſhall appeare:
17 He to the lowlies prayer ſhall yeeld,
nor them deſpiſe to heare.

18 This

18 This writing ſhall remaine un-worne,
when after-age ſhall live;
And praiſe, the people yet un-borne,
unto the Lord ſhall give.
19 For from his Sanctuaries height,
he downe did caſt his looke:
The Lord from Heaven did vaile his ſight,
when earths ſurvey he tooke.
20 To heare the heavie groanes of thoſe,
that draw impriſon'd breath;
From chimes of iron chaines to looſe
the eldeſt ſonnes of death.
21 That of the Lord their tongues the Name
in Sion may declare;
And in Jeruſalem proclaime
his praiſes what they are.
22 When Nations, from their fartheſt home,
together gathred meet:
To ſerve the Lord, when Soveraignes come,
and Kingdomes kiſſe his feet.
23 My ſtrength, when able ſtrength began,
he weakned in my waies:
Cut off my pilgrimages ſpan,
and ſhorter made my daies.
24 I ſaid, my God, poſt not my Sunne
at noone to mid-nights ſtage;
My race of daies is halfe to runne,
thy yeeres are Age and Age.
25 The earths foundations, on their weight,
thou Lord haſt laid of old:
Thoſe lamps of Heaven, their orbes, their height,
thy fingers did enfold.
26 When they ſhall periſh, thou ſhalt hold
the Centre of thy yeeres:

They

They, as a garment, all waxe old,
as chang'd, a vesture weares.
27 But thee, for evermore the same,
no compasse comprehends;
And of thy yeeres eternall frame,
the circle never ends.
28 Thy servants children shall succeed,
to stand before thee fast;
And last-succeeding times, their seed
succeeding, shall out-last.

PSAL. 103. *Benedic anima.*

Dwidis.

MY soule, and every secret part,
within my bodies frame,
To praise the Lord assist my heart,
to blesse his holy Name.
2 To blesse the Lord, let nothing let
my soule thy ready way:
No benefit of his forget,
with praises to repay.
3 Which pardoning all thy sins fore-past,
with thee in mercy deales;
To cure thy frailties doth fore-cast,
and all thy sickneſse heales.
4 Which frees thy life from going downe
into corruptions Pit;
His Mercies and Compassions Crowne
upon thine head doth fit.
5 With good things, to thy hearts desire,
which satiates thy mouth;
And, Eagle-like, renewes the fire,
in embers of thy youth.

6 To

6 To Justices the Lord gives light,
he guides the ballance best;
And Judgements executes aright,
to all that are oppresst.
7 His waies he made to Moses knowne,
the limits of his Law:
His wondrous actions, all his owne,
the sons of Israel saw.
8 Compassion from the Lord doth flow,
for clemencie none such;
Of suffrance long, to anger slow,
his tender mercy much.
9 His censure checkes not each offence,
he will not alwaies chide;
Nor keep his anger in suspense,
for ever to abide.
10 He hath not, as our sins require,
with us severely dealt;
Nor our iniquities like hire,
to our deserts have felt.
11 But, as the Heavens unmeasur'd height,
above the earth is hie;
Such is his Mercies matchlesse might,
to them that feare him, nie.
12 As far as where the Sunne begins,
to where he sets the day;
So farre hath he remov'd our sins,
and rid his wrath away.
13 As with compassion on his sons,
a fathers bowells melt;
So in the Lord compassion runs,
by them that feare him, felt.
14 For to the mold he knowes we must,
whereof our masse was made:

Remembers

Remembers that we be but dust,
our Harbinger, the spade.
15 The daies of man, as of the grasse,
attend the sithe of death:
As flower in field, his flower doth passe,
and withreth with a breath.
16 A blast of wind upon it blew,
and then it ceast to grow;
Then ceast to be, and where it grew,
the place no more did know.
17 To them the Lord is ever kind,
that to his feare doe cleave:
Them shall the childrens children find,
his Justice shall not leave.
18 On them, that to his Covenant bind
their hearts observance strait;
And his Commandments beare in mind
to practise, Mercies wait.
19 The Lord hath firmly for his stall
in Heav'ns prepar'd his Throne:
His Kingdomes Scepter over all
hath Soveraignte alone.
20 O ye his Angels, blesse the Lord,
ye that in strength excell;
That doe his Word, and of his Word
attend the voices spell.
21 Blesse ye the Lord, all ye his Hosts,
his Armies at his will;
His Cursitors in all his coasts,
his pleasure to fulfill.
22 All ye his workes, that where he reignes,
all places may afford:
To blesse the Lord employ your paines,
my soule, blesse thou the Lord.

PSAL. 104.

PSAL. 104. *Benedic anima.*

SIng to the Lord, my ſoule, ſing praiſe;
Thou Lord my God art wondrous great,
Whoſe veſtures golden-circled raies,
With beauteous glory crowne thy ſeat.
2 Which deck'ſt thy ſelfe, as with a robe,
With light, that never eye attain'd;
Which for thy vaile about earths globe,
The Canopie of Heaven haſt ſtrain'd.
3 His rooфes with ſtarre-ſet ſeas he ſeeles,
Their beames in plates of waters binds,
Aſcends the clouds, his chariot wheeles,
And walkes upon the long-wing'd winds.
4 He makes his Angels meſſengers,
And with his Spirit their ſpirits inſpires;
Sends forth his Judgements miniſters,
The lightning-footed flames of fires.
5 The earth upon her Baſes laid,
To one ſo equall point he drove,
To one ſo ſtedfaſt Center weigh'd,
As never weight her weight might move.
6 As with a garment, with the deep,
Thou coveredſt earth: the Maine flood ſtar,
Maine ſea above the Mountaines ſteep,
Above the Mount of Ararat.
7 At thy rebuke the waters fled,
Thy thunders voice them rid away.
8 The Hills un-heald, held up their head,
The Vallies, where thou baidſt them, lay.
9 The Waters bound didſt thou ordaine,
Bound, which they ſhould not dare to paſſe,
Nor ever more returne againe,
To drowne the earth, as once it was.

10 He

10 He into Vallies ſends his ſprings,
To dye their duſty mantles green;
From Rock-rent heads their current brings,
To walke the Mountaine veines between.
11 Whoſe channels having cheer'd the field,
And to the earth given moiſture firſt,
To all the wild Beaſts beaverage yeeld,
There breake the Onagers their thirſt.
12 The Foules of heaven their houſholds bring,
And there in notes of Natures choice,
Their Makers Halelu-jahs ſing;
Between the branches give the voice.
13 Upon the Mountaines garden-land,
His deawes are from his Limbecks ſtill'd:
With ſtore, without mans helping hand,
(Fruit of thy workes) the earth is fill'd.
14 For cattell makes he graſſe to grow,
And herbe for uſe of earthly man,
Whoſe ſimples, who ſo wiſe, that know
As well for meat, as medicine can.
15 The earth to bring forth bread and wine,
The wine, with joy that ſwells the veines,
With oile, that makes mans face to ſhine,
And bread, that ſtrength of heart ſuſtaines.
16 The trees of God are fill'd with ſap,
The Cedar trees of Lebanon,
Which he hath planted on the lap
Of earth, for them to feed upon.
17 That there their neſts the Birds may build,
The kind-love Storke, in Pine-tree grove,
18 High Mountaine cliffes the Roe-deere wild,
Safe-ſheltring Rockes the Conies love.
19 The Moon he made for certain tides,
Conſtant in her inconſtant face:

The

The Sun, that daily progresse rides;
Of his dismounting knowes the place.
20 Thou putt'st darknesse, darknesse, night;
Then all the woods wild Beasts forth creep,
By prey that live, and love not light,
(Then harmfull wake, when harmlesse sleep.)
21 Fierce Lions roaring for their prey,
Their food of life from God request:
22 The Sun gets up, they get away,
And in their dens couch downe to rest:
23 Then out goes man, to take in hand
His worke, till night his travell end,
With toiling Beast from labour'd land,
Till evening home him weary send.
24 Thy workes, O Lord, how many are,
In wisedome hast thou made them all,
The earths abundance is thy care,
Whose riches thee Creatour call.
25 This sea, so great wide-handed deep,
Thou foundedst, fathom'st, fillst the seat,
Where kinds innumerable creep,
Lords of the finne, both small and great.
26 There ships their course by compasse can,
And cut the Maine, to make their way:
There walkes the vast Leviathan,
Whom thou therein hast form'd for play.
27 These all on thee attentive looke,
That thou in season give them food;
28 Thou giv'st, they take, and having tooke,
From thy free hand are fill'd with good.
29 Thou hid'st from them thy faces day,
They at so sudden trouble mourne;
Their spirit thou tak'st (their breath) away,
They to their dust againe returne.

30 Againe,

30 Againe, thou sendest forth thy Spirit,
Whence they created, take their birth,
Which (by traduction) they inherit.
As thou renew'st the face of earth.
31 The glory of the Lord shall shine
For ever in eternall light:
Which length of time shall not confine,
The Lord shall in his workes delight.
32 The earth stands trembling at his looke,
Unable to endure his sight:
Let him but touch, the Mountaines smoake,
And clothe the earth in clouds of night.
33 Sing to the Lord will I so long,
As life in mee leaves any breath:
Sung to the Lord shall be my song,
Untill my being be in death.
34 My Muse on him shall sweetly call,
And in the Lord rejoyce with me:
35 Consum'd from earth let sinners fall,
And wicked men no more let be.

PSAL. 105. *Confitemini Domino.*

COnfessing to the Lord, give thankes,
and call upon his Name:
Make knowne among the peoples rankes,
his powerfull acts proclaime.
2 Sing ye to him, to him sing praise,
a Psalme that shall excell:
His praise-excelling workes up-raise,
of all his wonders tell.
3 His holy Name your glory make,
and let their heart rejoyce,

That

That for the Lord all joy forsake,
to seeke him set their choice.
4 O seeke the Lord with zealous mind,
his Oracle of grace;
His Arke of strength enquire to find,
seeke evermore his face.
5 His marvels done, his wonders heed,
his mouths expressions:
6 O ye his servant Abrams seed,
his chosen Jacobs sons.
7 He is the Lord our God, whose care
in us hath speciall right:
In all the earth his Judgements are,
in every Nations sight.
8 His Covenant he doth ever mind,
his words command fore-past;
That childrens childrens seed should find
a thousand ages last.
9 This Covenant he with Abram strooke,
to Isaac swore to pay:
10 To Jacob for a Law betooke,
to Israel for aye.
11 Thine off-spring (saying) to advance,
I Cana'n land will give,
The line of thine Inheritance,
wherein thy seed shall live.
12 When few of number, meanes bereft,
they strangers in the land:
13 One Nation for another left,
as Kingdomes came to band.
14 To doe them wrong, he suffred none,
even Kings for them he charm'd:
15 "Of mine Annointed touch not one,
nor see my Prophets harm'd.

16 He

16 He call'd a famine on the Land,
so long with plenty fed:
To weaken their ingratefull hand,
brake all the ſtaffe of bread.
17 Before them, for the dearth fore-told,
he ſent a man at laſt;
Young Joſeph, for a ſervant ſold,
and into priſon caſt.
18 His feet in fetters faſt they pent,
where wrung, and wreſted long,
His ſoule, into the iron went,
into his ſoule, the wrong.
19 Untill his cauſe for ſentence cri'd,
his innocence to ſcan:
Untill by word the Lord had tri'd,
what worth was in the man.
20 The King would his diſcharger be,
for his deliverance ſent:
The peoples Ruler ſet him free
from fault, from puniſhment.
21 Lord of his houſe he him aſſign'd,
his ſubſtance to aſſiſe:
22 His Princes to his ſoule to bind,
and make his Elders wiſe.
23 So Iſrael into Egypt came,
from Cana'ns better clime;
And Jacob in the land of Cham,
did ſojourne for a time.
24 His people mightily encreaſe,
then their oppreſſors made
A Nation more ſecure for peace,
and ſtronger to invade.
25 Yet Egypts heart averſe was felt,
his people they did hate;

And

And doubly with his ſervants dealt,
unjuſtly held debate.
26 His ſervant Moſes then he ſent,
and Aarons choſen head:
27 Words of his ſignes among them ſpent,
in Cham his wonders ſpread.
28 His Word in darkneſſe cloth'd the light,
three daies continued they
In darkneſſe, darker than the night,
and did not diſobey.
29 He turn'd their waters into bloud,
their fiſh flung dead on ſhore;
Chang'd Nilus to a noiſome flood,
her ſilver ſtreames to gore.
30 Their land in legions brought forth frogs,
in field, in houſe, in hall:
In Kings bed-chambers, as in bogs,
the loathſome Paddockes crawle.
31 He ſpake the word, and in a trice,
a cloud of Vermine arm'd,
Wing'd-Flies, and Infantries of Lice,
in all their quarters ſwarm'd.
32 For ſhowers of raine from gentler hand,
he flung them ſtones of haile;
And flames of fire, that made their land,
of flocke and fruit to faile.
33 With ſtorme their Vine, their Fig-tree ſtrook,
moſt fruitfull, moſt of all;
Of Trees throughout their border broke
the higheſt, ſooneſt fall.
34 Of Graſhoppers a mighty preſſe,
his word inſpir'd with pow'r;
And Caterpiller numberleſſe,
35 All herbes and fruit devoure.

36 In Egypt all their eldeſt borne,
with hand of death he ſmote;
The prime of all their fleece was ſhorne,
their ſtrongeſt men of note.
37 He brought them forth (theſe wonders done)
with ſilver and with gold:
Among their Tribes there was not one,
a feeble perſon told.
38 At their departure Egypt glad,
was of their ſtay affraid:
So lately to forſake them, ſad,
now loth to ſee them ſtai'd.
39 A covering of a cloud he ſpread,
to ſhade the heat of day:
Of fire by night, a lamp to lead,
and light them on their way.
40 Of Quaile, he brought at their requeſt
a ſhowre, that downe did raine;
And with the bread of Heaven them bleſt,
ſuffic'd with Angels graine.
41 The Rocke of ſtone made open flie,
with waters ſtor'd the land,
That rivers ran in places drie,
where late lay Deſert ſand.
42 His holy promiſe held ſo faſt,
from time it firſt began;
To Abraham his ſervant paſt,
in his remembrance ran.
43 With joy his people forth he brought,
his choſen with a ſhout:
44 And gave them lands, and labours wrought
of Heath'ns, for them caſt out:
45 Obſerve his Statutes, that they might,
and of his holy Word

The

The Lawes obey, and learne aright
to practise: Praise the Lord.

Halelu-jah.

PSAL. 106. *Confitemini.*
Halelu-jah.

THe Lord is good, with thankes confesse,
his Mercy hath no end:
1 The Lords great powers who can expresse?
who all his praise commend?
3 What blessings kept for them remaine,
that Judgements keepers are!
For him, that Justice to maintaine,
at all times sets his care!
4 Remember, Lord, I numbred be
with them thou tak'st to grace:
With thy Salvation visit me,
with thy choice people place.
5 To see what blessings by thy choice,
thy chosen flocke have got:
And with thy Nations joy rejoyce,
and glory in their lot.
6 We, with our fathers sinfully
transgrest have every one;
Committed like iniquitie,
as wickedly have done.
7 Thy wonder-passing wonders past,
which Egypts plagues could find,
Our fathers did not wisely cast,
nor compasse in their mind.
Thy many Mercies held no plea,
from their remembrance fell;

But

But they (revolters) at the ſea,
(the red ſea) did rebell.
8 Yet for his Names ſake, not the leſſe,
was he their Saviour:
His Mercy, as they muſt confeſſe,
to make them know his power.
9 The red ſeas courſe he backe did keep,
and with rebuke repreſſe:
He led them dry-foot through the deep,
as through the wilderneſſe.
10 And ſo he ſet them all on land,
in ſafety from the foe;
And from their haters harmfull hand
redeem'd, and let them goe.
11 Their troublers, by the waters fall,
were all of life bereft;
The waters overwhelm'd them all,
not one of them was left.
12 With them his words then credit got,
they ſung his praiſe to height:
13 But all in haſte his workes forgot,
his counſells would not wait.
14 So in the wilderneſſe, at laſt,
upon them came their luſt;
And in the Deſert, Gods fore-caſt
they tempted with diſtruſt.
15 And food he gave them at their call,
above their luſts content:
But loathing leanneſſe therewithall
into their ſoule he ſent.
15 They weari'd Moſes with complaint,
in their envious mood;
And Aaron, of the Lord, the Saint,
within the Camp withſtood.

17 The

17 The mother-earth that Rebells hates,
an open grave did give;
Where Dathan and Abirams Mates
were swallowed up alive.
18 And fire from Heaven that kindled came
on their rebellious crew;
Burnt up the wicked in the flame,
their furious treasons due.
19 They made a Calfe in Choreb Mount,
ador'd a molten Masse:
20 Their glories type, to base account,
turn'd Oxe, that eateth grasse.
21 And God their Saviour they forgate,
his Armes remembrance gone,
That had so mighty things of late
for them in Egypt done.
22 Workes wondrous, for a world of graves,
in Chams un-peopled coast;
And fearfull, for the red sea waves,
that sav'd, that drown'd, an host.
23 And to destroy them in his mood,
flew out his wrathfull speech,
Had not his chosen Moses stood
before him in the breach.
24 His milder temper, mixt with zeale,
Gods wrath, so hot that burn'd;
With hard entreaty did congeale,
and from corrupting turn'd.
25 They of desire despis'd the land,
beleeving not his word;
But in their tents in tumult stand,
and will not heare the Lord.
26 Against them therefore urg'd, aloft
he lifted up his hand,

To overthrow them threatned oft,
in that forsaken land.
27 Among the Nations, not their owne,
to fell their rootlesse seed;
And in the lands, to them unknowne,
to fanne their exil'd breed.
28 And to Baal Phegors Idoll-head,
they joyn'd themselves amaine,
The offrings eating of the dead,
to powers Infernall slaine.
29 Thus they to anger him provoke,
with Rites that they invent;
And in the plague upon them broke,
their follies punishment.
30 Then stood up Phineas in pursuit
of Cosbies carnall sin;
His hand did Judgement execute,
so was the plague call'd in.
31 The Author of so just a deed,
his Justice did commend:
From age to age that shall succeed,
whose praise shall never end.
32 They vext him at the flouds of strife,
with Moses ill it went:
For them he had a weary life,
and for their sakes was shent.
33 Because his spirit they did provoke,
and him to murmure prest;
That unadvisedly he spoke,
and with his lips transgrest.
34 The Nations did they not destroy,
of whom the Lord had said,
Nor land, nor life let them enjoy,
his charge they disobey'd.

35 But

35 But mingled with the Heath'ns they were,
to learne their workes tooke care:
36 To serve their Idolls well could beare,
which were to them a snare.
37 The bloud of sons and daughters slaine,
on Divels Altars stood:
Of Innocents the bloudy staine
of sons and daughters bloud.
Whose limbes their Divellish-led desire
with murthrous hand had pil'd;
To Cana'n-Idolls burnt with fire,
the Land with bloud defil'd.
38 With works their own thus were they stain'd,
on them their zeale they spent:
39 As their Inventions entertain'd,
a whoring thus they went.
40 The fury therefore of the Lord
against his people burn'd:
His owne Inheritance abhorr'd,
his love to loathing turn'd.
41 He gave them up to Tyran's law,
into the Heathens hand;
That whom they hated held in awe,
and Lord-like might command.
42 By enemies, with humbling strokes,
oppress and bow'd they were:
Whose hand on them laid heavie yokes,
above their strength to beare.
43 Them many a time did he redeem,
but they eftsoon begin;
And of their counsells more esteem,
though humbled for their sin.
44 Yet when he saw their hard restraint,
how their afflictions grew;

Then hearkning he to their complaint,
his chastisement withdrew.
45 His Covenant did he beare in mind,
that he with them had strooke;
On them his many mercies kind,
repentant pity tooke.
46 He gave them to the tender eare
of their Commanders will:
Made them, to whom they captives were,
their eyes with favours fill.
47 Proceed, O Lord our God, to save,
from Heath'ns our heads to raise,
That praise thy holy Name may have,
we glory in thy praise.
48 The Lord the God, of Israel King,
be blest eternally:
Amen, let all the people sing,
all Halelu-jah cry.

Finis Libri quarti.

LIB. V.

PSAL. 107. *Confitemini Domino.*

1 THe Lord is God, with thanks expresse,
His mercy is for ever: and
2 So let the Lords redeem'd confesse,
Redeem'd from their distressors hand.
3 Which gathred were out of the lands,
From shining East, from shady West,

From

From where the frozen Pole-ſtarre ſtands,
From Deſert ſouth-ſeas ſun-burnt breſt.
4 They wandred in the Wilderneſſe,
And tooke a ſolitary way,
Where foot of man did ſeldome preſſe,
Nor found they City where to ſtay.
5 With hunger pin'd, with thirſting faint,
Their anguiſh't ſoule was overcharg'd.
6 Then to the Lord they made complaint,
Who them from their diſtreſſe enlarg'd.
7 He led them on, and brought them home,
The readieſt way, for them the beſt;
That to a City they might come,
An habitation where to reſt.
8 Let them before the Lord confeſſe
His tender mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expreſſe,
That he for Adams ſons hath done.
9 The thirſty ſoule he ſatiates,
The hungry ſoule with good ſuſtaines,
10 That ſits in darkneſſe, at the gates,
And ſhade of death in iron chaines.
11 Becauſe, againſt the words of God,
They bent themſelves rebelliouſly,
Deſpis'd his counſell, and withſtood
The hand of him that is Moſt-Hie.
12 Thus humbled, for they did not well,
In griefe of heart he let them lie,
Where downe they fell, but helpleſſe fell,
For refuge none, nor help was nie.
13 Diſtreſt, unto the Lord they cri'd,
Who ſet them free from their diſtreſſe:
14 From darkneſſe, from deaths ſhade unti'd,
And brake their bands of heavineſſe.

15 Let them before the Lord confeſſe
His tender-mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expreſſe,
That he for Adams ſons hath done.
16 For he the gates of braſſe hath broke,
The gates of braſſe againſt him bent;
And by his hands reſiſtleſſe ſtroke,
The iron barres in ſunder rent.
17 Fooles for their faults afflicted are,
Whoſe way hath made their will their law:
18 Their ſoule abhorres all kind of fare,
Neere to the gates of death they draw.
19 Diſtreſt, unto the Lord they cry,
Who them from dying anguiſh ſaves:
20 He heales them by his words ſupply,
And frees them from corrupting graves.
21 Let them before the Lord confeſſe
His tender mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expreſſe,
Which he for Adams ſons hath done.
22 Before him offrings let them lay,
Confeſſions of their thankfulneſſe,
And ſacrifice of praiſes pay,
His workes with ſhouts of joy expreſſe.
23 They that in ſhips goe downe to ſea,
And Marts in many waters keep:
24 What deeds the Lord hath ſhowne them, ſee
His workes of wonder in the deep.
25 The ſtormy wind his word beſpake,
That all the Maine with Mountaines fills:
The ſea-wet ſtarres their mantles ſhake,
The brinie downes are turn'd to hills.
26 As high as Heaven the billowes mount,
Diſ-mounted, deep as hell deſcend:

Their

Their melting ſoule makes ſmall account,
But feare of death, in death to end.
27 Thus bandi'd to and fro they reele,
And ſtagger like a drunken man:
Ill may the Pilot rule the keele,
Where wiſedomes care ſo little can.
28 Diſtreſt, unto the Lord they crie,
Who ſets them free from their diſtreſſe:
29 The ſtorme he calmes with cleerer skie,
And ſets their waves at quietneſſe.
30 The combat ceaſt, the ſea-men glad,
That winds and waves were parted friends,
He that of them the conduct had,
To their deſired haven them ſends.
31 Let them before the Lord confeſſe
His tender mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expreſſe,
That he for Adams ſons hath done.
32 Aſſembled in the peoples throngs,
His worthy acts when they repeat,
With hymnes of praiſe, and thankfull ſongs,
Exalt him in the Elders ſeat.
33 Which turnes the flouds to deſert ſands,
To drineſſe drawes the ſpringing Weal:
34 With ſalt he ſowes the fruitfull lands,
For their miſdeeds that therein dwell.
35 Againe, he turnes the deſert dry,
To ſtanding pooles with water fill'd:
36 And ſeats the hungry downe thereby,
Where they to dwell a City build.
37 Their fields they ſow, their vines they plant,
Which yeeld them fruits of faire encreaſe.
38 Their Mynes of wealth no bleſſings want,
Nor ſuffreth he their heards decreaſe.

39 On them made leſſe, and low brought downe,
He makes reſtraint, and anguiſh prey:
40 On Princes leaves contempt to frowne,
In Deſerts lets them loſe their way.
41 Yet raiſeth he the poore mans head,
And makes him peopled houſholds keep,
From ſelfe-waſte want, with plenty fed,
For number like a flocke of ſheep.
42 Right-ſighted eyes ſhall ſee this day,
The joy of all the righteous name,
And all iniquitie ſhall lay
Her hand upon her mouth for ſhame.
43 Who ſo is wiſe, will take in hand
Theſe obſervations to record:
And they ſhall truly underſtand
The tender mercies of the Lord.

PSAL. 108. *Paratum cor.*

Canticum Pſalmi David.

MY heart, O God, is ready preſt,
the glory of my tongue:—
My voice, the organ of my breſt,
thy praiſe ſhall be my ſong.
2 My Lute and Harpe already ſtrung,
my readier hand up take;
Before the dawning day have ſprung,
I early will awake.
3 My thankes to thee, O Lord, will I
among the people bring;
And of thy praiſe in harmonie,
with Quires of Nations ſing.
4 For why? the Heavens are not ſo hie,
as is thy Mercy great:

Thy

Thy Truth a higher pitch doth flie,
than in the clouds to seat.
5 Thy selfe, O God, in highest place,
above the Heav'ns enshrine;
And let the glory of thy face,
on earth, thy foot-stoole, shine.
6 That free deliverance they may have,
that are belov'd of thee:
With thy right hands assistance save,
O heare, and answer mee.
7 God in his Holinesse hath spoke,
which I with joy repeat,
"In Shechem will I strike a stroke,
and Succoths Valley mete.
8 Mine Gilead is, Manasseh mine,
strength of my head doth live,
In quiver-bearing Ephrams line;
my Law shall Judah give.
9 My wash-pot Moab will I make,
my shooe on Edom cast:
In triumph, thee Pelesheth, take,
triumph't on mine that hast.
10 The City for defence so strong,
what guide will guide me to?
To Edoms warlike Towers along,
what leader with mee goe?
11 Not thou, O God, as naught of worth,
that hast us cast away:
Nor with our hosts, O God, wentst forth,
upon the Battells day.
12 O give us help from our distresse,
mans health is vaine deceit:
Through God we shall doe valiantnesse,
our foes he shall defeat.

PSAL. 109. *Deus laudem.*
Ad Præstantem, Psalmus Davidis.

CEase not as deafe, God of my praise,
for wicked mouths consent:
2 Deceitfull mouthes their engines raise,
against me open bent.
3 With falshoods tongue to me they speake,
and compasse me with hate:
In bitter language forth they breake,
and (causlesse) wage debate.
4 They for my friendship were my foes,
with whom by praier I strove:
For good against me evill goes,
and hatred for my love.
5 His Ruler, some ungodly wretch,
set thou at his right hand:
6 Let Satan all advantage catch,
his adversary stand.
7 In Judgement let him not evade,
but goe condemn'd therein;
And let his praier for favour made,
be turn'd to further sin.
8 His daies a few and evill make,
determin'd in disgrace:
His office let another take,
a worthier hold his place.
9 His sons let fatherlesse be left,
his wife a widow poore:
10 His children of abode bereft,
begge bread from doore to doore.
11 Extortion tangle all his toile,
the Creditor ensnare:

His

His labour let the ſtranger ſpoile,
for lone, the lender ſhare.
12 To pity him let there be none;
none mercy on him ſhew:
His children fatherleſſe, not one
with kind compaſſion know.
13 Of his poſterity deſtroi'd,
let naught remaine but ſhame;
And let the following age make void,
and cleane put out his name.
14 Remembrance of his fathers crime,
the Lord before him lay:
His mothers ſin at any time,
let not be wip't away.
15 Before the Lord continually,
in preſence let them ſtand;
On earth let their memoriall dye,
cut off by Gods owne hand.
16 For mercy was not in his mind,
the poore he made his prey;
The needy ſoule he ſought to grind,
the wounded heart to ſlay.
17 He loved curſing, let it light,
and him from bleſſing barre;
As bleſſing was not his delight,
be bleſſing from him farre.
18 Of curſing, as his clothes were made,
ſo curſing be his ſpoile;
His bowels and his bones invade,
like water, and like oile.
19 About him folded let it fall,
him as a cloake encloſe;
Or as the girdle, wherewithall
he alwaies girded goes.

20 This be mine adversaries pay,
this from the Lord the stroke,
On them that evill any way
against my soule have spoke.
21 As thou, Lord God, for me hast stood,
so for thy Names sake stand;
And for thy Mercy, ever good,
release me out of hand.
22 For poore afflicted I complaine,
where no relieſe is found;
And stripes of sorrowes silent paine,
my soule within me wound.
23 As shade, at setting Sun declin'd,
so I from life am gone;
And as the Locust, with the wind,
change place, but paine change none.
24 Through fasting feeble are my knees,
as leane as living ghost:
For cold my cramp-shrunk sinewes freeze,
my flesh hath fatnesse lost.
25 Reproaches foot upon me treads,
and blots my brow with shame;
While they that see me, shake their heads,
and make my griefe their game.
26 Help, Lord my God, of thee I crave,
that helper else have none:
According to thy mercy save
thy poore-forsaken one.
27 And let them know, that this thy Arme,
that this thy hand alone,
Could help me more than they could harme,
that this, thou Lord, hast done.
28 And let them curse, but doe thou blesse;
them rise, but rise to fall;

And that their fall their ſhame expreſſe,
rejoyce thy ſervant ſhall.
29 Shame let mine adverſaries beare,
ſuch clothing as they ſpin;
And as a cloake, confuſion weare,
the winding-ſheet of ſin.
30 But to the Lord my mouth ſhall ſing,
and greatly render thankes:
Shall make his higheſt praiſes ring,
in midſt of many rankes.
31 Who at the poores right hand will ſtand,
and there his name enroule;
With his redeem'd, out of the hand
of them that judge his ſoule.

PSAL. 110. *Dixit Dominus.*

Pſalmus Davidis.

THus to my Lord the Lord did ſay,
Thy ſeat upon my right hand take,
Untill thine eyes behold the day,
That I thy foes thy foot-ſtoole make.
2 The Lord ſhall out of Sion ſend
The Rod, that ſhall thy ſtrength maintaine,
The Scepter to thy hand commend,
Where thou amidſt thy foes ſhalt raigne.
3 Thy voluntary people glad,
That to thy power all power ſhall ſtoop,
That day in holy beauties clad,
Shall march in thy triumphant troop.
Thee from the mornings womb I rear'd,
Thy youth with pearles of dcaw beſet,
Before the Starre of light appear'd,
I of my Subſtance did beget.

4 The

4 The Lord hath ſworne, and having ſworne,
His oath ſhall no repentance checke:
" Thou art a Prieſt for ever borne,
And order'd as Melchizedeck.
5 The Lord at thy right hand in armes,
Through Tyrans troups ſhall make thee way;
And ſtand between thee and thy harmes,
To wound even Kings that wrathfull day.
6 He ſhall be Judge among the Heath'n,
And ſtrew the ſtreet with bodies dead:
With earth lay mighty Armies even,
Of many Nations ſmite the head.
7 The Brooke that meets him by the way,
(His hot purſuit ſhall be ſo ſwift)
His thirſt ſhall ſerve him to allay:
His head he therefore ſhall up-lift.

PSAL. CXI. *Confitebor tibi, Domine. Acroſtichon.*
Hale'u-jah.

א ALl hearty praiſe, and hearts-complaints,
to thee, Lord, will I bring:
ב Be in ſecret with the Saints,
or in the Quire I ſing.
ג 2 Great are the actions of the Lord,
and greatly after ſought:
ד Deſir'd of all, in whom his Word
a true delight hath wrought.
ה 3 His glory, and his honours praiſe,
his worke all workes obſcures:
ו Unto beyond the length of daies,
his Juſtice firme endures.
ז Summes of his marvels left to be
memorials on record:

ח How

ח How full of clemencie is he!
how mercifull the Lord!
ט 5 To them that feare him hath his hand
an un-bought portion given:
י Is mindfull with his Covenants band,
for ever to make even.
כ 6 Conquests of power, proud Nations spoiles,
he let his people see:
ל Left them and theirs, of Heathen soiles
Inheritors to be.
מ 7 Made all of Truth and Judgement are
the actions of his hands:
נ No lesse as faithfull, past compare,
are all his Precepts bands.
ס 8 Set stedfast are they every one,
beyond the length of daies:
ע How truly, how sincerely done,
how upright in their waies.
פ 9 Precovenanted Redemption came,
his people to restore:
צ Sent in his holy dreadfull Name,
commanded evermore.
ק
ר 10 Right entrance, wisedomes ports into,
to feare the Lord first lay:
ש So wisely doe they all that doe,
ת their praise shall stand for aye.

PSAL. 112. *Beatus Vir. Acrostichon.*

Halelu-jah.

א ALl blessings blesse the man, that stands
of God the Lord in feare:
ב But of delight in his commands,
of no delight can heare.

ג 2 Grow mighty ſhall on earth his ſeed,
about his dwelling place.
ד Daily ſhall bleſſings bleſſings breed,
to bleſſe the righteous race.
ה 3 His houſe of wealth and treaſures heap't,
ſhall be a houſe of ſtore:
ו What with his Juſtice he hath reap't,
ſhall ſtand for evermore.
ז 4 Such light in darkneſſe ſhall ariſe,
as lightens hearts upright:
ח Him Grace and Mercy magnifies,
his lamp ſhall Juſtice light.
ט 5 The good man graciouſly proceeds,
and bountifully lends:
י In ſound adviſement weighs his deeds,
his words with Judgement ſpends.
כ 6 Certainly his foundations frame,
no adverſe ſtorme ſhall ſtraine,
ל Lafting for ever ſhall his Name
in memorie remaine.
מ 7 Make him to feare the fowle event,
none evill heare-ſay ſhall:
נ Not ſo, his heart is fixt and bent,
to truſt the Lord withall.
ס 8 Set ſtedfaſt holds his heart his hold,
from feare of perill free;
ע His enemies to ruine ſold,
till he in ſafetie ſee.
פ 9 Poore ſoules among his Almes are ſhrown,
צ ſuch Juſtice daies and daies
ק Continue ſhall, by bounty growne,
his Horne ſhall honour raiſe.
ר 10 Repining ſhall the wicked ſee,
this ſight, and pallid ire

ש Shall

ת Shall gnash the teeth, shall melted bo
נ to nought with his desire.

Psal. 113. *Laudate pueri.*

Halelu-jah.

Praise, ye that serve the Lord, proclaime,
sing to the Lords Name praise:
2 Blest be the Lords eternall Name,
beyond the length of daies:
3 The Lords eternall Name be prais'd,
throughout this Sun-race Round;
From where the Easterne beames are rais'd,
to where the Westerne bound.
4 The Lord is high above the Heathens,
Commander in all lands:
His glory is above the Heavens,
and all their Host commands.
5 Who with the Lord our God compares,
whose dwelling is on hie?
And yet on Heaven and Earth he cares,
and daignes to cast his eie.
6 From dust the down-cast rais'd he takes,
from dung the needy cleeres:
The poore, with Princes Peeres, he makes
his peoples Princes Peeres.
7 He makes the barren dweller breed,
and house-build-issue bring:
A joyfull mother of her seed,
her Halelu-jah sing.

Halelu-jah.

PSAL. 114. *In exitu Israel.*

WHen Israel out from Egypt went,
from Pharaohs heavie hand;
And Jacobs house from bondage sent,
had left that strange-tongu'd land.
2 His Sanctuary Judah led,
his Scepters Israel:
3 The sea that saw, gave way and fled,
and Jordan backward fell.
4 The Mountaines leap't, like high-fed Rams
among the flockes of sheep:
The little Hills, like wanton Lambs,
like-wanton revells keep.
5 What ail'd thee, O thou sea, to flie,
and leave thy corall bed?
That Jordan backe thou turn'dst, and why
revolted to thy head?
6 Ye Mountaines, that like Rams ye leap't
among the flockes of sheep?
Like Lambs, ye ravish't Hillocks heap't,
like-raptur'd revells keep?
7 The presence of the Lord compell'd,
the earth beyond her law:
Of Jacobs God the presence held
the trembling earth in awe.
8 Which from the veines of Rockes let bloud,
his water-lakes doth bring:
And makes into a mighty floud,
from flint the fountaine spring.

PSAL. 115.

PSAL. 115. *Non nobis.*

NOt unto us, Lord, not to us,
give glory to thy Name:
Proclaime it for thy Mercy thus,
thus for thy Truth proclaime.
2 And wherefore ſhould the Heathens crie,
Where is their God forſooth?
3 Our God is in the Heavens moſt hie,
and what him pleaſeth, doth.
4 Their Idols ſilver are and gold,
whoſe melted maſſe they ſerve;
Worke, which the hand of man doth mold,
and curious is to carve.
5 A mouth they have, but ſpeech none there,
and eyes, but caſements blind:
6 And eares, but eares that cannot heare,
nor ſcent their noſes wind.
7 Hands, where no ſenſe of feeling found,
feet, that foot never went;
Their ſenſleſſe trunkes at all no ſound,
nor lungs, or throat to vent.
8 Like ſtuffe to them their makers are,
like droſſe of divers duſt:
Like Saints, like Servitors compare,
are all that in them truſt.
9 Truſt in the Lord, O Iſrael,
on him their hopes who build,
Their hopes are ſure to ſpeed them well,
he is their help and ſhield.
10 Upon the Lord, O Aarons houſe,
your hopes foundation build,
Such hopes find him auſpicious,
he is their help and ſhield.

11 O ye, in holy reverence,
to feare the Lord that yeeld,
In whom ye feare, put confidence,
he is their help and shield.
12 The Lord to us, remembring well
his blessings to expresse,
Will blesse the house of Israel,
the house of Aaron blesse.
13 Be it your state small meanes afford,
sit ye in honours seat;
Young, old, that feare the Lord, the Lord
will blesse you, small and great.
14 To adde to you, and to your race,
the Lord will yet proceed,
To multiply on you his grace,
on you, and on your seed.
15 The blessed of the Lord ye are,
his blessings ye partake:
Your Maker, he makes you his care,
that Heaven and Earth did make.
16 The Heavens, & Heavens supremest Heaven,
the Lord alone commands:
The Earth to Adams sons hath given,
* to serve him in all lands.
17 And though the dead, Lord, of thy praise,
no song in silence sing:
18 To praise thee Lord, shall endlesse daies
our Halelu-jahs ring.

Halelu-jah.

PSAL. 116. *Dilexi quoniam.*

I Love the Lord, that so lov'd mee,
my voice, my praiers to heare:
2 And in my daies will call, for hee
to mee inclin'd his eare.
3 The pangs of death did wind about,
and had beset mee round:
The straights of Hell had found me out,
distresse and griefe, I found.
4 Upon the Lords Name then I call'd,
and ecchoing did repeat:
Deliver thou my soule enthrall'd,
O Lord, I thee entreat.
5 How gracious is the Lord, and just,
our God is mercifull:
6 The Lord the simple keeps, from dust
my ransom'd head did pull.
7 Soule, to thy rest returne: for why?
the Lord hath rendred thee,
8 My soule from death, from teares mine eye,
my feet from falling, free.
9 My walkes before the Lord I make
the lands of them that live:
10 I did beleeve, and therefore spake,
for greatly did I grieve.
11 I did, as feare and haste conceiv'd,
"All men are lyars, say:
12 For bounties from the Lord receiv'd,
what gift shall I repay?
13 Salvations cup will I up take,
and on the Lords Name call:
14 And of my vowes now payment make,
before his people all.

15 His

15 His gracious Saints the Lord beholds,
his eyes high prize their daies:
Their death in deare account he holds,
and with revenge repaies.
16 Sure, Lord, I am thy servant, one
redeem'd from hostile hands:
Thy servant I, thy hand-maids sonne,
thou hast unloos'd my bands.
17 A sacrifice of praise to thee
my thankfull heart shall frame:
My sacrifice, O Lord, shall be
to call upon thy Name.
18 My vowes I to the Lord will pay,
and put them off no more:
But on my hearts pure altar lay
his people all before.
19 Lord, in thy houses courts let me,
these vowes upon me bring;
O Salem, in the midst of thee
mine Halelu-jah sing.

Halelu-jah.

PSAL. 117. *Laudate Dominum.*

O Praise the Lord, ye Gentiles all,
throughout the earth that dwell:
Upon his Name all Nations call,
his praise all people tell.
2 For towards us his Graciousnesse,
his Mercies mighty store;
And of the Lord the faithfulnesse,
endures for evermore.
Halelu-jah.

PSAL. 118. *Confitemini Domino.*

THe Lord is good, with thankes confeſſe,
his mercy is for ever:
2 Let Iſrael now ſay no leſſe,
his mercy faileth never.
3 Now Aarons houſe acknowledge may
his mercy is for ever:
4 Let them that feare the Lord, now ſay,
his mercy faileth never.
5 From where in ſtraight diſtreſſe I lay,
unto the Lord I cri'd:
The Lord made anſwer, with my way
about me made more wide.
6 The Lord for me, I feare not all
what man can doe to mee:
7 The Lord my helpers helps, I ſhall
upon my haters ſee.
8 The hopes that on the Lord are laid,
lye ſafer than on man:
9 Our hopes the Lord can better aide,
than powerfull Princes can.
10 All Nations round about me came,
conſpirers for my fall:
But in the Lords more-powerfull Name,
I ſhall cut off them all.
11 They preſt in ſwarmes on every ſide,
on every ſide they ſwarm'd:
But, Lord, thy Name my weapon tri'd,
to cut them off me arm'd.
12 Like ſwarmes of Bees their forces link't,
they round about me bent:
Whom, Lord, like fire, in thornes extin&,
thy Name ſhall ſoon prevent.

13 That

13 That I might fall by some offence,
thou hast thrust at me sore:
But yet, a hand in my defence,
the Lord my helper, bore.
14 The Lord is of my strength the summe,
the subject of my songs;
And my salvation is become,
to whom my life belongs.
15 The voice of joy and health is heard
in tents where Justice dwells:
The right hand of the Lord up-rear'd,
in fortitude excells.
16 The right hand of the Lord preferr'd,
preheminence hath wonne;
The right hand of the Lord up-rear'd,
right valiant deeds hath done.
17 Thy deeds in death, Lord, they that dwell,
to light have never brought,
I shall not die, but live to tell
what workes the Lord hath wrought.
18 Thy stripes, O Lord, I feele; some bloud
thy chastisement did draw:
Yet hath not given me up for food
to deaths devouring jaw.
19 The gates of Justice open mee,
that I may enter there;
And there, O Lord, confesse to thee,
that Saints thy praise may heare.
20 Of God the Lord this is the gate,
the Just shall enter there:
21 Where thee, my Saviour, celebrate
will I, whom thou didst heare.
22 The Stone the Builders did despise,
is made head corner-stone.

23 And

23 And marvellous is in our eyes
this that the Lord hath done.
24 This day, the Lord that gave it light,
did unto us commend:
This Festivall, from morne to night,
let joy and gladnesse spend.
25 Save now, O Lord, send happinesse,
Hosanna now we sing:
Salvation, Lord, and good successe;
Hosanna to our King.
26 Who in the Lords Name comes, Good-speed,
faire blessings him befall:
We, from the Lords House, whence proceed
all blessings, blesse you all.
27 God is the Lord, that light affords,
hath given us gladsome mornes:
The Host, for sacrifice, with cords
bind to the Altars hornes.
28 Thou art my God, I will confesse,
that hast exalted me:
What then, my God, can I doe lesse,
but thy Exalter be?
29 O praise the Lord, beyond all bounds,
whose goodnesse doth extend:
Whose tender mercy farther sounds,
than time shall ever end.

PSAL. 119. *Beati immaculati.*
Octostichon Acrostichon.

ALEPH.

ALl blessed they, in perfect way
that undefil'd are found:
That of their walkes, the steps to stay,
make (Lord) thy Law their bound.

BETH.

2 All blessed they, that all their daies,
and daily care convert,
To keep his Testimonies waies,
him seeke with all their heart.

3 As no iniquitie they doe,
his waies their walking guide:
As stedfast in his pathes they goe,
their footing cannot slide.

GIMEL.

4 All thy Commandments give command,
to doe, as to discerne:
To stand to, as to understand,
to live in, as to learne.

5 Assisted, O that by thy grace
directed were my waies;
So should my foot-steps hold their place,
thy Statutes be my staies.

6 Abasht confusion should not fall,
nor shame on me reflect:
While unto thy Commandments all,
I had a due respect.

DALETH.

7 An upright heart will I prepare,
to make thy praise discern'd,
What Judgements of thy Justice are,
when I have truly learn'd.

8 All my observance will I make,
thy Statutes how to keep:
O doe not utterly forsake
thy wandring pasture-sheep.

BETH.

BETH.

ב BY what meanes may a young best,
be sure to cleanse his way:
But on thy sayes to set his rest,
thy Word his warrant lay?
ב 2 Before all search, with all my heart,
as I have sought for thee;
So from thy Precepts pathes depart,
and wander let not mee.
ב 3 Bound and laid up my heart within,
thy sayings have I hid:
Against thee that I might not sin,
nor doe, as they forbid.
ב 4 Beyond our blessings highest reach,
O Lord thou blessed art:
O teach me what thy Statutes teach,
their pathes to me impart.
ב 5 By utt'rance have my lips not spar'd,
their loudest notes to straine:
The Judgements of thy mouth declar'd,
made all their sentence plaine.
ב 6 Bent on thy Testimonies way,
much more did I rejoyce,
Than they in store that riches lay,
the pride of all their choice.
ב 7 Before all studies, early, late,
by-setting all essayes:
Thy Precepts will I meditate,
and well respect thy waies.
ב 8 But in thy Statutes, no delight
where, else, my heart to set:
Because thy Sayes are so upright,
them shall I not forget.

GIMEL.

ג GIve to thy ſervant this reward,
this favour me afford,
That living, though beſet ſo hard,
I may obſerve thy Word.

ג 2 Growne darke of ſight, my vaile withdraw,
the myſteries unfold,
That theſe mine eies may of thy Law,
the wondrous things behold.

ג 3 Great ſtranger I, and wanting light,
on earth in darkneſſe ſtray:
Hide not thy Precepts from my ſight,
the LYRE to lead my way.

ג 4 Ground is my ſoule, and broken ſmall,
enflam'd is my deſire:
At all times, mine affections all,
thy Judgements ſet on fire.

ג 5 Given up, the proud doſt thou forſake,
whom though thy checke deferre;
The curſe at length ſhall overtake,
that from thy Precepts erre.

ג 6 Growne in reproach, upon me crept,
held in contempt to be;
Thy Teſtimonies having kept,
O keep theſe ſhames from me.

ג 7 Great Princes ſate, and fram'd their ſtile,
ſome fault with me to find:
But on thy Statutes all the while,
thy ſervant ſets his mind.

ג 8 Good cauſe, no other joy invites
my better-ſettled care:
Thy Teſtimonies my delights,
my men of counſell are.

DALETH.

DALETH.

ד Downe cast, and cleaving to the dust,
my soule drawes neere the death;
According as thy Word is just,
revive my dying breath.

ד 2 Declar'd my waies to thee I have,
and answer had of thee:
Instruction only this, I crave,
thy Statutes teach thou mee.

ד 3 Direct me how to understand,
what way thy Precepts hold:
My Meditations, of thy hand
the wonders shall unfold.

ד 4 Dejected soule, so much I grieve,
mine eies drop showres of raine:
According to thy Word relieve,
and raise me up againe.

ד 5 Deceits false way from me withdraw,
put lying waies away;
And graciously give me thy Law,
to be my faithfull stay.

ד 6 Disposer of my feet, the way
of faithfulnesse I chose:
Thy Judgements I before me lay,
and for my guides propose.

ד 7 Drawne from thy Testimonies now,
whereto I cleave so fast:
I cannot shrinke; upon my brow,
Lord, let not shame be cast.

ד 7 Directly in the way will I
of thy Commandments runne:
Mine heart when thou shalt amplifie,
till grace the Goale have wonne.

HE.

ה HOw! teach me, Lord, thy Statutes way,
the way to apprehend,
That make it all my care I may,
to keep it to the end.
ה 2 Hide not my understandings light,
that I may keep thy Law:
From all delights shall this delight
mine hearts observance draw.
ה 3 How I may tread thy Precepts path,
Instruct me in the way:
For pleasure else mine heart none hath,
no joy, but there to stay.
ה 4 Hold in my heart, enclin'd to heed
thy Testimonies will;
And not on Avarice to feed,
still fed, yet famish't still.
ה 5 Hence, hence mine eies frō pleasures hook,
un-tempted, turne away:
Lest after vanitie they looke,
revive me in thy way.
ה 6 Here let thy Word performance beare,
to me thy servant past:
On whom, devoted to thy feare,
thy promis'd favour cast.
ה 7 Hold off reproach, which in my way,
I am afraid hath stood:
For say, what sinfull tongues can say,
yet are thy Judgements good.
ה 8 How to observe thy Precepts bounds,
loe, my delights aspire:
As Justice now in thee abounds,
O quicken my desire.

VAV.

VAV.

¶ With thy kind Mercy come to mee,
and be propitious, Lord,
O make me thy Salvation see,
according to thy Word.
¶ 2 What elſe to anſwer ſhall I have,
to mouthes that me upbraid;
But that my truſt, which they deprave,
upon thy Word is laid?
¶ 3 Withdraw not from my mouth this ſcope,
the Word of Truth to urge:
Becauſe thy Judgements are my hope,
thy Truths contemners ſcourge.
¶ 4 Unto for ever in thy Law,
my life then will I ſpend;
And till this breath I ceaſe to draw,
my ſervice never end.
¶ 5 Within a ſpacious roome forth brought,
ſhall I be walking found:
Becauſe thy Precepts I have ſought,
whereon my ſteps to ground.
¶ 6 Were Kings in preſence, I would ſpeake
thy Teſtimonies praiſe:
Nor ſhame to ſay, Yeeld Kingdomes weake,
ſtoop Scepters to his Sayes.
¶ 7 With thy Commandments, my delight
ſhall (all delights above)
Stand beſt delighted, in my ſight
ſole objects of my love.
¶ Up-lifted palmes will I out-ſtretch,
thy Precepts to embrace;
And on thy Statutes, what they teach,
my meditation place.

ZAIN.

1 SUre promise to thy servant past,
as stedfast beare in mind:
That where my hopes thou settled hast,
performance I may find.
2 Sound comfort yet in this I take,
afflicted when I see,
All other succours me forsake,
thy saying quickens mee.
3 Scorne did the proud, and much deride
this serious course of mine:
Yet from thy Precepts, for their pride,
my feet did not decline.
4 Such Judgements hast thou done of old,
as when I call to mind,
My courage (Lord) growes then more bold,
and comfort thence I find.
5 Straight hold on me did horrour take,
when wicked men I saw;
And seeing, soon I did forsake
forsakers of thy Law.
6 Songs have thy Statutes been to mee,
whose Ditties I repeat;
And in this Dorter sing to thee,
my Pilgrimages seat.
7 Sitting in darknesse of the night,
thy Name, when others slept,
Have I remembred: my delight,
thy Law (Lord) have I kept.
8 Successe, what ever me befall,
these benefits I reap't:
This was to me, thy Precepts all,
because I duely kept.

HETH.

HETH.

ח HAve who that will such heaps up-laid,
as worldly wealth affords:
My Portion, Lord (as I have said)
is to observe thy words.

ח 2 Heartily I besought thy face,
with earnest zeale I prai'd:
And but performance of thy grace,
thy promis'd Mercy stai'd.

ח 3 Heedfully thought I on my waies,
what way I held most meet:
And to thy Testimonies staies,
I turn'd my stayleſſe feet.

ח 4 Haste made I to avoid neglect,
to cut off all delay:
As thy Commandments shall direct,
to walke no other way.

ח 5 Hindred by wicked robbers bands,
that make my goods their prey,
Yet have I not in safer hands,
thy Law forgot to lay.

ח 6 How oft at midnight doe I rise,
to praise thee on my knees:
Because thy Judgements are the eyes,
wherewith thy Justice sees!

ח 7 Hold all with me in friendships bands,
in feare of thee that stand:
Observers all of thy commands,
my service may command.

ח 8 How farre, O Lord, thy mercies reach,
when earth is fill'd thereby!
O teach me what thy Statutes teach,
to follow, what to flye.

TETH.

ט THy promise stands for good, O Lord,
which thou thy selfe hast bound:
The like performance of thy Word,
have I thy servant found.

ט 2 To me let thy Instruction give
good Judgement, to discerne:
As in thy Precepts I beleeve,
thence knowledge let me learne.

ט 3 Till wise affliction crost my way,
I held mine owne accord:
My heart un-humbled, went astray,
but now I keep thy Word.

ט 4 That thou art good, I find it still,
and to doe good, enclin'd:
Thy Statutes learne me to fulfill;
this good, O let me find.

ט 5 The proud against me forg'd a lie,
a falshood for my fall:
But with mine heart entire doe I
observe thy Precepts all.

ט 6 Their peace and plenty them invite,
their heart is fat as grease:
But in thy Law is my delight,
my plenty, and my peace.

ט 7 These faults are fruits of fairer daies,
affliction did me good:
For thence I learne thy Statutes waies
are truly'st understood.

ט 8 The Law that from thy mouth proceeds,
more good to me assignes;
And treasures moe, than millions breeds
of gold and silver Mynes.

Jod.

1 Inspir'd, and fashion'd by thy hand,
this spirit ere death withdrawes,
O make me made to understand,
that I may learne thy Lawes.
2 In them that feare thee, when they see
what fruit my hopes afford:
Shall joy of heart joyne hopes with me,
that wait upon thy Word.
3 I know, O Lord (although severe)
thy Judgements are upright:
Thy faithfulnesses stripes I beare,
thy hand doth justly smite.
4 In thy kind mercies free accord,
such comfort on me cast,
As to thy servant, on thy Word,
by promise is fore-past.
5 In tender mercies come to mee,
and quicken up my spirits,
That I may live: reviv'd by thee,
thy Law is my delights.
6 Infamous shame on them be laid,
that proudly me abuse:
That perversly my truth upbraid,
that on thy Precepts muse.
7 In holy feare such as are growne,
thy followers fit to be,
Thy Testimonies have they knowne,
let them returne to me.
8 In thy Decrees, confirm'd by thee,
O let my heart be sound,
And so my face, that all may see,
shall never shame confound.

CAPH.

כ COncerning thy ſalvations ſtay,
my ſoule lies at receit:
And fainting after long delay,
upon thy Word I wait.

כ 2 Conſum'd, to ſee thy promiſe faile,
now, faile mine eyes to ſee:
O ſay, when ſhall thy Sayes prevaile,
when come, to comfort me?

כ 3 Clung, like a bottle in the ſmoake,
dri'd up, and waxen old:
Thy Statutes bounds I have not broke,
nor them forgot to hold.

כ 4 Caſt up thy ſervants ſumme of daies,
how many are they all:
On them that perſecute my waies,
when will thy Judgements fall?

כ 5 Cloſe have the proud for me digg'd pits,
my life from me to draw:
Where fraud with force in ambuſh ſits,
which ſuits not with thy Law.

כ 6 Commandments all thou giv'ſt are true,
in faithfulneſſe agree:
With falſhood doe they me purſue,
purſu'd, O reſcue mee.

כ 7 Conſum'd on earth, but little leſſe
than life from me they tooke:
Thy Precepts in this deep diſtreſſe,
yet have I not forſooke.

כ 8 Call backe my lives low-ebbing tide,
as Mercy flowes from thee:
And, what thy mouth hath teſtifi'd,
ſhall be obſerv'd by mee.

LAMED.

LAMED.

ל Long since before the Heavens were laid,
thy Word for ever sure;
In Heaven, than Heaven, more stedfast stai'd,
(Eternall) shall endure.
ל 2 Lasting thy Truth to Age and Age,
thy Word a faithfull band:
The Earths foundations didst thou gage,
and stedfast shall it stand.
ל 3 Lawes for their revolutions bounds,
are compast by thy care:
This day they stand thy Judgements grounds,
for all thy servants are.
ל 4 Led not thy Law my whole delights,
with cares so many croft,
In mine afflictions cloudy nights,
my comforts had been lost.
ל 5 Let be, what ever be my let,
were strife it selfe that striv'd,
Thy Lawes I never shall forget,
by them, by thee, reviv'd.
ל 6 Loose, leave me not, for I am thine,
save, but whom thou hast bought:
For with this ransom'd soule of mine,
thy Precepts have I fought.
ל 7 Laid have for me the wicked wait,
to see my soule destroi'd:
But on thy Testimonies weight,
my studies were emploi'd.
ל 8 Lost in themselves Perfections all,
mine eyes have seen to end:
But thy Commandments (sums though small)
exceeding broad extend.

MEM.

מ MY ſoules ſole object, motive ſtrong,
Lord, how I love thy Law!
My Meditation all day long,
the load-ſtone to withdraw.

מ 2 Much wiſer than mine enemies,
thy Precepts I fulfill;
And thou by them haſt made me wiſe,
for they are with me ſtill.

מ 3 More than my Teachers am I taught,
a higher skill to reach:
Thy Teſtimonies are my thought,
my Teachers thus I teach.

מ 4 Much deeper wiſedome have I found,
than Ages ſhallow deep:
The Elders are not ſo profound,
while I thy Precepts keep.

מ 5 My feet from every evill way,
for this have I refrain'd:
That from the Rules I might not ſtray,
within thy Word contain'd.

מ 6 My Judgement thine hath not declin'd,
to ponder in my thought:
To practiſe what I beare in mind,
to doe, as thou haſt taught.

מ 7 Much ſweetneſſe in thy words thou haſt,
to ſlake my pallat's drought;
More pleaſant in my throat they taſte,
than honey in my mouth.

מ 8 Minding thy Precepts for my ſtay,
I underſtanding get:
And therefore hate I every way
that falſhood hath fore-ſet.

NVN.

NOw, dangers where on earth I meet,
and darkſome ſhades of night:
Thy Word a lanthorne to my feet,
and to my path gives light.

2 Now I have ſworne, performe I will,
at no time to neglect,
Thy righteous Judgements to fulfill,
as Juſtice ſhall direct.

3 No meane in mine affliction, Lord,
now over-worne with woe:
O quicken me, as by thy Word
thou haſt aſſur'd to doe.

4 None but free-offrings in good part,
Lord, from my mouth accept;
And teach me how within my heart,
thy Judgements may be kept.

5 No day my ſoule but in my hand,
with deadly ſnares beſet,
To doe, as doth thy Law command,
yet doe I not forget.

6 Neere to my way, at unawares,
the wicked laid their ſnare:
Yet careleſſe I of other cares,
thy Precepts made my care.

None but thy Teſtimonies tooke
for mine Inheritance:
For ever, as on them I looke,
mine heart for joy doth dance.

8 No daies but in thy Lawes to ſpend,
till life from me depart;
And to performe them to the end,
have I enclin'd my heart.

SAMECH.

SAMECH.

SEducers vaine my hatred move,
my heart from them to draw:
But as I love thy Law, I love
observance of thy Law.
2 Secret thou art to me, and shield,
to keep thy promise, just:
To thee my hopes their service yeeld,
and to thy Word I trust.
3 Such as in evill waies have trod,
my pathes approach not nie:
To keep the Precepts of my God,
while I mine heart apply.
4 Sustaine thou me, that I may live,
to make thy promise good:
Let not my hopes made frustrate, give
my head a shamefull hood.
5 Secure my health, I shall be bold
of safety in thy sight;
And in chiefe price continuall hold
thy Statutes my delight.
6 Such fugitives thou tread'st downe all,
as from thy Statutes stray:
Deceitfully from thee they fall,
for falshood is their way.
7 So from the earth the wicked are
as drosse by thee remov'd:
I therefore have with purer care
thy Testimonies lov'd.
8 Such horrour in my flesh for thee,
to feele I am afraid:
And so severe thy Judgements be,
that I am sore dismai'd.

CNAIIN.

℣ HAve Judgement I, and Justice done,
unjustly judg'd to stand!
O let me not be over-gone
by mine oppressors hand.
℣ 2 Hold surety for thy servants good,
become sufficient baile;
And let not mine oppressors proud,
to my reproach prevaile.
℣ 3 Have not mine eyes bid many a storme,
for thy Salvation worne;
And when thy Justice would performe
thy promise long forborne?
℣ 4 Hold on, in mercy to proceed,
so with thy servant deale:
That what thy Statutes have decree'd,
to me thou maist reveale.
℣ 5 Here I thy servant, make me sound
in understanding grow;
And on thy Testimonies ground,
my graine of knowledge sowe.
℣ 6 High time is, Lord, they be destroi'd,
thy vengefull sword to draw,
To make their lawlesse labours void,
that have made void thy Law.
℣ 7 How precious I thy Precepts hold,
and therefore love them more
Than gold, above the finest gold,
tri'd from the richest Ore.
℣ 8 How I esteem thy Precepts right,
that alwaies truth relate!
And I, that in the truth delight,
alwaies of falshood hate.

PE.

ℸ PRofound, and marvellously deep
thy Testimonies are:
Them, as they well deserve to keep,
my soule hath therefore care.
ℸ 2 Port-open'd of thy words gives light,
gives light that ever lives;
And understandings piercing sight,
to simple people gives.
ℸ 3 Panting with open mouth, a draught
I thirsted sore to prove;
And made the Precepts thou hadst taught,
the wine-presse of my love.
ℸ 4 Proceed, but so, as Mercies eye
in Iudgement me behold,
With those, that on thy Names supply,
by love have taken hold.
ℸ 5 Put in thy Word, my steps direct,
and place them every where,
That never wickednesse deject,
nor rule above me beare.
ℸ 6 Protect me from oppressing man,
for my redemption pay,
That doe what earthly pressure can,
thy Precepts keep I may.
ℸ 7 Procure thy countenances light,
on me thy servant shine;
And in thy Statutes lesson right
these tutor'd steps of mine.
ℸ 8 Powr'd out in griefe that drowns mine eies,
my teares like rivers flow:
Thy Law when men I see despise,
and in contempt to grow.

TSADE.

TSADE.

℣ SO just thou Lord art in thy deeds,
thy promise to acquite:
To sentence when thy mouth proceeds,
then are thy Judgements right.
℣ 2 Such charge thy Testimonies charge,
that Justice should attend;
Thy promises perform'd at large,
thy faithfulnesse commend.
℣ 3 Surpriz'd I was with burning zeale,
that on my bosome preys:
That my distressors so should deale,
as to forget thy Sayes.
℣ 4 So pure thy Word, as much resin'd
the metall tri'd by fire:
And thereupon thy servants mind,
hath set his hearts desire.
℣ 5 Small am I much, and much despis'd,
as much affect I not:
With me thy Precepts highly priz'd,
so have I not forgot.
℣ 6 Such Justice is thy Justice tri'd,
as evermore remaines,
A righteous and a faithfull guide,
thy Law the Truth containes.
℣ 7 Straitnesse and anguish found my spirits,
fast hold on me to get:
Yet are thy Precepts those delights,
whereon my heart is set.
℣ 8 Such Justice, such eternall Right
thy Testimonies give:
O give me understandings light,
that I may learne to live.

COPH.

COPH.

P CRying, with heart entire I cri'd,
heare, Lord, and answer make:
To keep thy Statutes for my guide,
then will I undertake.

P 2 Calling upon thee, did I call,
from dangers deepest deep;
Be thou my Saviour, and I shall
thy Testimonies keep.

P 3 Crying, the twilight I prevent,
my call call'd up the day:
To wait on thee was mine intent,
upon thy Word to stay.

P 4 Could any eies by watching late,
like watch to mine have kept,
Upon thy Word to meditate,
that wak't, when others slept?

P 5 Can thy great mercies eare lesse doe,
than heare my voice complaine?
Thy Judgement, Lord, according to,
O quicken me againe.

P 6 Close-follow'd by a wicked crew,
how neere to me they draw!
In mischiefe they that me pursue,
are farre off from thy Law.

P 7 Can duty, can default be done,
but thou, O Lord, art neere?
Truth are thy Precepts every one,
all thy Commandments cleare.

P 8 Continu'd are (I know) of old
thy Testimonies sayes:
That thou hast founded them to hold
beyond the length of daies.

RESH.

RESH.

RE Egard what preſſures I ſuſtaine,
weigh, and their weight withdraw;
Releaſe me, that for all my paine,
have not forgot thy Law.
12 Right thou my cauſe that comes to thee,
oppreſt and hard withſtood:
Redeem thou me, and quicken me,
to make thy ſaying good.
13 Remov'd is from the wicked farre
Salvation, them ſhe flies,
That with thy Statutes, tongues to jarre,
to ſeeke them, have no eies.
14 Repeat thy many mercies great,
how canſt thou them refraine?
Thy wonted Judgements, Lord, repeat,
to quicken me againe.
15 Ready my Perſecutors are,
oppreſſors many mine;
Drawne from thy Teſtimonies care,
yet did I not decline.
16 Revolting ſinners how I ſaw,
I ſorrow to record;
How perverſly they breake thy Law,
and have not kept thy Word.
17 Reſpect thy Precepts how I love,
to quicken zeales deſire:
Let, Lord, thy loving kindneſſe prove,
thy mercy blow the fire.
18 Right entrance to thy Word, truth gives,
and endleſſe as it growes,
For ever every Judgement lives,
that from thy Juſtice flowes.

SCHIN.

SCHIN.

ש SUppressors of my harmlesse head,
together Princes draw:
But of thy Word than of their deed,
my heart stands more in awe.
ש 2 So much thy Word is my delight,
as after care and toile,
When from the vanquish't foe in flight,
the Victor beares the spoile.
ש 3 Sworne foe I am profest to fraud,
and falshood I detest;
Yet doth my love thy Law applaud,
and there sets up my rest.
ש 4 Seven times, ere one daies Sun descend,
to praise thee forth I breake,
Thy righteous Judgements to commend,
and of their Justice speake.
ש 4 Such peace is given in recompence,
to them that love thy Law:
No stumbling-blocke shall give offence,
no danger them withdraw.
ש 6 Salvation, Lord, my hope attends,
for thine attends alone;
And dreadlesse of distrustfull ends,
thy Precepts have I done.
ש 7 Safe in my soule, my soules delight,
thy Testimonies lye;
And them have I observ'd aright,
and lov'd exceedingly.
ש 8 Strictly thy Lawes are kept by me,
and Testimonies thine:
To thee no waies can ever be
(I know) unknowne of mine.

THAV

THAV.

ת TO thee let my complaint come neere,
and lie before thee, Lord:
O give me understanding cleere,
according to thy Word.
ת 2 The supplication in thy sight,
that I preferre, accept;
And let thy promise be upright,
in my deliverance kept.
ת 3 Then as a fountaines fluent spring,
my lips shall utter praise,
My tutor'd steps when thou shalt bring,
to walke thy Statutes waies.
ת 4 Then of thy Word my tongue shall sound
a Psalme, that shall intreat:
For just are all thy Precepts found,
as Justice is their seat.
ת 5 To help me let thy hand prevaile,
when perills me oppose:
For (leaving other helps that faile)
thy Precepts have I chose.
ת 6 To have of thy Salvation sight,
Lord, I have long'd full sore;
And in thy Law so I delight,
I shall desire no more.
ת 7 Then let my soule but live so long,
this ground till I have laid,
To make thy praise fill up my song,
to get thy Judgements aide.
ת 8 Thy wandring servant gone astray,
as shepheard, his lost sheep,
O seeke, so mindfull in thy way,
thy Precepts prest to keep.

PSAL. 120. *Ad Dominum, cum tribul. Canticum Graduum.*

IN my distresses anguish,
When I did lye and languish,
Upon the Lord I call'd:
No longer he deferr'd mee,
But at mine instance heard mee,
From where I lay enthrall'd.
2 My soule, O Lord, deliver
From lips of lies the quiver,
And from a double tongue:
3 False tongue, what gives it to thee?
What profit shall it doe thee,
When thy fell sting hath stung?
4 Sharp arrowes are lesse cruell,
No Juniper, like fewell:
So deadly are they not,
As are those forked quarrells,
As are those wild-fire barrells,
The tongues malignant shot.
5 Now, woe is me, these dangers,
More strange to me then strangers,
That exil'd life re-sents:
Against my will constraine me,
With Meshech to containe me,
And dwell in Kedars Tents.
6 My soule hath too long resting,
With him, that peace detesting,
Is ever male-content:
I am for peace, that love it,
And when my speeches move it,
for warre then are they bent.

PSAL. 121.

PSAL. 121. *Levavi oculos.*

Canticum Graduum.

UP to the Hills I lift mine eies,
from whence will come mine aide:
2 From, with the Lord come my supplies,
which Heavens and Earth hath laid.
3 He will not suffer thee to slide,
thy foot to tread awry:
He will not give, that slumber hide
thy keepers wakefull eye.
4 Loe, him that keepeth Israel,
shall Israels keeper keep,
That on his eye no slumber dwell,
his eye-lid lodge no sleep.
5 The Lord, the Lord thy keeper is,
his helpe's at thy right hand,
To shade thee, spread those wings of his,
to lead thee, ready stand.
6 So thee, with scorching heat by day,
the Sun-beames shall not smite;
Nor shall the Moon thy vigour slay,
with vapours of the night.
7 The Lord shall thy preserver be,
that thou no evill have;
And keep thy soule, that over thee
no sting be in the grave.
8 Yea, goe thou out, or come thou in,
the Lord shall keep the doore;
Be with thee from thou dost begin,
protect thee evermore.

PSAL. 122. *Lætatus sum.*
Canticum Graduum Davidis.

IT was my joy, amidst our woe,
to heare the people say:
When to the Lords House we shall goe,
O times too long delay!
2 Our feet, in our oppresst estates,
which presse a stranger land,
As heretofore within thy gates,
to see (O Salem) stand.
3 Jerusalem is so exact,
a Citie of such site:
Her stately structures so compact,
her to her selfe unite.
4 And thither doe the Tribes frequent,
Tribes of the Lord ascend,
To Israels TESTIMONIE sent,
the Lords Name to commend.
5 There are the Thrones for Judgement set,
Thrones, where that Royall seed,
The sons that David shall beget,
for ever shall succeed.
6 O pray we for Jerusalem,
her quiet may encrease:
And may faire peace as well love them,
that love faire Salems peace.
6 Within thy walls let peace be still,
and trusty Warder stand:
Thy palaces let plenty fill,
with prosper-making hand.
8 My brethren and companions loves,
compassion move in mee:
Compassion like condition moves,
now speake I peace to thee.

9 And

9 And seeing Salems Temple here,
where Sion-Mount I see;
This House the Lord our God holds deare,
I will seeke good to thee.

Psal. 123. *Ad te levavi.*
Canticum Graduum.

TO thee, that sitt'st above the skies,
that Heavens in-dweller art,
I lift up my submissive eies,
from vallies of my heart.
2 Loe, as upon their Masters hand,
the servants eies depend:
As on her Mistresses command,
a maidens eies attend;
Upon the Lord our God our eies,
so waiting are intent,
Untill his Graces free supplies,
in Mercy us prevent.
3 In Mercy, us (O Lord) exempt,
thy Mercy make appeare:
For we are fill'd with much contempt,
more than our hearts can beare.
4 Our soule is cloi'd above the crowne,
we beare beyond our might:
With scorne the wealthy weigh us downe;
the proud, with high despight.

Psal. 124. *Nisi quia Dominus.*
Canticum Graduum Davidis.

EXcept the Lord for us had been,
may Israel now say:

2 Had not the Lord their pride fore-seen,
whose powers against us lay:
3 Then had they swallow'd us alive,
when kindled was their rage,
In vaine had been for us to strive,
their fury to asswage.
4 The flouds had drown'd us every one,
so fiercely did they flow:
Above our soule the surge had gone,
so mighty did it grow.
5 We had been covered in this cloud,
the waters proud-controule,
The swelling waters of the proud
had over-gone our soule.
6 Blest be the Lord, that them withstood,
and frustrate sent away;
That hath not given our guiltlesse blood
unto their teeth a prey.
7 Our soule is as a bird escap't
out of the Fowlers snare:
The snare is broke that us entrap't,
and we delivered are.
8 The help, whereon our hopes depend,
is in th' Eternals Name:
He that our help to us doth send,
the Heavens and Earth did frame.

PSAL. 125. *Qui confidunt.*

Canticum Graduum.

WHoso commend their trust approv'd,
unto the Lords command,
Shall, as Mount Sion, not be mov'd,
but fast for ever stand.

2 Jerusalem

2 Jeruſalem is wall'd with Hills,
so bounds the Lord his ground;
And evermore the Compaſſe fills,
about his people round.
3 For wickednesſes rod ſhall not
upon the Juſt abutt;
Leſt thence to draw a wicked lot,
the Juſt their hands forth put.
4 As all good gifts thou doſt conferre,
Lord, to the good doe good;
And, righteous as thou art, preferre
the upright-hearted brood.
5 But ſuch, as to their crooked vaine
revolt, the Lord ſhall lead,
With them that evill worke with paine:
"Peace be on Iſraels head.

PSAL. 126. *In convertendo.*

Canticum Graduum.

WHen Sion (Babels captive) thence
the Lord did home redeeme:
Our raviſht hopes, ſcarce truſting ſenſe,
we were like them that dreame.
2 Our mouth was fill'd with laughter, then
for joy no tongue but ſings:
The Heath'ns could ſay, for theſe good men
the Lord hath done great things.
3 Great things indeed, and many too,
for us, as well appeares;
The Lord hath magnifi'd, to doe,
to joy hath turn'd our teares.
4 Turne, Lord, as welcome ſhowres of raine,
refreſh the Deſerts drouth;

Our captive Remnant turne againe,
like Torrents from the South.
5 They that in furrowes fill'd with teares,
the ſeed of ſorrow ſowe,
When Harveſt comes of laden eares,
a joyfull crop ſhall mowe.
6 He going goes, and weeps to ſee,
what deere-bought ſeed he leaves:
Home-comming comes, as joyfull he,
and (ſhouting) beares his ſheaves.

PSAL. 127. *Niſi Dominus.*
Canticum Graduum Solomonis.

EXcept the Lord the houſe doe build,
vaine toile the builder takes:
Except the Lord the Citie ſhield,
in vaine the Warder wakes.
2 As vaine it is, ye early riſe,
late houres of reſt ye keep,
To eate the bread that ſorrow buyes,
while his beloved ſleep.
3 Loe, children are an heritage,
a gift the Lord beſtowes:
Fruit that revives the fathers age,
rewards the mothers throwes.
4 The arrowes from the Mighties hand,
with no ſuch terrour goe,
As goe the ſons of youth, to ſtand
againſt the fathers foe.
5 Bleſt is the man, that of ſuch ſhot
hath ſtor'd his quiver full;
Within the gate, their foes ſhall not
reproach upon them pull.

PSAL. 128.

PSAL. 128. *Beati omnes qui.*

Canticum Graduum.

ALl happineſſe, who ever thou art,
attend upon thy daies,
To feare the Lord that fram'ſt thy heart,
thy feet, to walke his waies.
2 The labour of thy hands, thy meſſe
of ſavoury meat ſhall be:
Thee, and thy dwelling place to bleſſe,
ſhall goodneſſe dwell with thee.
3 Thy wife, as ſpreads the fruitfull Vine,
thy houſes ſides ſhall bound:
Thy ſons, like Olive-plants, ſhall twine
about thy Table round.
4 Theſe bleſſings loe, and many more,
this life ſhall here afford;
And better farre there are in ſtore,
for them that feare the Lord.
5 Such happineſſe the Lord to thee
ſhall out of Sion give:
The God of Salem ſhalt thou ſee,
while thou haſt day to live.
6 And ended ere thy daies ſhall be,
thy ſeed to proſper well:
Thy childrens children ſhalt thou ſee,
and peace on Iſrael.

PSAL. 129. *Sæpe expugnaverunt.*

Canticum Graduum.

AGainſt me my diſtreſſors power
hath done the worſt they may:

From since my youth began to flow'r,
may Israel now say:
2 Afflictions on my head to fling,
full oft have they assail'd,
Against me, from my youthfull spring,
yet have they not prevail'd.
3 The plowers plow'd upon my backe,
and made their furrowes long:
4 The Lord the Just, yet cut the Rocke
the wicked made so strong.
5 Let sowle confusion on them light,
and send them backe with shame,
That looke at Sion in despight,
as haters of her Name.
6 Let them be as the grasse that growes,
upon the houses top:
Which withreth ere the sithe it mowes,
and leaves an empty crop.
7 Whose seed un-rooted in the land,
is sed with fruitlesse sap;
Which neither fills the mowers hand,
nor lades the binders lap.
8 So as no passer by shall say,
The Lord give good successe:
The Name of God the Lord (we pray)
you and your labour blesse.

PSAL. 130. *De profundis.*

Canticum Graduum.

OUt of the deeps that thou maist heare,
Lord, my complaints repaire:
2 Lord, heare my voice, and let thine eare
attend my voices praier.

3 Our

3 Our sins if thou, O Lord, shouldst summe,
and marke, where we have miss't:
When thy revengefull stroke shall come,
who, Lord, shall then subsist?
4 But by forgivenesse of our sinne,
thy mercy hath appear'd:
And, as our love thy Judgements winne,
thy mercy makes thee fear'd.
5 I earnestly expect the Lord,
expect his promise just:
My soule hath waited for his Word,
wherein my hopes put trust.
6 My soule upon the Lord depends,
attends for her dispatch;
More than for morne the watch attends,
more than for morne the watch.
7 With confidence let Israel,
attend the Lord therefore:
For with the Lord doth Mercy dwell,
with him redemption store.
8 And Israel redeem he shall,
and make him freedome winne,
From all his sorrowes bonds, from all
his sorrow-breeding sinne.

PSAL. 131. *Domine non est.*

Canticum Graduum Davidis.

A Haughty heart, high-looking eies,
O Lord, I never brooke:
I wade not in deep mysteries,
nor after marvells looke.
2 I still'd my soule, and made it milde,
as from the mothers brests,

A weanling, as a weanling childe,
my ſoule in ſilence reſts.
Truſt in the Lord, his time attend,
O Jacobs family:
Attend his time, that hath no end,
from now, eternally.

PSAL. 132. *Memento, Domine.*

Canticum Graduum.

OF David, and his troublous daies,
be mindfull, Lord, and how
2 To Jacobs mighty Lord he payes
his oathes ſolemniz'd vow.
3 Nor tent, nor houſe, my harbour be,
repoſe my bed forbids:
4 To ſleep, mine eyes ſhall pardon me,
to ſlumber, mine eye-lids.
5 Untill a dwelling place I find,
where may the Lord remaine,
The Mighty One of Jacobs kind,
a houſe to entertaine.
6 Loe, Ephrata we underſtood,
thereof good tidings yeelds:
At length, we found it in the wood,
in Kirjath-jears fields.
7 Within his houſe we will goe meet,
and there aſſembled all;
Before his foot-ſtoole, at his feet
bow downe our ſelves, and fall.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, into thy reſt
returne, to dwell at length;
In Salem, ſometime Silo's gueſt,
thou, and thy Arke of ſtrength.

9 Let

9 Let be (that thine they may be knowne)
thy Prieſts with Juſtice cloth'd:
And (ſeeking thee more than their owne)
thy Saints to joy betroth'd.
10 And for thy ſervant Davids ſake,
turne not the face away
Of thine Annointed: Soveraignes make
his ſeed, his Scepter ſway.
11 The Lord in Truth to David ſware,
and will not turne from it:
Fruit of thy wombe will I prepare
upon thy Throne to ſit.
12 My Covenant if thy ſons retaine,
my Teſtimonies heed;
Thy ſons perpetually ſhall raigne,
and on thy Throne ſucceed.
13 For as the Lord loves Sion beſt,
his liking is ſo great,
That her, he hath above the reſt,
ſelected for his ſeat.
14 This is my reſt, a longer ſpace,
than Sun ſhall lend his light,
Perpetuall here my dwelling place,
here my deſir'd delight.
15 Her victuals bleſſing will I bleſſe,
her poore with bread ſuffice:
16 Her Prieſts in pure Salvation dreſſe,
her Saints ſhall joy ſurprize.
17 There will I make the Horne upright,
to bud on Davids head:
A lamp for mine Annointed light,
throughout all lands to ſpread.
18 His enemies ſhall ſhame befall,
and weave the web they weare:

Up on his head while flouriſh ſhall
the Crowne that he ſhall beare.

PSAL. 133. *Ecce quàm bonum.*

Canticum Graduum Davidis.

BEhold how good it is, how pleaſing well,
That there dwell unity, where Brethren dwell:
2 The precious odour did not ſweeter ſmell,
When on the head, the holy Oile that fell,
As downe the beard, downe Aarons beard it went,
Perfum'd the border of his Veſtiment.
3 So fall the pearly gems from Hermon Hill,
On Sion Mountaines ſo the deaws diſtill;
And eithers fields with rich embroidry fill,
Powdring their un-ſhorne lockes with various skill:
For there, the Lords command the bleſsing bound,
And Brethrens love with life eternall crown'd.

PSAL. 134. *Ecce nunc benedicite.*

Canticum Graduum.

BEhold, praiſe ye the Lord all ye,
obſervers of his Rites,
That ſervants in the Lords Houſe be,
before him ſtand by nights.
2 There, where his Sanctuary ſtands,
to ſanctifie his Name:
To bleſſe the Lord, up-lifted hands,
let hearts low-humbled frame.
3 And he, whoſe bleſſings over-ſhade
the Hill of Holineſſe:
The Lord, that Heav'ns and earth hath made,
thee out of Sion bleſſe.

PSAL. 135. *Laudate nomen Domini. Halelu-jah.*

SIng Halelu-jah, praise th' Eternals Name,
Ye servants of the Lord, set forth his praise:
2 That in the Lords House stand, his praise proclaime,
In our Gods Houses Courts that spend your dayes.
3 Praise JAH: The Lord is good, as then is meet,
Sing Psalmes unto his Name, so pleasing sweet,
4 For to himselfe the Lord hath Jacob chose,
And his chiefe treasure Israel accounts.
5 Great is the Lord, my knowledge can disclose:
And that our Lord all other gods surmounts.
6 What will the Lord have done: his will alone
In Heav'ns, Earth, Seas, and all the Deeps is done.
7 From earths extremes he makes the clouds ascend,
His fires and waters on the aire he flings;
In lightning-shot, and show'rs of raine to spend,
The wind out of his treasuries he brings:
8 And branded Egypt bare his furies note,
Whose first-borne all, from man to beast he smote.
9 His signes and wonders here and there he sent,
Hard hearted Egypt, in the midst of thee,
On Pharaoh's head, and all his servants spent:
Yet who so blind, as they that would not see?
His signes and wonders, sent and spent in vaine,
Nor Pharaoh's nor his servants pride restraine.
10 He smote great Nations, mighty Kings he slew,
11 As Heshbons Sehon, King of Amorites;
And Ghog the King of Bashan overthrew,
With all the Kingdomes of the Cananites:
12 And dispossest them of their land, to blesse,
And give his people Israel to possesse.
13 Thy Name, O Lord, is ever permanent,
Thy memory, Lord, is to age and age:
14 The Lord will judge his people, and repent
To execute the rigour of his rage:
His servants faults as ready to forbeare,
As to their foes in his revenge severe.
15 The Heathens Idols silver are and gold,
Worke of mans hand, their makers worth beneath;
16 Mouthes,

16 Mouthes, eyes, eares, noſes, can their makers mold;
17 But cannot make them ſpeake, ſee, heare, nor breathe:
18 Vaine Idoll-mongers, like your Idols juſt,
That Idols make, or in made Idols truſt.
19 O bleſſe the Lord ye houſe of Iſrael,
O bleſſe the Lord, ye houſe of Aarons line:
20 O houſe of Levi, bleſſe the Lord: As well
Who feare the Lord, to bleſſe the Lord encline:
21 From out of Sion his high praiſe record,
Whoſe dwelling is in Salem: Praiſe the Lord.

Halelu-jah.

PSAL. 136. *Confitemini Domino.*

O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
his mercy is for ever:
2 Praiſe him, that is of gods the God,
whoſe mercy faileth never.
3 Praiſe him, that is of lords the Lord,
whoſe mercy is for ever:
4 His ſole-done wonders great, record,
whoſe mercy faileth never.
5 The Heavens, that by his wiſedome made,
whoſe mercy is for ever:
6 The earth above the waters ſpread,
his mercy ceaſeth never.
7 Which made great lights for ſeverall place,
his mercy is for ever:
8 The Sun by day to runne his race,
his mercy failing never.
9 The Moon and Starres to governe night,
his mercy laſting ever:
10 In their firſt-borne did Egypt ſmite,
his mercy failing never.

11 And

11 And Israel from amidst them brought,
his mercy is for ever:
12 With mighty hand, and arme out-rought,
his mercy failing never.
13 The red sea into parts did lay,
his mercy is for ever:
14 And through the midst made Israel way,
his mercy failing never.
15 There shook off Pharaoh and his Host,
his mercy lasting ever:
16 His people led through Desert-coast,
his mercy failing never.
17 Great Kings he smote, and overthrew,
his mercy is for ever:
18 And mighty Kings in battell slew,
his mercy failing never.
19 As Sehon King of Amorites,
his mercy lasting ever:
20 And Ghog the King of Basanites,
his mercy ceasing never.
21 Their land in heritage to have,
his mercy is for ever:
22 To Israel his servant gave,
his mercy failing never.
23 Which of our humbled state esteem'd,
his mercy is for ever:
24 From our distressors us redeem'd,
his mercy failing never.
25 Bread to all flesh by whom is given,
his mercy lasting ever:
26 Confesse ye to the God of Heaven,
whose mercy ceaseth never.

PSAL. 137. *Super flumina Babyl.*

DOwne ſate we by the rivers ſide,
that waters Babels wall:
To raiſe whoſe ſtreames, a ſpringing tide
of teares our eyes let fall.
Remembring Sion in our vowes,
our uſeleſſe Harps we hung
2 Upon amidſt the willow boughes,
as ſlightly tun'd as ſtrung.
3 For they that led us captives there,
requir'd of us a ſong;
A Sion-ſong (ſaid) let us heare,
theſe moanes, ſome mirth among.
4 O no! nor harp we have, nor hand,
nor voice to ſtraine, nor ſtring:
Our Sion-ſong, in Shinar-land,
ſong of the Lord to ſing.
5 If, O Ieruſalem, I ſet
no more by thee than ſo;
Let my right hand her skill forget,
6 my voice her ſong forgoe.
6 My tongue faſt to my palate cling,
and never tune employ,
If ought I doe but Salem ſing,
the Soveraigne of my joy.
7 Be mindfull, Lord, of Edoms ſons,
who ſaid on Salems day,
Raze, Raze, to her foundations,
with earth her levell lay.
8 Thou Daughter, Babel, laidſt us waſte,
thy ſelfe ſhalt waſted be:
O happy! that as done thou haſt
to us, ſhall doe to thee.

9 O happy!

9 O happy! that thy little ones,
from mothers breasts shall rash,
And (pitilesse) against the stones,
their braines in pieces dash.

PSAL. 138. *Confitebor tibi. Davidis.*

I Will confesse thee to their face,
with all the heart in mee,
Were Princes, Angels, Gods in place,
Psalmes will I sing to thee.
2 Prostrate before thy holy Seat,
thy Name will I confesse;
Thy tender mercies there repeat,
and sing thy faithfulnesse.
For all thy powerfull deeds proclaime,
and ample proose afford,
That thou hast magnifi'd thy Name,
above all Name thy Word!
3 The day I cri'd, to thee I cri'd,
thou heardst, and answerdst mee:
My soule with vigour was suppli'd,
and strengthned much by thee.
4 Kings of the earth shall all confesse,
and make thy praise appeare;
When of thy mouth, the faithfulnesse,
the words (O Lord) they heare.
5 Their songs shall of the waies entreat,
that to the Lord belong:
For of the Lord the glory great,
is subject of their song.
6 For though the Lord be thron'd on hie,
yet are his eies below:

The

The lowly-hearted ever nie,
the proud afar to know.
7 Amidſt diſtreſſe although I went,
reviv'd by thee I ſtand:
Thy hand againſt my haters ſent,
to ſave me, thy right hand.
8 This worke, the hand that wrought me this,
the Lord accompliſh will:
Thy mercy, Lord, for ever is,
thy handy-worke fulfill.

PSAL. 139. *Domine, probaſti.*
Ad Præſtantem, Davidis Pſalmus.

THou haſt, O Lord, me ſearched out and knowne,
2 My ſitting downe, and my up-riſing are
Within thy knowledge, cleerer than mine owne:
My thoughts un-thought, thou underſtandſt afarre,
3 My path, my pallet, winnow'd with thy fan,
And all my waies thy cuſtome is to ſcan.
4 For in my tongue there teem's not any word,
The breathleſſe infant of my pregnant thought,
But loe, un-borne, thou know'ſt it wholly, Lord,
Though with the organs of my ſpeech un-wrought:
5 Behind, before, thou haſt beſet me ſtraight,
And of thy hand upon me put the waight.
6 It is too wonderfull for me to know,
To it cannot it is ſet ſo hie:
7 O, from thy ſpirit whither ſhall I goe?
And whither ſhall I from thy preſence flie?
8 If I aſcend the Heavens, the Heavens thee beare;
Make I my bed the Hell, loe thou art there.
9 Take I the early-riſing mornings wings,
And utmoſt ſeas my uncouth dwelling make,
10 Even thither me thy hand my leader brings,
And thy right hand faſt hold on me ſhall take:
11 Yet ſure ſhall darkneſſe ſhrowd me, if I ſay,
The night about me ſhall be light as day.
12 For light-leſſe darkneſſe, darkneth not from thee,
But as the day, before thee ſhines the night:

Where

Where seeing sees not, thou hast eyes to see,
As darknesse is to thee, so is the light.
13 My reines are but the texture of thy loome.
Thou coveredst me within my mothers wombe.
14 For casting me in such a covert mold,
My praise shall of thy fearfull wonders tell;
How marvellous thy workes are to behold,
My soule cannot expresse, yet knowes right well.
15 No bone of mine from thee is hid to know,
Though close embroidred in the earth below.
16 Thine eyes did on my shapelesse substance looke,
And fram'd my members from a formlesse masse;
Each one of them is written in thy booke,
What day they formed were, when none there was.
17 How precious are, O God, thy thoughts to mee,
Of their increase what mighty summes I see?
18 To number them, to number were the sand,
As oft as I awake, I am with thee:
19 That thou, O God, wouldst slay the wicked band,
And men of blouds: Depart ye all from mee:
20 Which speake of thee what mischiefe can devise,
And, but lift up in vaine, thine enemies.
21 And doe not I, Lord, them that hate thee, hate,
And grieve at those that up against thee rise,
As if with me thy haters held debate,
As if they me despis'd, that thee despise?
22 In hatreds full perfection them I hate,
And in the number of my foes relate.
23 Search me, O God, my secret angles sound,
And of my heart exactest knowledge take,
Examine mine intentions from their ground,
Of all my thoughts a perfect audit make.
See whether I in sorrowes by-path stray,
And lead me in the everlasting way.

PSAL. 140. *Eripe me Domine.*

Ad Præstantem, Psalmus Davidis.

THe evill man, the violent,
from me, O Lord, keep farre:

2 Whose

2 Whose heart on mischiefe wholly bent,
they daily gather warre.
3 They, like a Serpent, whet their tongue,
beneath their lips beare stings;
With Aspes fell poyson to be stung,
lesse deadly danger brings. *Selah.*
4 Lord, keep me from the wicked hand,
and from the violent;
To thrust away my feet, which stand,
and study to prevent.
5 For me the proud have hid a snare,
with cords wide spread a net:
Way-laid my path at un-aware,
their grins for me have set. *Selah.*
9 Thou to the Lord my God, I said,
to heare this voice of mine,
A suitor to thy grace for aide,
thine eare, O Lord, encline.
7 Lord God my strength, my strength to lead,
my saving health from harmes:
Thou sett'st the Helmet on my head,
upon the day of Armes.
8 Lord, wicked men encourage not,
nor grant them their desire,
O further not his crafty plot,
lest further they aspire. *Selah.*
9 Upon my chiefest haters head,
that compasse me about,
A covering of their lips to spread,
let mischiefe marke them out.
10 Let burning coales on them descend;
hot fire on them let fall:
And into dungeons deep them send.
whence rise they never shall.

11 A man

11 A man of tongue shall never grow
establish't in the land:
But evill, to his overthrow,
shall hunt the griping hand.
12 I know, the Lord will Justice frame,
the poore oppresst to quit:
The Just shall sure confesse thy Name,
the right, before thee sit.

PSAL. 141. *Ad te, Domine.*

Psalmus Davidis.

TO this complaint, O Lord, of mine,
thy speedy help apply:
Thine eare unto my voice encline,
when unto thee I cry.
2 As incense, let my praier be sent,
and right before thee rise;
Let mine up-lifted palmes present
an evening sacrifice.
3 Set, Lord, a watch my mouth before,
my wandring tongue to tie;
And of my lips keep fast the doore,
whence words have wings to flie.
4 To evill further not my heart,
pretences to pretend:
Their dainties let me eate no part,
whom wicked deeds commend.
5 But smite me, let the Just in love,
his hand up-lifted lights;
Compassions his reprovings prove,
his Mawle in mercy smites.
Such balme (none such the wicked powre)
shall never breake mine head:

For

For in their evills evill houre,
my praier for them shall plead.
6 Their Iudges, though by hands of rockes,
lie fell'd beneath our feet,
To heare my sayings, swarme by flockes,
for they are pleasing sweet.
7 Our scattred bones together put,
the mouth of Hell receives,
As stone on earth from Quarry cut,
as chips the cleaver cleaves.
8 But unto thee, O God the Lord,
mine eyes attendant looke,
When help thou wilt my hopes afford,
leave not my soule forsooke.
9 Preserve me from the handed-snare,
which they for me have laid,
And grins, for which their wicked care,
with cost and paine hath paid.
10 But let the wicked downe be cast,
his toile his taker be:
While I, together over-past,
his fall, my safety see.

PSAL. 142. *Voce mea ad Dominum.*

Maschil Davidis, cùm esset in spelunca, oratio.

MY voyce, up to the Lord, I strain'd,
and shew'd my wofull case;
My voyce, unto the Lord complain'd,
and humbly su'd for grace.
2 My meditation I prepar'd,
before him to expresse;
Before his face, have I declar'd,
and powr'd out my distresse.

3 When,

3 When, sunk my spirit within me lay,
my path then didst thou know;
A snare to walk on, in my way,
they closely did bestow.
4 On my right hand I lookt, and saw,
to know me there was none:
All refuge did from me withdraw;
to seeke my soule, not one.
5 To thee, ô Lord, I cry'd, and said,
to thee my hopes arrive;
My lot before me thou hast lay'd,
the land of them that live.
6 Consider my complaint, to thee,
attend my low-brought cry:
From my pursuers rescue me,
they stronger are than I.
7 My soule out of close prison bring,
I shall confesse thy Name;
The just about me in a ring,
thy bountie shall proclaime.

Psal. 143. *Dem exaudi.*

Psalmus Davidis.

HEare, Lord, my prayer, my suits entend,
which I for grace to thee,
And to thy faithfulnesse commend,
in justice answer me!
2 And enter not by judgements right,
thy servants sins to sound;
For justifi'd shall in thy sight,
not one that lives be found.
3 My soule, is by my foe pursu'd,
my life, to earth, lies smit:

Among

Among the dead, for ever mew'd,
in darkneſſe ſet, to ſit.
4 My ſpirit, within me ſpent, hath left
my underſtanding craz'd:
My troubled heart, of reſt bereft,
amidſt me lyes amaz'd.
5 I call to mind the daies of old,
on all thy worke I muſe;
Thy deeds my ſerious thoughts behold,
what paſſe thy hands peruſe.
6 To thee I ſtretch forth either hand,
thy help to entertaine:
My ſoule for thee, as weary land,
thirſts after welcome raine. *Selah.*
7 Haſte Lord and heare, my ſpirit is done,
hide not thy face from me:
Like them that downe the pit are gone,
leſt elſe made ſoon I be.
8 Thy morning mercy make me heare,
in thee I truſt, to mee
The way I am to walke make cleere,
I liſt my ſoule to thee.
9 From my purſuing enemies,
O Lord, deliver me:
That where my ſafeties ſhelter lies,
for covert flie to thee.
10 Thou art my God, to doe thy will,
O make me underſtand,
To guide me, thy good Spirit inſtill,
where right commands the land.
11 And for that Names ſake of thine owne,
thou, Lord, ſhalt quicken mee:
As for thy Juſtice thou art knowne,
my ſoule from preſſure free.

12 Againſt

12 Against my foes thy power employ,
make strong thy Mercies arme:
My soules distressors all destroy,
that me thy servant harme.

PSAL. 144. *Benedictus Dominus.*

Davidis.

BLest be the Lord, my Rocke of Might,
my Fortresse, never farre:
By whom my hands are taught to fight,
my fingers fram'd for warre.
2 My Mercy, my strong Hold, my Towre,
my Saviour, and my Shield:
In whom I trust, and by whose power,
to me my people yeeld.
3 Lord, what is man, that thy respect,
to know him, takes such care?
Why on the sons of man reflect,
and reckon what they are?
4 Man is of vanity a masse,
made up, on earth to creep;
Whose daies, as slides the shadow, passe
to death, the house of sleep.
5 Thy Heav'ns, O Lord, bow and come downe,
with tempests warning stroke;
And with thy clouds, the Mountaines crowne,
but touch, and they shall smoake.
6 Lighten thy lightnings fi'ry darts,
to scatter them withall:
Send home thine arrowes to their hearts,
and, troubled, make them fall.
7 Thy saving hand send from on hie,
for my deliverance stand:

Rid from the many waters nie,
freed from ſtrange childrens hand.
8 Whoſe mouth of vanitie the mold,
diſſembles in their ſtile:
On falſhood, whoſe right hand takes hold,
a right hand full of guile.
9 To thee, O God, prepare will I,
a new-ſet ſong to ſing,
On ten-ſtring'd Lute and Pſalterie,
with ſound of voice and ſtring.
10 His gift it is whereby Kings ſtand,
ſalvation that they have;
Doth from the ſword in miſchiefes hand,
his ſervant David ſave.
11 Releaſe me from ſtrange childrens hand,
whoſe mouth the mint of lies;
Whoſe right hand, right hand is to band,
and vent vaine forgeries.
12 Which ſay, "Our ſons young plants ſhall (grow;
the daughters we beget,
Like poliſh't angles on a row,
in Royall Palace ſet.
13 That yeelding ſorts of meats and meats.
our Garners never ceaſe:
Our flockes bring thouſands in our ſtreets,
ten thouſands of encreaſe.
14 Our Oxen fed, to labour ſtour,
the burthen, ſtrong to beare:
No breaking in, none going out,
our ſtreets no clamour beare.
15 O bleſſed people! (people ſay)
with goods, not goodneſſe ſtor'd:
O, rather bleſſed people they,
whoſe good is God the Lord.

PSAL. 145.

PSAL. 145. Exaltabo te, Deus.

Tehillah Davidis.

Acrostichon, deest Nun Hebr.

א 1 ADvance thy praise, my King, O God, will I,
and I will bless thy Name perpetually.
ב 2 Blessing thee every day will I dispend,
to praise thy Name my song shall never end.
ג 3 Great is the Lord, and greatly so be stil'd,
and to his greatnesse can no search be tri'd.
ד 4 Deeds done by thee shall age to age commend,
to shew thy powers, posterities contend.
ה 5 How beauteous is thy glorious Majestie,
words of thy marvells meditate will I.
ו 6 Whose dreadfull power to speak they shall not spare,
as for thy greatnesse, that will I declare.
ז 7 Summes of thy goodnesse shall mens minds employ,
to sing thy Justice, they shall shout for joy.
ח 8 How full of grace! with pity how repleat
the Lord! long-suffring, and in mercy great.
ט 9 To all, the Lord his goodnesse sendeth downe,
and all his workes his tender mercies crowne.
י 10 In praising thee, Lord, all thy workes confesse,
and (blest in being thine) thy Saints thee blesse.
כ 11 Cleere glory of thy Kingdome they shall tell,
and with thy glory speake what power doth dwell.
ל 12 Let Adams children know his mighty hand,
his Kingdomes comely licentur understand.
מ 13 Measure of time thy Kingdomes raigne transcends,
and thy Dominion age and age extends.
נ 14 Sustainer is the Lord of all that fall,
and them that crooked are, erecteth all.
ס 15 Intent on thee their eyes all creatures bend,
and thou, in time, to them thy meat dost send.
פ 16 Plentifully, with open hand, at will
each living things desire thou dost fulfil.
צ 17 So just the Lord in all the waies he goes,
so mercifull in all the workes he does.
ק 18 Callers on him to all the Lord is nie,
to all that call upon him faithfully,
ר 19 Requests all granted, shall his fearers have,

to heare their cry, and them distrest to save.
ש 20 So all that love him, will the Lord sustaine;
and of the wicked, let not one remaine.
ת 21 To praise the Lord, my mouth a song shall frame,
all flesh for ever blesse his holy Name.

PSAL. 146. *Leuda anima mea Dominum.*

Halelu-jah.

O Praise the Lord, my soule, as long
as life (Lord) lends me daies:
2 Thy praise (while I!) shall be my song,
my God, to sing thy praise.
3 In Princes, and in Adams son,
whose substance is but dust,
With whom is no salvation,
repose no settled trust.
4 Who, when his prisoned spirit goes forth,
turnes to his earth againe:
That day his thoughts are nothing worth
he travell'd with in paine.
5 O happy he, that hath fore-laid,
to be his strong abode,
The God of Jacob for his aide,
his hope, the Lord his God.
6 Which made the heav'ns, the earth, the deeps,
and what they all containe:
His promise faithfully who keeps,
for ever to remaine.
7 Which judgeth those that suffer wrong,
gives to the hungry bread:
The Lord from chaines and fetters strong,
sets loose the captive head.
8 The Lord gives light to lightlesse eies,
restores the blind to sight:

The

The Lord erects that crooked lies,
the Lord the Iust loves right.
9 The Lord keeps strangers from distresse,
of Orphans is the stay:
Relieves the widow comfortlesse,
subverts the wicked way.
10 The Lord, upon his Royall Throne
eternally shall raigne;
Thy God, O Sion, King alone,
shall age and age remaine.

PSAL. 147. *Laudate Dominum.*

PRaise God, for it is good to sing,
a song of praise is sweet:
To praise our God a pleasant thing,
his praise, a practice meet.
2 Of his Jerusalem the walls,
the Lord builds up againe;
The scattred out-casts home recalls,
His Israels remaine.
3 His hand the broken-hearted heales,
their depth of sorrow sounds:
Safe medicine for their sicknesse deales,
binds up their bleeding wounds.
4 The number of the Starres he tells,
and gives them names expresse:
5 Great is the Lord, his Power excells,
his Prudence numberlesse.
6 The Lord lifts up the meeke on wings,
to base oppression thrust;
But head-long downe the wicked flings,
and drownes their pomp in dust.

7 O ſing unto the Lord with praiſe,
with praiſe of voice and ſtring;
High to the Harp our voices raiſe,
Pſalmes to our God to ſing.
8 Which covereth Heav'ns with clouds, below
for earth prepares the raine;
On Mountaines cliffes makes graſſe to grow,
as on the Meadowie-plaine.
9 Which to the Nation of the beaſt,
their feeding doth ſupply;
And gives the ſons of Ravens a feaſt,
when they for hunger cry.
10 He takes no pleaſure in the might,
and mannage of the Horſe;
Nor in the legges of man delight,
ſupporters of his force.
11 The Lords delight is on them ſet,
that on his feare depend;
That to his Mercy ſeeke to get,
whereon their hopes attend.
12 O Salem, laud the Lord Moſt-Hie,
Sion, thy God confeſſe:
13 For he thy gates doth fortifie,
thy ſons within thee, bleſſe.
14 He in thy border ſettleth peace,
from feare of hoſtile hand:
With kidnies fat of wheats increaſe,
he loads thy labour'd land.
15 The earth his bleſſings doth afford,
at his commanding will;
And very ſwiftly runs his Word,
his Precept to fulfill.
16 He from his clouds, with ſcattring gale,
like lockes of wooll gives ſnow;

Doth

Doth on the Hill, the Downe, the Dale,
hoare-frosts, like ashes, strow.
17 His ice, like morsels, forth he casts,
to bind the streames in bands:
Before his cold-congealing blasts,
who stands, that them withstands?
18 He sends his Word, that wills them melt,
his South-wind bids to blow;
Whose thawing breath no sooner felt,
the frozen waters flow.
19 His Word of truth, whereon to trust,
to Jacob hath he told:
His Statutes and his Judgements just,
taught Israel to hold.
20 He hath not so in any case,
with any Nation dealt;
Nor with like knowledge of his grace,
his Judgements have they felt.

Haleluiah.

PSAL. 148. *Laudate Dominum.*

Haleluiah.

YE Quiristers of Heavenly Quire,
to praise the Lord Most-Hie,
From Heaven, whereto our Hymnes aspire,
confesse him from on hie.
2 Ye Angels all, that in a ring,
about his Throne attend:
His praise in heavenly consort sing,
him all his Hosts commend.
3 O Sun, the Soveraigne of the day,
and Moone, the Queen of night;

His praiſes Sun and Moon diſplay,
with all the Starres of light.
4 Ye Heavens of Heavens, confeſſe him all,
about your Spheres that move:
From Aire's mid-region, ye that fall,
cold waters from above.
5 To praiſe the Name of God the Lord,
their part each creature beare:
For his Commandment gave the word,
and they created were.
6 Their Order, and eternall Round,
by him eſtabliſh't was;
His Law, their limits certaine bound,
they have no power to paſſe.
7 Dragons and Whales, your deepeſt note,
to praiſe the Lord compoſe;
That range in Soiles or Seas remote,
his praiſe all Deeps diſcloſe.
8 Fire, Haile, Snow, Vapour, ſtormy Wind,
his miniſters at hand;
To burne, to bruiſe, to loſe, to bind,
to doe his Words command.
9 Mountaines, Hills, Deſert, or in Field,
Trees, free-growne, planted; all,
As well that fruit by culture yeeld,
as Laric-Cedars tall.
10 Wild Beaſt, that Cave or Covert keeps,
all Cattell, every thing,
On mother-earth as well that creeps,
as aire-cut Fowle of wing.
11 Kings great on earth, to Soveraigne's Great,
all Subjects that belong:
Princes, and all on Judgements Seat,
that judge Earths right and wrong.

12 Young

12 Young Men and Maidens, whose fresh flow'rs
of youth begin to bloome:
Old Men and Children, whose best powers
are past, or yet to come.
13 The Lords Name let them praise, for hie
his Name is rais'd alone;
Above the earth his Majestie,
above the Heavens his Throne.
14 And he hath rais'd his peoples Horne,
a praise his Saints hold deare;
Of Israel the children borne,
a Nation to him neere.

PSAL. 149. *Cantate Domino.*

Halelu-jah.

SIng to the Lord a new-set song,
un-heard in former daies:
His Saints assemblies sing among,
and celebrate his praise.
2 With joy his Makers praise to sing,
let Israel make choice;
As loyall Subjects to their King,
let Sions sons rejoyce.
3 To praise his Name with Flute and Dance,
his praise in consort sing;
With Timbrels touch his praise advance,
with Hymnes and Harps sweet string.
4 The Lord is with his people pleas'd,
the meeke in heart cast downe,
With his Salvations beauty eas'd,
with glorious Wreath to crowne.
5 In glory let the Saints rejoyce,
in holy company;

And shout at home with joyfull noise,
as on their beds they lye.
6 Of Gods high praises, let the word
within their throat resound;
And in their hand a two-mouth'd sword,
on each side sharp, be found.
7 The Heath'ns with vengeance to pursue,
with pride, that so did swell:
The Nations, with reprovings due,
to checke, when they rebell.
8 To bind their Kings in captive chaines,
and leave their Hosts no head:
Their Nobles, with their lordly traines,
in iron bolts to lead.
9 To execute the Judgement writ,
upon them every one:
Such honour as doth best befit,
to all his Saints be done.

Halelu-jah.

PSAL. 150. *Laudate Dominum.*

Halelu-jah.

O Praise God in his Holinesse,
his firmament of might:
2 His powers, his greatnesse numberlesse,
with boundlesse praise recite.
3 His praise let sound of Trumpet ring,
praise him with Lute and Lyre:
4 Praise him with Tymbrel, Flute, and String,
with Organ fill the Quire.
5 Praise him with Cymbals sounding shrill,
his praises great record:

Let

Let loudeſt-ſounding Cymbals fill:
" Let all breath praiſe the Lord.

PSAL. 151.

Ex Additione Apollinarii.

1 SAM. cap. 17.

OF all my brethren, I (the leaſt)
my Harp and Song aſſai'd;
And while my flocke was at their feaſt,
to feaſt their Maſter plai'd.
2 Such happineſſe have Shepheards crew,
that know no further care:
How happy were they, if they knew,
how happy men they are!
3 That common not, where clamours dwell,
nor covet but their owne;
Nor to their Betters knowne too well,
dye to themſelves unknowne.
4 But ah, my Shepherds fare, farewell,
farewell my flocke of ſheep;
My little flocke, who kept you well,
muſt you no longer keep.
5 Yet Harp and Song, that Shepherd ſings,
to whom the Muſe is given,
May change a ſtraine, and ſing of Kings,
may ſing the King of Heaven.
6 Say then, what Angel came to call
Heavens Champion forth to fight,
Againſt Heavens foe, and in his fall
put all his Hoſt to flight?
¶ 7 A man of Gath, an Infidell,
with him, at handy-ſtrokes,

Of

Of all the Hoſt of Iſrael,
a Combatant provokes.
8 His limbes were vaſt, and ample nerv'd,
his weapons not a few:
His ſword and ſhield, the Saint he ſerv'd,
his Idols ſerv'd for ſhew.
9 My Brethren valiant were and ſtrong,
but God had not decreed,
To them the glory ſhould belong,
of this Heaven-ſorted deed.
10 God gave me courage to confound
this creſt-ſwolne Pythons power;
To batter downe, and bring to ground
this cloud-threat Babel Tower.
11 Full forty dayes this Behemoth came,
to our hearts griefe to heare,
Blaſpheming Gods Almighty Name.
¶ Like Weavers beame, his Speare.
12 No Speare brought I, nor Bow, nor Bill,
of Armour uſe had none:
To charge a Sling I had ſome skill,
and thence diſcharge a ſtone.
13 Wherewith, if right his Murrion ſit,
may I but ſee his face,
My thunder-handed bolt ſhall hit
the deſtin'd ſpeeding-place.
14 Enrag'd, mine eldeſt brother cri'd,
This fight com'ſt thou to ſee?
Avant, proud Boy: I ſoon repli'd,
Is here no cauſe for mee?
15 More calm King Saul: My heart (holds) good,
yeeres (doubts) too few, in truth:
Gath fleſh't in battels, broiles, and blood,
a kill-man from his youth.

16 But

16 But I, What is he more than man?
Let no mans heart (ſaid) faile:
Againſt ſix cubits and a ſpan,
ſhall not Heavens Arme prevaile?
17 A Lion and a Beare ſurpriz'd,
and ſlaine my right hand hath:
This Philiſtine uncircumcis'd,
What is this man of Gath?
18 Comes Gath to ſhed our bloud for ſpoile,
as wine-preſſe ſheds the grape?
Or doth his Ekrons hungry ſoile,
for Judah's Cities gape?
19 With him to deale doe I deſire,
theſe Rephaims force to feele:
Although his hands were hands of fire,
or gads of burning ſteele.
20 The Lion and the Beare for might,
were much the better part:
But man to man is equall fight,
the odds is in the heart.
21 Admit with ſithe he mowe his beard,
with harrow rake his head:
His Lance be like a maine-mait rear'd,
an iron racke his bed!
22 I bring to field (and God before)
as many hands as he:
A better cauſe, and courage more,
and theſe are Armes for me.
23 The iron he is wont to weare,
who blames me to refuſe?
As much perhaps as I can beare,
much more than he can uſe.
24 He comes to me with Sword and Shield,
with ſteel'd head Speare in hand;

Arm'd

Arm'd with his Name, come I to field,
that Armies can command.
25 ¶ Then he, thy dreame-beleeving boasts,
old Jesse's beardlesse sonne:
Thine Host, thine Hosts, Lord God of Hosts,
accurs'd be all, as one:
26 What honour shall my Combate gaine,
with Shepherd Rivall shar'd:
Of thee, when men shall say (though slaine)
yet this was he that dar'd.
27 The only man of all his Host,
so often urg'd thereto:
What none durst doe, who durst doe most,
that undertooke to doe.
28 That dar'd with one, that did excell,
encounter hand to hand:
In which encounter though he fell,
he fell, where none durst stand.
29 Thy glory will be easie bought,
a deathlesse victorie,
With me fit match, but to be thought,
though purchas't with to die.
30 Give me a man, my equall match,
where like proportion lies:
With Flies men may not Eagles catch,
and Eagles catch no Flies.
31 Ye Reeds of Judah, raise high wind,
and Trumpet loud of warre:
But we by proofe, asunder find,
your sound and substance farre.
32 Why, Race of leaves? why, shades on wall,
why should your female feare,
Since fall ye must, refuse to fall
by great Peleiseths speare?

33 By

33 By us to have been overcome,
what losse shall ye sustaine?
Sometime to have been lost, to some
hath prov'd the loosers gaine.
34 Yeeld us your Lords, and home returne,
possesse your daies in peace:
With sword, incense not fire to burne,
thy Braves, Ben-Jesse, cease.
35 Five thousand shekels weight of brasse,
my coat of Maile out-weighes:
Six hundred iron shekels masse,
upon my speare-pile playes.
36 Beneath this weight thou scarce canst stand,
scarce this bare burthen beare:
But much more heavie my right hand,
dye, ere thou feele, for feare.
37 Adde then my Helm, Sword, Shield, & Lance,
a second load alone,
Too bigge for thee but to advance,
Brat, with thy feeble bone!
38 Thou hast three brethren arm'd in field,
were all your strength in one;
All foure could not one Anak yeeld,
to combat me alone.
39 More blest hadst thou abode at home,
and serv'd thy fathers slaves,
Than, Wretch, with me to cope have come,
as to a dogge with staves.
40 In scorne, my sword is stain'd with none,
before my wroth be whet:
Now scorne and anger joyne in one,
what rage shall both beget?
41 Thy bowels, and white-marrow'd bones,
shall therefore wild beasts eate:

Thy

Thy braines beat out with bats and ſtones,
ſhall be the Vultures meat.
42 ℣ What help! I had no reaching dart,
no tackling; but a thong:
A ſling my weapon; but a heart
above all weapon, ſtrong.
43 Thy railing challenge ſpeakes thee baſe,
in termes blaſphemous flung:
Nor ſuits it with a ſouldiers grace,
to be ſo ranke of tongue.
44 A Lions head (Foole) can out-beard
an hoſt of heartleſſe Hinds:
The greateſt men (is often heard)
beare not the greateſt minds.
45 Thy Helme and Target truſt thou not,
with thoſe unwieldy thighes:
The compleat-arm'd Rhinocerot,
looke where he falls, he lies.
46 Thine Armours load, but laggs faint heart,
for flight the more unfit:
The bigger man thou art, thou art
the bigger marke to hit.
47 Thou haſt not ſoule enough to cramme,
that Carricks every chinke:
The hugeſt Hulke that ever ſwamme,
a ſmall ſprung-leake may ſinke.
48 When Aire and Water fall to myre,
the pureſt from to fall,
The ſoule of Elements, the fire,
is ſpher'd above them all.
49 No ſparke of that Ethereall flame,
inſpir'd thine earth-borne birth:
As from the earth thy Chaos came,
thou haſt a ſoule of earth.

50 As earth, thy mother groan'd in paine,
when she thy burthen gave:
Thy breath, between thy teeth constraine,
and groaning gnaw thy grave.
51 But most, to make thy quarrell good,
must grounded cause be given:
Thy vantage is but flesh and bloud,
mine is the hand of Heaven.
52 What fury forc't thee on these pikes,
forlorne attempt to give?
"At Heaven who strikes, himselfe he strikes,
and hath not long to live.
53 Of five, I chose one pibble round,
that levell flew as line;
And in his fore-head sunke a wound,
Thou hast it, Philistine!
54 Now, for mine owne I can thee claime!
"To Ida's faire-ey'd Swaine.
"The Delian gave not so good aime,
"when Thetis son was slaine.
55 God, even our God, of Mightes most,
whom thou revild'st this day,
By me, the meanest of his Host,
hath sent thee death for pay.
56 His sword then drew I from his side,
and groveling on the land,
As he the living God defi'd,
at once, with either hand,
57 His head I from his shoulders strooke,
there our Colossus fell;
So this reproach Ben-Jesse tooke
from honour'd Israel.
58 Thou, Vale of Elah, saw'st this fight,
that cost Goliaths head:

Thou,

Thou, Vale of Elah, saw'st this flight,
when lost Peleſheth fled.
59 Ye neighbour Groves, and ecchoing Trees,
heard Gath on Dagon call:
Proud Aſhteroth, beneath our knees,
saw Ekrons Idols fall.
60 For joy let Judah ſhout to God,
while Gath and Ekron howle;
My ſoule a valiant march hath trod,
a valiant march my ſoule.

Finis Libri quinti.

Praiſe to the God of Heaven,
Be given by mee a Worme,
That Dauids numbers in this forme,
To mee a Worme hath given.

R.B.

FINIS.

Ben. Ar. Montan.

Poëtica ſine dubio eſt Pſalmorum in Fonte compoſitio.

D. J. Rainold. Oxon.

Poëtica ſine dubio, ſic omnibus virtutibus tam modulatè conſonantibus; omnibus partibus tam egregiè conſentientibus; luminibus omnibus tam excellenter refulgentibus, enitescens; ut nihil veritati, lenitate; nihil gravitati, amœnitate; nihil Majeſtati, feſtivitate; nihil Dignitati, jucunditate; nihil Magnitudini, concinnitate; nihil denique Divinitati, humanitate, detrahitur

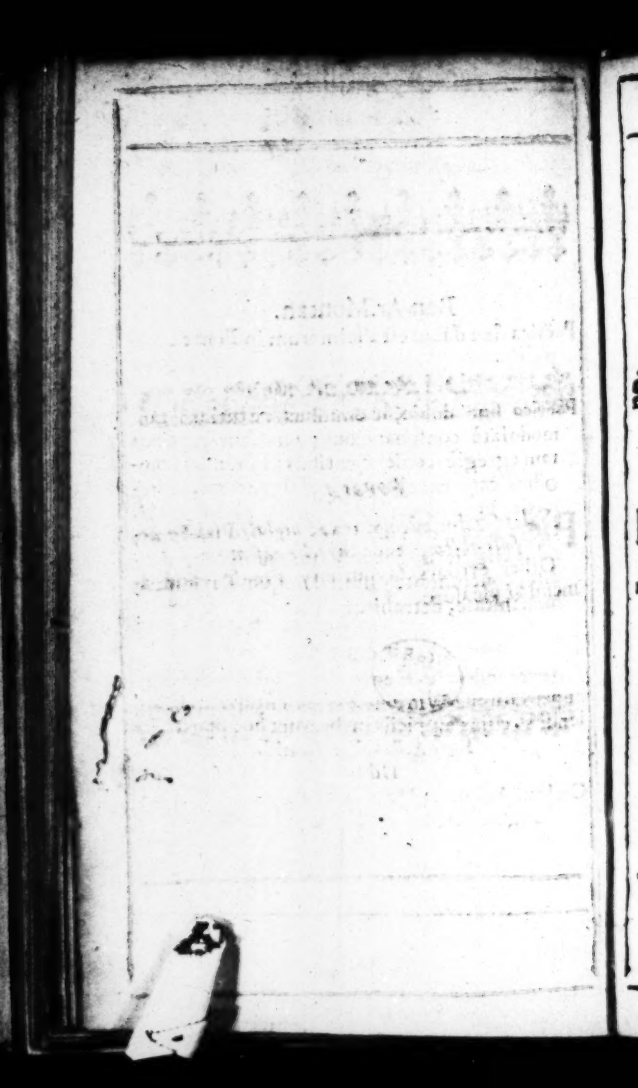
MEMORIÆ

Reverendſi. P. Honoratiſſi. D. L. Andrewes, nuper D. Epiſc. Winton. Dom. & Tutoris mei Colendiſſi. cujus auſpiciis inchoatum hoc opus,

Ego R. B. Obſervantiſſ.

Dd. c. (perſuas.

Cœlum Animam; Marmor tua condidit oſſa; ſu-
Ingenii Gemmæ, Viva Sepulchra tui.



Errata.

PSal. 16.7. for *mighty*, reade *nightly*. Psal. 89.40. for *selfe absent*, reade *thy selfe absent*.

Other errours favourably excuse, and amend at pleasure.

By Richard Brathwaite
"

THE PSALMES OF DAVID, THE KING AND PROPHET.

AND

Of other holy PROPHETS, paraphas'd in English:

Conferred with the Hebrew VERITIE, set forth by *B. Arias Montanus*, together with the Latine, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase.

By *R.B.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Robert Young*, for *Francis Constable*, and are to be sold at his shop under S. Martins Church neere Ludgate.
1638.

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The Authors obſerved in this Paraphraſe.

Apollinarius.
B. Arias Montanus.
Genebrard.
Lorinus.
Buchanan.
Berſeman.
Ainſworth.
Snegedin.
M. Anton. Flammin.

With the Titles of the Pſalmes, as they are in the Originall.

The firſt booke	*containeth* inclu-ſivè, *Pſalmes*	41
Second booke		31
Third booke		17
Fourth booke		17
Fifth booke		44
		150
Added in the end out of *Apollinarius* one Pſalme, The Combat of *David* with *Goliah.*		1
		151

Selah *in the five Bookes repeated* 71. *times.*
Higgajon *twice, Pſal.* 9. 17. *&* 92. 4.
Obſervance of the Acroſtich Pſalmes.

The Author's obliged to this
Treatise.

PSALME 1. *Beatus Vir.*

BLeſt is the man, whoſe walks are cleer
from wicked counſells aire;
To ſinners way who ſtands not neer,
nor ſits in ſcorners chaire.
2 But on the Law of God doth ground
the life of his delight;
And in thoſe holy Precepts bound
his practice day and night.
3 And like the planted tree, that lives
the rills of water neere,
His fruit as duely forth he gives
in ſeaſon of the yeere.
His leafe, ſhall neither times decayes,
nor tempeſts blaſt ſuppreſſe;
So whatſoever he eſſaies,
ſhall ſort to good ſucceſſe.
4 Not ſo, not ſo, the wicked race,
they, like the chaffe ſhall thrive,
Which from the earths offended face
the winds before them drive.
5 Therefore ſhall not the wicked ſtocke
in judgement ſtand upright;
Nor with the juſt the ſinfull flocke

their guilty heads unite.
6 For how the Juſt their journie lay,
the Lord their Leader knowes:
But wicked doers, with their way,
deſtruction overthrowes.

PSAL. 2. *Quare fremuerunt?*

WHy doe the Heathen-pow'rs,
and people entertaine;
The Heathens, ſuch tumultuous rage,
the people, plots ſo vaine?
2 Kings of the earth conſpire,
and Princes counſell take
Againſt the Lord, againſt his Chriſt,
a powerfull head to make.
3 In ſunder let us breake
their ſervile bands, (ſay they)
Their yoke from off our neckes diſcharge,
and caſt their cords away.
4 But Hee, in Heaven above
that ſits, and ſees their pride,
Shall laugh their vanities to ſcorne,
the Lord ſhall them deride.
5 To them then ſhall he ſpeake,
in his reſiſtleſſe ire;
And their affrighted ſoules ſhall feele
his furie burne like fire.
6 Yet, mine Annointed King
upon mine holy Hill,
Upon Mount Zion have I ſet.
I ſhall declare the will,
7 Of which Decree the Lord
hath given the charge to mee:

And

And ſaid, Thou art my Sonne, this day
have I begotten Thee.
8 Aske, I to thee will give
the Heathens world of ground
For thine inheritance, poſſeſſe
as farre as earth hath bound.
9 Thou with an iron rod
ſhalt ſtripe their ſtubborne hides;
Or, like a Potters brittle ſhards,
in pieces daſh their ſides.
10 Now then, O Kings, be wiſe,
and ye that judge the Land,
Be well inſtructed what ye judge,
judge what ye underſtand.
11 Serve ye the Lord in feare,
in feare and joy betwixt;
A joyfull feare, a trembling joy,
delight and dutie mixt.
12 Embrace and kiſſe the Sonne,
leſt through your cold delay,
His wroth contemning your contempt,
ye periſh in the way.
If but a little while
his anger'd patience burne;
For ſafety they that hope in Him,
have all a happy turne.

PSAL. 3. *Domine, quid.*

Pſalmus David. cùm fugeret à facie Abſalom, filii ſui.

HOw many my diſtreſſers, Lord,
what mighty enemies:
Againſt one harmleſſe head of mine
how many heads ariſe?

2 A multitude say of my soule,
so helpleſse left alone,
Himselfe he cannot help, in God
for him there health is none. *Selah*
3 But thou my shield about me, Lord,
dost for my glory stand;
The sole up-lifter of my head
is thy Almighty hand.
4 Up to the Lord I strain'd my voice,
and cri'd, that he might heare;
And he out of his holy Mount
to my complaint gave eare. *Selah*
5 I laid me downe and slept; from sleep
refresht I rose againe:
My sleep was sound, my guard was safe,
the Lord did me sustaine.
6 Beleaguer'd with ten thousand strong
in armes, about me laid;
And malice equall to their might,
I would not be affraid.
7 Rise up, Lord, save me, O my God,
for thy revengefull stroke
Of all my wicked foes the jawes
and ranck'rous teeth hath broke.
8 Salvation is of thee, O Lord,
from thee the blessing flowes,
Which on thy chosen peoples heads
thy bounteous hand bestowes. *Selah*

PSAL. 4. *Cùm invocarem.*

Ad Præstantem in Neghinoth: Psalmus Dvid.

TO thee, O God, my righteousnesse,
let my complaint repaire:

Thou

Thou haſt enlarg'd mee from diſtreſſe,
in mercie heare my praier.
2 My glorie (ſonnes of man) to ſhame
how long will ye apply?
Your love ſhall vanitie enflame,
your labour ſeeke a lye. *Selah*
3 But know, that of his gracious Saint
the Lord makes wondrous choice;
And when to him I make my plaint,
the Lord will heare my voice:
4 Be angry: but from ſinne refraine,
Soule, with a ſilent zeale. *Selah*
5 Thy ſelfe upon thy bed arraigne,
and to thy ſelfe reveale.
6 The ſacrifices ye preſent,
let Juſtice ſacrifice;
And let your hope be confident,
that on the Lord relies.
7 Of good (ſay many) is there none
will ſhew us any ſight?
Ou us, Lord (all our good in one)
lift up thy faces light.
8 Pure joy into this heart of mine
ſo ſhalt thou give me, more
Than theirs, that of their corne and wine
in harveſt heap up ſtore.
9 My head then downe will I both lay,
and ſleep in peaces cell:
For thou alone, O Lord, my ſtay,
in ſafetie mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. 5. *Verba mea.*

Ad Præstantem, super Nebiloth. Psalmus David.

UNto my words, O Lord, give eare,
weigh well my wordlesse thought:
2 O let my crie, where thou maist heare,
my King, my God, be brought.
3 Thou, Lord, shalt (early) heare my voice,
to thee my praier shall flie:
And of the rising morne make choice
to Heaven to raise mine eie.
4 For thou art God, in wickednesse
that takest no delight:
The evill shall have no accesse,
nor sojourne in thy sight.
5 Vain-glorious Fooles before thine eyes
take footing never shall:
Thou hatest of iniquities
the painfull workers all.
6 The lying tongue shalt thou defeat
with utter overthrow:
The man of blouds, and pale deceit,
the Lord abhorres to know.
7 But in thy mercies much regard,
thy house will I draw neere;
And to thy holy Temple-ward,
doe worship in thy feare.
8 Lord, lead me in thy justice right:
and, lest I step astray,
Because of my maligners, straight
before me make thy way.
9 For in his mouth, no truth sincere,
their inwards, deeps of woe:
Their throat, an open sepulchre;

tongues

tongues ſmoothly taught to goe.
10 Judge them, O God, and let their fall,
their guilty counſells tell:
Rout them with their tranſgreſſions all,
againſt thee that rebell.
11 So ſhall they (aye) that truſt in thee,
ſhout all with joyfull voice;
And thy Names-lovers, they that be,
for covering them, rejoyce.
12 For thou, O Lord, thy bleſſing downe
upon the Juſt ſhalt yeeld;
And with thy gracious favour crowne
his head, as with a ſhield.

PSAL. 6. *Domine, ne in furore.*
Ad Præſtantem, in Neghinoth, ſuper Octavam.
Pſalmus David.

MY faults, let no reproofe of thine,
Lord, in thy wrath repeat;
Nor chaſtiſe any crime of mine
in thy diſpleaſures heat.
2 Have mercy, Lord; for I am weake,
Lord, heale me: elſe in vaine
My bones, with horrour ſhook, ſhall ſpeake
the language of my paine.
3 My ſoule is alſo troubled ſore;
and though my pangs be ſtrong,
My ſoule-ſicke ſorrow paines me more,
but Thou, O Lord, how long!
4 Returne, O Lord, and at thy coſt
my ſoules deliverance cleere:
O ſave my life, that am but loſt,
but for thy mercie meere.

5 For

5 For none in death remembrance have
upon thy Name to dwell:
And who ſo thankfull in the grave,
as of thy praiſe to tell?
6 The languor that my groanes have bred,
my melting ſpirits out-weares:
To ſwimme all night I make my bed,
and drowne my couch in teares.
7 Mine eye gnawne out with anguiſh dies,
my beautie to behold,
(Becauſe of all mine enemies)
growne wanne, and waxen old.
8 From mee, ye wicked doers all,
with all your deeds forbeare:
The Lord hath heard my voices call,
my teares have touch't his eare.
9 The Lord hath heard how I complain'd,
and with my prayer is pleas'd;
My ſuit the Lord hath entertain'd,
my painfull ſuffrings eas'd.
10 Shame and confuſion out of hand
on all my haters light:
And on their backes entrench the brand
of their reproachfull flight.

PSAL. 7. *Domine Deus.*

Shiggajon David, qui cecinit Domino, ſuper verba Chus, filii Jemini.

MY confidence doe I repoſe
O Lord my God in thee:
From all my perſecuting foes
ſave and deliver mee.
2 Leſt like a Lion he devoure,

and

and (no Redeemer neere
To rescue me that hath the power)
my soule in pieces teare.
3 O Lord my God, if I have done
this crime that they object;
Or wickednesse if any one
my guilty palmes infect.
4 If evill I to him have paid,
that was with mee at peace:
(Yea, him that causlesse me betraid
I freely did release:)
5 Let then my foe pursue, and take
my soule to sate his lust;
Tread downe my life on earth, and make
my glorie dwell in dust. *Selah*
6 Rise up Lord in thy wrath, up rise,
for my distressors rage;
Command thy judgement to surprize,
or their proud heat asswage.
7 So shall the peoples many a one
in flockes about thee flie:
For their sakes to thy powerfull Throne
returne thy selfe on hie.
8 The Lord shall judge the peoples right,
judge Lord of my desert,
How just my hands are in thy sight,
and how sincere my heart.
9 Of wicked men the malice bound,
the just establisht keep:
For thou of hearts and reines dost sound
(just God) the deepest deep.
10 My shield on God their Saviour,
that are in heart upright:
Just Judge is God; Gods angry power
threats

threats every day to light.
11 For him that turnes not; to repent
whom no remorse will bring,
His sword he whets, his bow stands bent,
his arrowes on the string.
12 And them for him he hath prepar'd,
(dire instruments of death:)
Among the persecutors shar'd,
to stop their fierie breath.
13 Behold his wombe with mischiefe swells,
with sorrow breeds he sin:
Now brought to bed, of nothing else
but of a lie, lies-in.
14 He digg'd a pit with painfull care,
to delve it deep withall:
Where (others earning to ensnare)
himselfe into did fall.
15 His mischiefe on his head shall light,
that mischiefe first did frame:
On his owne pate shall spend his spight,
the forge from whence it came.
16 Confesse unto the Lord will I,
so just in all his waies;
And of the Lord, that is Most-Hie,
the Name my song shall praise.

PSAL. 8. *Domine, Dominus.*
Ad Præstantem, super Gittith. Psalmus David.

O Lord, our Lord, the earth about
how glorious is thy Name;
Which hast thy Majestie given out
above the Heavens high frame?
2 Strength from the mouth of babes to goe,

from

from sucklings tender age,
Thou foundedst, to confound the foe,
and still th' avengers rage.
3 As oft as on thy Heav'ns I looke,
worke of thy fingers rote;
The Moon, the Starres, (Heav'ns Musick-book)
by thee in Volumes wrote;
4 What is fraile man, O say I now,
remembred thus by thee?
Or what is *Adams* sonne, that thou
his Visitor shouldst be?
5 A little hast thou rank't beneath
the Angels Creast his Crowne:
His head empal'd within a wreathe
of glorie and renowne.
6 A Soveraigne hast thou set him, meet
thy handy-workes to sway;
And all things underneath his feet
made usefull to obey.
7 Sheep, Oxen, all the Beasts that field
or desert-soile containe:
Fowle, Fish, that aire or salt-sea yeeld,
whose pathes are in the Maine.
8 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
throughout this earthly frame!
How boundlesse is the beames extent
of thy resplendent Name!

PSAL. 9. *Confitebor tibi.*

Ad Præstantem, super Muth-Labben. Psal. David.

TO render thankes to thee, O Lord,
my heart is wholly bent;
Of all thy marvells to record,

my

my tongue the instrument.
2 I will be glad, I will rejoyce
in thee with melodie:
And to thy Name sing Numbers choice,
O thou that art Most-Hie.
3 When backward fled, mine enemies
were hard pursu'd in chace;
They stumbled, never more to rise,
but perish from thy face.
4 For thou my judgements doome hast done,
or else my right had fail'd:
Thou sateſt Judge upon the Throne,
where Justice hath prevail'd.
5 The Heathen routs hast thou reprov'd,
the wicked one destroi'd;
From men among, their name remov'd,
for evermore made void.
6 My foe, see desolations done,
the Cities raz'd to ground:
With them is their memoriall gone,
and in their dust lies drown'd.
7 But Soveraigne on his Throne declar'd
the Lord shall ever sit;
Which for himselfe he hath prepar'd,
and made for judgement fit.
8 And he with justice will proceed
to judge the world so wide;
And of his peoples every deed
with righteous doome decide.
9 The Lord to him that is oppreſt
will be a refuge high:
A refuge high, the poore distreſt
when times of trouble trie.
10 And they that know thy Name, alone

their

their truſt on thee will ground:
For thou art, Lord, forſaking none
of them that ſeeke thee, found.
11 Sing to the Lord on Sion Mount,
whoſe pleaſure is to dwell:
With praiſe his deeds of high account
among the peoples tell.
12 For when the Queſt of his Affiſe
for blouds inquirie makes:
Unmindfull he the meeke that cries
forgets not, nor forſakes.
13 My ſuffrings, Lord, in mercie ſee,
through mine oppreſſors hates;
Of death, O thou the onely He,
that lifts me from the gates.
14 That all thy praiſes I may ſpread
in Sions daughters ports;
And in thy ſaving health be glad,
in all my ſongs reports.
15 The Heath'n are ſunke downe in the pit,
which they themſelves prepar'd:
That ſecret net which they did hit,
their foot hath faſt enſnar'd.
16 His judgement done, the Lord is knowne
to execute aright:
Caught in the handy-workes his owne,
mark well the wicked wight. *Higgajon. Sel.*
17 The wicked ſhall returne to Hell,
where their abode is ſet:
Where Heath'ns, & Heav'n-contemners dwell,
and all that God forget.
18 For alwaies ſhall not be forgot
the grievance of the poore;
Of needy ſoules the hopes ſhall not

be

be loſt for evermore.
19 Riſe, Lord, let none of mortall race
prevaile againſt thy hand;
But let the Heath'ns before thy face,
to heare their judgement ſtand.
20 Diſmaying-feare upon them throw,
that Lord, confounded then,
The haughty-hearted Heath'ns may know,
they be but wretched men. *Selah.*

PSAL. 10. *Ut quid Domine.*

WHy ſtandſt thou, Lord, ſo farre aſide,
when dangers draw ſo neere?
Thy helpfull face why doſt thou hide,
when troublous times appeare?
2 The wicked in his heat of pride
purſues the heart-leſſe poore:
In thoſe ſelfe-toiles let them be ti'd,
by them contriv'd before.
3 The wicked boaſts his ſoules deſires
beyond his wiſht ſucceſſe:
The covetous, what he admires,
blaſphemes the Lord to bleſſe.
4 On God (ſo proud the wicked is)
he takes no care to call:
Nor God in any plot of his
hath any place at all.
5 His travell all times well ſucceeds,
thy Judgements, where he goes,
Above his ſight he never heeds,
but puffes at all his foes.
6 For in his hearts conſent, he ſaid,
'Mov'd ſhall I never be.

On

On me ſhall evill none be laid,
my fall no age ſhall ſee.
7 His mouth is full with curſes arm'd,
deceit and guile among:
Iniquitie and miſchiefe ſwarm'd,
hive underneath his tongue.
8 In villages to ſtands he gets,
there cloſe in ambuſh lies:
The innocent and poore beſets,
and murthers when he ſpies.
9 In ſecret, he from ſight of men
lies waiting, neere the way;
And Lion-like lurkes in his den,
to ſnatch the poore for prey.
10 The poore into his net he drawes,
till he hath caught him thrall;
Stoops low, into his powerfull pawes
that poore by flockes may fall.
11 In heart he ſaies (tongue durſt not ſay)
"All this hath God forgot;
"Or heedleſſe hides his face away
for ever, ſees it not.
12 Ariſe, Lord God, lift up thy hand
for them, that help implore,
Without thy ſtrength too weake to ſtand,
be mindfull of the poore.
13 Why hath the wicked heart a tongue,
though words for feare retire;
To ſpeake in ſpitefull thoughts? "This wrong
thou God wilt not enquire.
14 Thou ſeeſt, for wrong and wickedneſſe,
thine eye and hand perceive:
Redreſſe, the poore and fatherleſſe
to thee their helper leave.

Of

15 Of wicked and malicious men
breake thou the harmfull arme:
Seeke out his wickednesse, and then
find neither arme nor harme.
16 The Lord is King and Governour,
for ever and beyond:
The Heath'n opposers of his power
are perisht from the land.
17 The meek-afflicted soules desire
thou Lord art pleas'd to heare;
Their heart confirm'd doth thou inspire,
attentive mak'st thine eare.
18 To judge the pupill and the poore,
that sorry man may find
His daunting threats to be no more
but earth, and empty wind.

PSAL. 11. *In Domino. Ad Præsentem, Davidis.*

MY trust doth on the Lord relie,
how say ye to my soule,
Soule, to thy mountaines safetie flie,
as swift as feathred fowle?
2 For loe, the wicked bend their bow,
on string their arrow fit,
A shoot in darkenesse to bestow,
the upright heart to hit.
3 When wicked plots are over-past,
that stedfast ground have none:
When their foundations downe are cast,
the just, what hath he done?
4 The Lord from holy place above,
the Lord from Heav'n his Throne,

His

His eyes will view, his eye-lids prove
how *Adams* ſonnes have gone.
7 The juſt and wicked ones eſtate
the Lord will prove and trie:
6 But ſelfe-hate ſoules his ſoule doth hate,
that love malignitie.
7 Upon the wicked will he ſhowre
ſnares, fire, and brimſtone downe:
And breath of burning tempeſt powre,
their cup this lot ſhall crowne.
8 For juſt the Lord, and juſt deſignes
are lovely in his ſight;
His face diſcerns, and right defines
of men and meanes upright.

PSAL. 12. *Salvum me fac.*
Ad Præſtantem, ſuper Octavam. Pſalmus David.

SAve, Lord, for godly men are gone,
and goodneſſe none that mind:
Of *Adams* ſonne a faithfull one
example rare to find.
2 With faign'd diſcourſe, and fawning ſtyle,
each one his neighbour holds:
But of his flatt'ring lips, the guile
in heart and heart he molds.
3 All flatt'ring lips, of fraud the traine
the Lord cut off betimes;
And tongue that ſtrikes no lower ſtraine,
but lofty language chimes.
4 Our tongue (ſay they) ſhall ſure prevaile,
theſe lips of ours muſt walke;
Our lips their Maſters muſt not faile:
what Lord ſhall taxe our talke?

5 Now

5 Now for the needy ſoules reprize,
and poore mans groaning cares,
Up will I, ſaith the Lord, ariſe,
and ſave him from theſe ſnares.
6 Thy words, O Lord, are words as pure
as ſilver ſeven times tri'd
In Teſt of aſhes, by the cure
of fire repurifi'd.
7 Thou ſhalt, O Lord, preſerve the flocke
of thy ſelected ſheep;
And ever from this wicked ſtocke
the ſoule that ſerves thee keep.
8 The wicked compaſſe every coaſt,
their quarter keeps no bounds:
While *Adams* ſonnes are valew'd moſt,
where vileneſſe moſt abounds.

PSAL. 13. *Uſque quò Domine? Ad Præſtantem. Pſalmus David.*

HOw long, Lord, wilt thou me forget?
for ever ſhall it be?
How long, no eye upon mee ſet,
but hide thy face from me?
2 How long ſhall I in ſoule adviſe,
and daily vexe my heart?
How long, my foes above me riſe,
againſt me that take part?
3 Behold, O Lord my God, and heare
from clouds of darkneſſe deep:
With thy pure light mine eye-ſight cleare,
leſt in the death I ſleep.
4 Againſt me, leſt to have prevail'd,
my foe give out the voice:

For

For when my feeble foot hath fail'd,
my troublers will rejoyce.
5 My trust yet on thy mercie staies,
thy saving health shall be
My joy of heart, my song shall praise
thy bounty, Lord, to mee.

PSAL. 14. *Dixit Insipiens.*
Ad Præstantem, Davidis.

THere is no God, the fooles heart sayes
in his ungodly mood.
2 Corrupt and odious are their wayes:
none, no not one does good.
3 The Lord look't downe from heaven, to see
what Adams sonnes desir'd:
Of understanding, who was hee,
that after God enquir'd.
4 Together all departed are,
all loathsome-sented grow'n:
Of doing good that hath the care,
or conscience none, not one.
5 Are wicked workers all mis-led?
so ignorant are all?
That eate my people up like bread,
on God they never call.
6 There did their feare confesse distrust,
whose guilt they could not hide;
The generation of the Just
hath God to be their guide.
7 The counsells of the poore, to blame
your blame-full counsells tend:
And (shameless) of his hopes, speake shame,
that on the Lord depend.

8 Salvation who to Iſrael
ſhall out of Sion give,
When they that now in bondage dwell,
no longer captives live.
When home-return'd the Lord ſhall bring
the people of his choice,
O then for joy ſhall Jacob ſing,
and Iſrael rejoyce.

Iſti tres verſus non ſunt in textu Hebræo, Græco, Chaldæo, vel in Carmine Apollinarii. In Bibliis emendatis relicti ſunt, ob antiquitatis venerationem: ſed abſque arithmetica nota, qua ut proprii diſtinctique hujus Pſalmi verſus habeantur.

A Paulo recitantur hoc ordine.

THeir throat an open ſepulchre,
the forge of fraud their tongue:
Their lips more deadly poyſon beare,
than where the Aſpe hath ſtung.
2 Their mouth of curſing is a ſpring,
of bitterneſſe a floud:
Their feet as fowle of prey on wing
are ſwift in ſhedding bloud.
3 Their waies are for vexation made,
and to deſtruction lead:
The way of peace is not their trade,
nor know they how to tread.
Which knowing not, needs muſt they fall,
where endleſſe horrour lies,
Of God that have no ſenſe at all,
no feare before their eies.

PSAL. 15. *Domine, quis?*
Psalmus Davidis.

WHo, Lord, shall sojourne in thy Tent?
Inhabit who thy holy Hill?
Who perfect walkes, is working still
2 The workes of Justice to fulfill;
In heart meanes truth; truth speakes as ment.

3 Whose tongue to slander cannot frame,
Doth to his friend no evill thing,
Nor gives nor takes reproaches sting,
From mischiefes venom'd mouth to fling,
Against his neighbours honest name.

4 Whose eye (all kind respect forgot)
Holds in contempt a person vile;
But rankes them high in honours file,
To feare the Lord, that set their while:
Sweares to his hurt, and changeth not.

5 Gives not to biting Usurie,
For sordid gaine, his silver lent,
Sells not for bribe the innocent;
To do these things whose mind stands bent,
Shall stand unmov'd eternally.

PSAL. 16. *Conserva me.*
Michtam Davidis.

ON thee my safeties hope is staid
O God, preserve thou me:
2 Thou Lord, my Lord (my soule hath said)
My good is not to thee.
3 Upon the Saints on earth that dwell,

soules gracious in thy sight:
Soules, that in serving God excell,
set is my sole delight.
4 Their sorrowes shall be multipli'd,
that after off-gods runne;
That other god have deifi'd,
and left thy dues undone.
Of bloud the offerings they propine,
I will not once partake,
Nor of their names these lips of mine
shall ever mention make.
5 The Lord is of mine heritage
the portion, of my cup
The over-flowing beverage;
my lot thou holdest up.
6 Within a faire and pleasant land,
the lines for mee are laid:
A goodly heritage in hand,
I hold to mee convai'd.
7 Thankes to the Lord will I returne
for his advertisement,
Whose fire within my reines doth burne,
with mighty chastisement.
8 The Lord before mee alwaies set
my object un-reprov'd;
On my right hand so him I get,
I shall not be remov'd.
9 My heart therefore thus heartned, sung
for joy within my brest:
Glad was the glory of my tongue,
"My flesh in hope shall rest.
10 Nor wilt thou leave my soule in hell,
nor give thy Holy One,
Where death, and shades of darknesse dwell,

to see corruption.
11 The path of life thou mak'st mee know,
full joyes before thy face:
From whence perpetuall pleasures flow,
thy right hand is the place.

PSAL. 17. *Exaudi, Domine.*
Oratio Dividi.

HEare justice, Lord, exactly heed
what my loud cries entreat;
Attend my praier, that doth proceed
from lips without deceit.
2 My judgement from before thy face
let come in open sight:
Let thy pure eies discerne my case,
and give the Rights their right.
3 My heart by night thy search did sound,
yet nothing didst thou find
That with my mouth I did propound,
to sinne against my mind.
4 By workes, that earthly man concerne,
I find what course they runne:
By thy lips word, the pathes I learne
of breakers-through to shunne.
5 Beat thou my waies, and make them plaine,
my feeble steps fore-guide;
My feet within thy pathes containe,
my footing shall not slide.
6 On thee I call, thou God wilt heare,
and answer mee againe:
To my request incline thine eare,
attend how I complaine.
7 Thy wondrous mercies set apart,

from thy insulting foes,
Saviour of them, whose hope thou art,
that thy right hand oppose.
8 O keep me as those chrystall globes,
the eyes black darling keep,
And spread thy wings wide-covering robes,
where shadow'd I may sleep.
9 My head from wicked faces hide,
the heads of my decay,
That compasse me on every side,
to make my soule their prey.
10 Enclos'd in their owne fat, they smoake
with surfeits doubtfull sweat;
And with their mouth have proudly spoke
their haughty hearts conceit.
11 To snare our footsteps, in our walkes
they now beset us round,
With eyes (as treason closely stalkes)
to undermine our ground.
12 His likenesse is a Lion bold,
that greedy is to teare;
So keeps the Lions whelp his hold,
that lurkes in secret where.
13 Rise, Lord, prevent his sharp fore-sights,
to stop my foe begin;
And with thy sword, wherewith he fights,
my soules deliverance win.
14 From men, the scourge Lord of thy hand,
from mortall-worldlings will;
Upon this life, whose portions stand,
whose gorge thy treasures fill!
Sonnes have they store; and of their store,
when death shall them bereave:
Then (all too much) what they have more,

they to their children leave.
15 Now of thy face a view to take,
shall Justice be my guide:
In mee when shall thine Image wake,
I shall be satisfi'd.

PSAL. 18. *Diligam te, Domine.*

Ad Præstantem. Servi Domini Davidis, qui loquutus est Domino verba Cantici hujus, in die quo eripuit eum Dominus de volâ omnium inimicorum suorum, & de manu Saul: Et dixit,

O Lord, whose strength in mee doth move,
and all my strength beget,
The strong impression of my love
on thee is wholly set.
2 The Lord my rocke, whereon to build,
my fort, my Saviour:
My God, my hopes strong hold, my shield,
horne of my health, my towre.
3 Upon the praised Lord I call'd,
to him for help I prai'd;
Mee from my foes he dis-enthrall'd,
and gave mee saving aide.
4 Of death the sorrowes succourlesse
were round about mee laid;
Of over-bearing wickednesse
the flouds made me affraid.
5 The cords of Hell about mee bent,
on every side tooke hold;
The snares of death did mee prevent,
that I could not unfold.
6 Oppresst, the Lord my God I prest,
he from his Palace heares;

Before him came my loud requeſt,
and entred at his eares.
7 Then ſhook the trembling earth for feare,
the hills foundations mov'd:
And at his preſence troubled were,
becauſe his wroth reprov'd.
8 A ſtorme of ſmoake before him came,
which from his noſtrils fum'd;
And fire out of his mouth did flame,
that where it came, conſum'd.
9 He bow'd the Heav'ns, and made his Throne
with earth his foot-ſtoole meet:
Beneath the dreadfull light that ſhone,
lay darkneſſe at his feet.
10 A Cherub-chariot did him beare,
whoſe plumes he made his ſaile;
The winds his winged-courſers were,
and darkneſſe was his vaile.
11 Darke his pavillion, darke the skie,
darke waters, duskie clouds,
Compoſe an aërie canopie,
wherein himſelfe he ſhrowds.
12 The brightneſſe of his preſence tooke
the melting clouds in chace;
With haile and coales hot-burning ſtrooke,
they fled before his face.
13 The Lord from Heav'n in thunder ſpoke;
his voice that is moſt-Hie,
With ſtormes of haile made earth to ſmoake,
and coales of fire to flie.
14 His ſheafs of arrowes forth he ſent,
which at the ſcatt'red, flew:
Of lightning-ſhot his vollies ſpent,
downe his reſiſters threw.

15 The

15 The channels of the Maine appeare,
the worlds foundations vaſt,
At thy rebuke diſcovered were,
Lord, at thy noſtrils blaſt.
16 He ſent his hand from Heav'n above,
to bay the waves that flew;
He tooke mee, and from out the drove
of many waters drew.
17 He freed mee from my ſtrongeſt foe,
to whom my ſtrength was ſmall:
And from my mighty haters, moe
than I could match withall.
18 When I with woe was over-gone,
they mee fore-laid that day;
But mee, then helper having none,
the Lord my ſtaffe did ſtay.
19 Where I was bound he brought mee forth
enlarg'd, and ſet mee free:
For (of mine owne) none other worth,
but his delight in mee.
20 According as my juſtice ſtands,
the Lord did mee reward;
And to the pureneſſe of my hands,
my recompence he ſhar'd.
21 Becauſe what waies the Lord did goe,
therein my feet have trod;
And have not, as the wicked doe,
departed from my God.
22 For all his Judgements in my ſight,
my guides before mee lay;
And from mee his Decrees upright,
I did not turne away.
23 So thus with him was I ſincere,
and held integritie;

Restrain'd my selfe with hand severe,
from mine iniquitie.
24 Just therefore, as my Justice stands,
the Lord to mee supplies:
Rewards the pureness of my hands
in his pure-sighted eies.
25 Thou to the mercifull wilt shew
how mercifull thou art:
Thy strong perfections make him know
that is of perfect heart.
26 So with the pure to be as pure,
thy selfe thou wilt reveale;
And with the froward wilt be sure
as frowardly to deale.
27 Thus wilt thou save from overthrow
poore peoples miserie;
And strike the eyes of pride as low,
as they have look't too hie.
28 My candle thou shalt surely light;
this darksome night of mine,
The Lord my God shall make as bright
as lightsome day to shine.
29 By thee have I dismai'd an host,
and broken through them all;
And by my God, where danger most
might skare mee, scal'd the wall.
30 The way of God is perfect ground,
the Word of JAH is tri'd;
To all a shield of safetie found,
whose hopes on him reside.
31 For who is God, the Lord except?
Who is a Rocke of Might?
Say (ye that have to Idols crept)
and give our God his right.

32 The God that girdeth mee with ſtrength,
is he that is my ſtay;
And he through all my journies length,
that perfect gives my way.
33 He makes my feet as ſwift as Hinds,
to follow, or to flie:
He makes me ſtand, as fit he finds,
upon my places hie.
34 My hands to warre he doth frequent,
and weapons learnes to feele:
Theſe armes of mine to bend, and bent,
to breake a bow of ſteele.
35 On me the ſhield of ſaving health
thou haſt vouchſaf'd to ſeat:
Thy right hand hath upheld my wealth,
thy meekneſſe made mee great.
36 Beneath my feet thou didſt enlarge
my pathes on every ſide:
And of my footſteps took'ſt ſuch charge,
my ankles ſhould not ſlide.
37 Mine enemies have I purſu'd,
and overtooke in flight,
And not return'd, till I ſubdu'd,
and ruin'd them outright.
38 With wounds I ſtunn'd them in ſuch wiſe,
that now to ſtand unmeet:
Nor ever able more to riſe,
they fell beneath my feet.
39 For thou with ſtrength haſt girt my ſide,
in battell to oppoſe,
And under foot to tread their pride,
againſt mee that uproſe.
40 Thou, of my foes to mee haſt brought
the neckes, that under yoke

I might

I might cut off, and bring to nought
my haters at a ſtroke.
41 In their diſtreſſe for help they cri'd,
but none there was to ſave:
Even to the Lord, but none repli'd,
and he no anſwer gave.
42 Small as the duſt before the wind
them did I peace-meale beate;
And them like out-caſt rubbiſh grinde,
that ſtrewes the myrie ſtreet.
43 From people with contentions fed
thou haſt delivered me;
And of the Heath'ns haſt made me head,
by ſtrangers ſerv'd to be.
44 To mee, at hearing of the eare,
obedient ſhall they ſit:
And to my power, diſſembling feare,
the forraigne ſhall ſubmit.
45 The ſtrangers ſonnes ſhall ſhrinke away,
their fallers hearts ſhall faile;
And in their holds affraid to ſtay,
their cloſets make their Jaile.
46 Let live the Lord, my Rocke be bleſt,
He that my head did raiſe,
The God in whom my health doth reſt,
exalted be with praiſe.
47 My praiſe of God the Powerfull ſings,
avenger of my wrongs;
That under my ſubjection brings
the headleſſe peoples throngs.
48 He from my foes in ſafetie led,
and left mee free to ſtand;
Above my Rivals rais'd my head,
rid from the Tyrants hand.

49 To

49 To thee therefore will I give thanks,
O Lord, and praises frame,
Among the Heathens thickest rankes,
to sing unto thy name.
50 His Kings salvations great, he makes
for ever to succeed;
On his Annointed mercie takes,
on David and his seed.

PSAL. 19. *Cœli enarrant. Victori, Psalmus David.*

THe glorie of the God of Heaven,
the Heav'ns of God declare:
The Firmament firme proofe hath given,
his handy-worke they are.
2 Day unto day delivereth speech
in times alternate lines;
And night to night doth knowledge teach,
whose light in darknesse shines.
3 No speech, no language like their owne,
to make their meaning sound:
Their voiceless voice all eares have knowne,
all heard their soundlesse sound.
4 Through all the earth their line is runne,
their words the world about:
A Tabernacle for the Sunne
in them hath he set out.
5 Which, like a Bride-groome, brightly clad,
leaves his retiring place;
And Giant-like, with gesture glad,
sets forth to runne his race.
6 His beames from Heavens, each Signe & Syde
their oblique round repeat;

And

And none there is himselfe can hide
from his life-breathing heat.

7 Much more the Law of JAH is pure,
the soule re-purifies
Of JAH the Testimonie sure,
and makes the simple wise.

8 The Statutes of the Lord upright,
the heart with joy suffice:
The Lords Commandment pure, gives light
to soule-dark-sighted eies.

9 The reverend feare of JAH from staine
stands chaste, and cleane for ever:
Of JAH the Judgements truth containe,
just are they altogether.

10 To be desired more than gold,
than much fine gold they are:
No honey-drops the combe can hold,
for sweetnesse may compare.

11 Moreover, is thy servant taught
by their admonishing,
Observing them, but as they ought,
how much reward they bring.

12 His errours who so wisely heeds,
to understand them all?
O cleanse mee from my close misdeeds,
my secret faults let fall.

13 And let thy servants pride-swolne sinnes
get

get no predominance:
Thus innocence perfection wins,
made cleane from much offence.
14 What I by word of mouth record,
or meditate in mind:
My Rocke and my Redeemer, Lord,
with thee let favour find.

PSAL. 20. *Exaudiat te Dominus.*
Ad Præstantem, Psalmus Davidis.

THe day that troubles thee assaile,
the Lord to thee replie:
The Name of Jacobs God prevaile,
to set thee up on hie.
2 Help from the Sanctuary send,
thy strong up-holder stand:
And out of Sion thee defend
from thy distressors hand.
3 Remember all thine offerings past,
thy sacrifices burne:
His fire upon thy fatlings cast,
and them to ashes turne. *Selah.*
4 He give to thee thy hearts desire,
accomplish't at thy will:
Thy counsell with his Spirit inspire,
thy purpose all fulfill.
5 In thy salvation will we shout,
triumphant Banner spread;
And of our God the Name set out,
"Thy suits the Lord bestead.
6 Now will the Lord himselfe, I know,
for his Annointed stand:
Heare from his holy Heavens, let flow
health,

health from his ſtrong right hand.
7 Some men their truſt in Chariots frame,
on Horſes ſome, to ſet:
But of the Lord our God the Name
we never ſhall forget.
8 They fall'n are, with the earth laid even,
we rais'd, ſtand upright all:
Save, Lord, and heare us King of Heaven,
what day on thee we call.

PSAL. 21. *Domine, in virtute.*
Ad Præſtantem. Pſalmus Davidis.

LOrd, of thy ſtrength with cheerfull voice,
the King ſhall gladly tell;
And in thy ſaving health rejoyce,
with joy that ſhall excell.
2 The fulneſſe of his hearts deſire,
to him thou haſt ſuppli'd;
And what his lips could but require,
thy love hath not deni'd. *Selah.*
3 With bleſſings doſt thou him prevent,
thy goodneſſe to unfold:
And to empale his head, haſt ſent
a Crowne of pureſt gold.
4 He ask't thee lifes, and thou didſt give
above, before his vow;
Beyond the length of daies, to live
for ever, didſt allow.
5 In thy ſalvations ſure ſupply
great is his glorie growne:
High Honour, Soveraigne Majeſtie,
haſt thou upon him throw'n.
6 Of bleſſings ever-flowing ſtreames

to

to him thou didſt impart;
And with thy countenances beames
rejoyce his royall heart.
7 For to the Lord the King is nigheſt,
by ſettled truſt approv'd;
And through the mercie of the Higheſt,
he ſhall not be remov'd.
8 For all thy foes, ſoever where,
thy hand ſhall ſearch about;
And them that hate againſt thee beare,
thy right hand ſhall find out.
9 Make like a fierie oven their pow'r,
what time thy face ſhall fume:
Them ſhall the Lord in wrath devoure,
the fire ſhall them conſume.
10 The fruit of their untimely breed,
from earth thou ſhalt deſtroy,
That with the ſonnes of men, their ſeed
no memorie enjoy.
11 For miſchiefe they againſt thee meant,
with purpoſe to prevaile;
And evill was their ſlie intent,
but they ſhall not but faile.
12 For thou ſhalt ſet them as a Butt,
and backe with ſhame them ſend;
And on thy ſtring thine arrowes put,
againſt their faces bend.
13 Lord, in thy ſtrength thy ſelfe up-raiſe,
whoſe ſtrength is all thine owne;
So ſhall our ſongs extoll thy praiſe,
and make thy power be knowne.

PSAL. 22. *Deus meus.*
Victori, super Cervam Auroræ. Psal. David.

MY God, my God, my ſtrength alone,
"Why doſt thou mee forſake;
And from my health ſo farre art gone,
from theſe loud moanes I make?
1 My God, by day to thee I call,
by day thou anſwereſt not:
By night no ceaſing, ſilence all
my groanings have forgot.
2 But thou continu'ſt Holy ſtill,
thy Holineſſe doth dwell,
Where praiſes on thy holy Hill
are ſung by Iſrael.
4 On thee their hopes our Fathers caſt,
and thou haſt made them good:
In thee they truſted, and thou haſt
their ſafe-deliverer ſtood.
5 To thee they cri'd, and at their cry
by thee delivered were:
In thee they truſted ſtedfaſtly,
and no reproach did beare.
6 But I, a wretched worme, forlorne,
a name from men exempt:
Of earthly men becom'n the ſcorne,
the peoples baſe contempt.
7 All they that ſee mee thus beſtead,
in mock'rie on mee play:
Shoot out the lip, and ſhake the head,
and in deriſion ſay,
8 "He to the Lord did recommend
his truſt, to be redeem'd:
Let him to him deliverance ſend,

whom

whom his delight esteem'd.
9 Forth from the wombe thou didst me draw,
where cloistred I did rest;
Thou to my hopes becam'st a law
upon my mothers brest.
10 I was commended to thy hands,
cut from the navils hold:
Thou art my God, since me in bands
my mothers womb did fold.
11 O goe not therefore farre from hence,
for troubles neere mee presse:
And none there is in my defence
to stand for my redresse.
12 Whole heards of bullockes, hoose and head,
are round about me set:
Strong Bulls in Bashan, highly fed,
to compasse mee are met.
13 Their throates tooth-weapon'd, two-leav'd (doores,
upon mee straine their jawes:
Right so the Lion ramps and roares,
on prey to seaze his pawes.
14 Like waters am I shed and sunk,
my bones disparted all:
My heart amidst my bowels shrunk,
like molten waxe doth fall.
15 Dri'd like a pot-sheard is my strength,
my tongue and jawes fast glew'd:
And thou hast brought mee downe at length,
where dust and death conclude.
16 A wicked crew of dogges compos'd,
did round about mee meet:
And Lion-like they me enclos'd,
" They pierc't my hands and feet.
17 My bones I tell how many are,

sharp

sharp lookes at mee they shot.
18 My garments they among them share,
and for my coat cast lot.
19 But doe not thou farre off at need
thy selfe, O Lord, absent:
To help me from their hands, with speed
them, O my strength, prevent.
20 My soule, whom deadly foes withstand,
let not the sword devoure:
Redeem my dearling from the hand,
whereof the Dogge hath power.
21 O from the Lions mouth, now, then,
my humbled head set free:
From hornes of Unicornes, as when
thou heardst and answeredst mee.
22 So then my brethren all among
thy Name will I declare;
Amidst the congregations throng,
to sing thy praise prepare.
23 O praise him, ye that feare the Lord,
ye seed of Jacob tell
His glorie: all his feare record,
ye seed of Israel.
24 For he hath not despis'd, nor loath'd
the needy unsuppli'd:
Nor with a veile his visage cloth'd,
but heard him when he cri'd.
25 The great Assemblies solemne day,
my praise shall sing of thee:
My vowes to him that I will pay,
shall they that feare him see.
26 The meeke shall eate, and be suffic'd,
praise they to him shall give
That seeke the Lord; thus exercis'd,

your

your heart shall ever live.
27 All coasts on earth their hearts call home,
and to the Lord restore;
And all the Nations kindreds come
his presence to adore.
28 For in the Lord, the soveraigne power
of Royaltie remaines:
And he the Lord and Governour
among the Nations raignes.
29 The fat on earth shall eate and bend,
before the food of grace:
And all that downe to dust descend,
shall bowe before his face.
The Potentate, the poore that eate,
shall life by eating have;
With him, whose soules unquickned heat
is yeelding to the grave.
30 A seed of theirs there shall succeed,
his service to embrace:
Which to the Lord shall be decreed,
and reckoned for a race.
31 When they shall come, his righteousnesse
then shall their tongues declare;
To people after-borne expresse,
that these his doings are.

PSAL. 23. *Dominus regit.*
Psalmus Davidis.

MY Shepheard is the Lord, whose care
provides mee fold and food:
Whose goodnesse plenteous, and to spare,
supplies my want of good.
2 In pastures green he makes mee lye,

and

and softly lodge my side:
He leads mee forth, where pleasantly
the streames of stillnesse glide.
3 He doth returne my soule againe,
and for his owne Names sake,
Conducts mee through the beaten plaine,
that Justice treads to make.
4 Walk't I the shady Vale of death,
none evill would I feare:
Thy rod, thy staffe, relieve my breath,
for thou art with mee there.
5 My table spread dost thou appoint
in presence of my foes:
My head with oile thou dost annoint,
my chalice over-flowes.
6 With goodnesse sure shall mercie give
an eye to all my waies;
And in the Lords house shall I live,
beyond the length of daies.

PSAL. 24. *Domini est terra.*
Psalmus Davidis.

THe earth, with all those mynes unfound,
within her wombe that swell,
Is all the Lords! the Worlds great round,
and they that therein dwell.
2 He founded it upon the seas,
and shor'd them under ground:
Establish't fast the solid Leas,
the liquid flouds to bound.
3 The Hill of JAH who shall ascend,
so high to set his feet?
Who in his holy place attend,

for

for such a service meet?
4 He that cleane palmes, pure heart hath borne,
his soule to vanitie
Hath not up-lifted, hath not sworne
an oath deceitfully.
5 He from the Lord on him bestow'd
a blessing shall receive;
And justice shall the mighty God
of his salvation give.
6 Of them that seeke him, this the race,
this Jacobs Israel:
Of them that strive to seeke thy face,
this Jacobs Peniel. Selah.
7 Lift up your heads, ye doores be rais'd,
eternall gates give way,
That enter, highly to be prais'd,
the King of Glorie may.
8 Who is the King of Glorie? this,
whose praises spread so farre?
The strong and mighty Lord it is,
the mighty Lord of warre.
9 Lift up your heads, ye doores be rais'd,
eternall gates give way,
That enter, highly to be prais'd,
the King of Glorie may.
10 Who is the King of Glorie? this,
of whom our praises sing?
The Mighty Lord of hosts it is,
of GLORIE he is King. Selah.

PSAL. 25. *Ad te, Domine.*
Davidis Acrostichon.

1 AS, Lord, to thee I lift my soule,
2 Because I trust in thee,

My

My God: Let not confusion foule,
nor foes insult on mee.
ב 3 Give not their hopes, that thee attend,
to take a shamefull staine:
Let shame confound them that offend,
and have no cause to faigne.
ד 4 Direct mee, Lord, thy waies to know,
thy pathes to mee make plaine:
Within thy bounds my steps bestow,
and teach mee to containe.
ה 5 How in thy truth to tread impart,
and make mee learne the way:
For of my health the God thou art,
ו whom I attend all day.
ז 6 Zeale of thy kind compassions mind,
remember, Lord, that care:
Thy tender mercies make mee find,
for they for ever are.
ח 7 Hold, on my youthfull faults forepast,
remember not to take;
Of mercie mind how much thou hast,
Lord, for thy goodnesse sake.
ט 8 The Lord is good and righteous ey'd,
transgressors to instruct:
The sinners therefore will he guide,
and in their way conduct.
י In judgement just to tread upright,
the humble he will stay:
And where they wander, wanting light,
will learne the meeke his way.
כ 10 Continuall are the Lords pathes cast
in Truths and Mercies mold;
To such as keep his Covenant fast,
his Testimonies hold.

ל 11 Lor

ל 11 Lord, to thy Names great power herein,
let mee my pardon owe:
And on the greatneſſe of my ſin
thy greater mercie ſhew.
מ 12 Make known the man with mind entire,
that feares the Lord: the way
That he ſhall chooſe he will inſpire,
and learne him how to lay.
נ 13 Now (goodneſſe gotten to his hand)
his ſoule in good ſhall dwell:
His ſeed inherit ſhall the land,
that to his fathers fell.
ס 14 Secret that from the Lord deſcends,
doe they that feare him find:
To ſuch his Covenant he commends,
and makes them know his mind.
ע 15 On Jah-the-Lord mine eies are ſet
continually to looke:
To bring my feet out of the net,
whoſe hand hath undertooke.
פ 16 Prevent mee, and with gracious looke
thy face on mee reflect:
Whom ſolitary, poore, forſooke,
(diſcomforts all) deject.
צ 17 The ſorrowes of my heart enlarg'd,
my leſſ'ned heart oppreſſe:
O ſet mee from theſe toiles diſcharg'd,
and free mee from diſtreſſe.
ר 18 Remorſe on mine afflictions caſt,
regard how much I grieve:
Make even for all my faults fore-paſt,
and all my ſinnes forgive.
ש 19 Regard my foes inſatiate,
what multitudes they lead,

That beare a heart-infected hate
against my harmlesse head.
ש 20 Sustaine my helpelesse soule alive,
and safe deliver mee;
But let not shame my fall contrive,
because I trust in thee.
ת 21 True perfectnesse and right let dwell
with mee, that wait on thee:
פ 22 Preserve, O God, thine Israel
from all his troubles free.

PSAL. 26. *Judica me, Domine. Davidis.*

JUdge mee, O Lord, I walke the way
that perfectnesse doth guide:
My trust upon the Lord I lay,
and therefore shall not slide.
2 Examine, Lord, what I have been,
sound what I ever did:
Search out my reines, what there uncleane;
my heart, what there lies hid.
3 Thy mercie is before mine eyes,
thy truth my walkes repeat:
4 I sit not downe with men of lyes,
nor enter with deceit.
5 The evill doers I eschew,
their Synagogue I hate:
Nor have I with the wicked crew
in their Assembly sate.
6 My hands, Lord, wash't in innocence,
thine Altar compast round:
7 With thankfull voice will I commence,
thy wonders all to sound.

8 Th

8 The habitation of thy House
have I, O Lord, lov'd well:
The place where thou art glorious,
the house where I would dwell.
9 O gather not my soule, to rest
where sinners soules abide:
And on my life lay no inquest,
where men of blouds are tri'd.
10 Whose hands accomplish wicked drifts,
which mischiefes head contrives;
And their right hand is full of gifts,
whose bargaine Brib'rie drives.
11 Of this perfection I have got,
however thou esteem;
Yet my perfection urge I not,
in mercie mee redeeme.
12 My foot upon so firme a ground
stands stedfast and upright;
That I, O Lord, thy praise will sound
in great Assemblies sight.

PSAL. 27. *Dominus, illuminatio. Davidis.*

1 THe Lord my Saviour is my light,
of whom am I affraid?
The Lord is of my life the might,
by whom to be dismaid?
2 When wicked men with malice arm'd,
my foes in furie fell,
To eate my flesh, against mee swarm'd,
they stumbled, and they fell.
3 Encamp't against mee, not an host
should make my heart affraid;

8 Th

Should warlike troupes fill every coaſt,
in this my truſt is ſtai'd.
4 For one ſuit to the Lord I ſue,
his houſe for life to hold:
Thoſe beauties of the Lord to view,
his Palace to behold.
5 For his Pavillion will he ſpread,
in troublous time to hide;
And on a rocke advance my head,
in ſecret by his ſide.
6 Above my foes now round about,
my head ſhall be up-rais'd:
And JAH, with joy his tents throughout,
in hoſts and hymnes be prais'd.
7 Unto my voice, O Lord, give eare,
upon thee when I call:
And my requeſt in mercy heare,
but anſwer mee withall.
8 When, "Seeke my face thou ſaidſt to mee,
with ecchoing touch of grace,
My heart advertis'd, anſwer'd thee,
"Lord, I will ſeeke thy face.
9 Thy face from mee then doe not hide,
thy ſeeker to defeat;
Nor from thy ſervant turne aſide,
in thy diſpleaſures heat.
My ſuccour (not to be forgot)
thou haſt been heretofore:
God of my health, now leave mee not,
forſake mee now no more.
10 Should mee my fathers wiſer care,
my mothers love forſake:
Though ſhe that bare mee, mee forbare,
the Lord would mee up take.

11 Teach mee, O Lord, thy way to tread,
where thy safe conduct lies;
And in the path of Rightnesse lead,
from my observers eies.
12 Give mee not to my foes desire,
for falshoods evidence;
With him against mee doth conspire,
that breath's out violence.
13 As I beleev'd, so faith to mee
did firme assurance give,
The goodnesse of the Lord to see,
within their land that live.
14 Attend the Lord with courage bold,
be strong, and stay the end:
Confirme thy heart to hold thy hold,
upon the Lord attend.

PSAL. 28. *Ad te Domine. Davidis.*

ON thee, O Lord my Rocke, I call,
deafe-ceasing cease to be;
Lest downe the pit, like them that fall,
thy silence silence me.
2 The voice of my petitions heare,
when for thy grace I cry:
When to thy holy Adyte neere,
I lift my hands on hie.
3 Draw mee not with the wicked sort,
that worke with sinfull art,
That to their neighbours peace report,
but malice presse in heart.
4 Pay them what they to passe have brought,
the evill they devis'd:

And by the workes their hands have wrought,
be their reward assiz'd.
5 Because what deeds the Lord hath done,
his hand they will not heed:
Downe shall he breake them every one,
and build up no such breed.
6 Blest be the Lord, to whom I strain'd
the voice of mine un-rest:
Whose gracious eare hath entertain'd,
and heard my whole request.
7 The Lord my strength is, and my shield,
my hearts, my hopes successe:
Joy to my heart, whose help doth yeeld,
him shall my song confesse.
8 The Lord with strength doth still support
the flocke that he enfolds;
And of salvations is the Fort,
that his Annointed holds.
9 O save the people of thy flocke,
blesse thine inheritance;
Feed them, and on thy favours rocke
for ever them advance.

PSAL. 29. *Afferte Domino.*
Psalmus Davidis.

GIve to the Lord, ye men of Might,
ye sonnes of Mighty race,
Give glorie to the Lord, his right;
all strength to his give place.
2 Give to the Lord his Names renowne
before his holy Seat:
Your selves unto the Lord bowe downe,
his beauteous honour greet.

3 The voice that forth on waters breakes,
it is the Lord that bounds:
The glorious God in thunder speakes,
the Lord on seas re-sounds.
4 The Lord sends forth a mighty noise,
when power his power withstands:
The Lord gives out a soveraigne voice,
when Majestie commands.
5 When lofty Cedars broken lie,
his voice the Lord extends:
Of Lebanon the Cedars high
the Lord in sunder rends.
6 He makes them like a Heifer trip,
proud of his velvet hornes;
So Lebanon, so Shirion skip,
so skip young Unicornes.
7 The Lords voice shoots out flames of fire,
JAH'S voice the Desert shakes:
8 To tremble, if the Lord transpire,
the Desert Cadesh makes.
9 JAH'S voice makes Hinds bring forth their (young,
the Forrest-brood makes bare:
And in his Temple every tongue
his glorie can declare.
10 The Lord sate Soveraigne, at the floud
the Lord for ever raignes;
For sinners judgement, for the good
his Mercy-seat ordaines.
11 Strength to his people, their strong Rocke,
the Mighty Lord will give:
The blessing he will give his flocke,
shall be in peace to live.

PSAL. 30. *Exaltabo te, Domine.*
Psalmus Cantici: Dedicationis domus David.

I Will extoll thee, Lord Most-Hie,
so high-extoll'd by thee:
That hast not left an enemie
to triumph over mee.
2 Thee, Lord my God, my cry besought,
thou heald'st mee instantly:
3 My soule from Hell thou Lord hast brought,
reviv'd mee from-to-die.
4 O ye his Saints, the praises sing,
that to the Lord belong:
Before his holy presence bring
a thanks-remembring song.
5 For but the twinkling of an eie
his angers moment lasts:
But life on fraile mortalitie
his gracious favour casts.
An evening weeping may out-weare,
and teares with midnight mourne:
But mirth at morning will appeare,
and joy with light returne.
6 In my prosperitie I said,
mov'd shall I never be.
7 My mountaine, Lord, so strongly laid,
thy favour rais'd to me.
Thy face from me yet didst thou hide,
and I was troubled soone:
8 Then Lord to thee for grace I cri'd,
to thee, Lord, made my moane.
9 What profit in my bloud can be,
when I descend the pit?
Shall dust to tender thankes to thee,

or tell thy truth be fit?
10 Heare, Lord, of thee what I requeſt,
and mercy on mee take:
O doe not mee that am diſtreſt,
my helper, Lord, forſake.
11 To joyfull dancing haſt thou turn'd
my ſorrowes dolefull ſound:
My ſack-cloth loos'd, wherein I mourn'd,
with gladneſſe girt mee round.
12 That ſo may my unceſſant tongue,
(my glory) tune thy praiſe:
Thankes, Lord, to thee my God be ſung,
to endleſſe length of daies.

PSAL. 31. *In te Domine ſperavi. Ad Præſtantem. Pſalmus David.*

MY confidence on thee I ground,
ſham'd let mee never be:
As Juſtice doth in thee abound,
O Lord, deliver me.
2 Bowe downe thine eare, I may be heard,
with ſpeed on mee reflect:
My rocke of ſtrength, my houſe of guard,
in ſafety mee protect.
3 For thou my rocke and fortreſſe tri'd,
whatever path I tread,
Wilt for thy Name ſake be my guide,
and all my footing lead.
4 To bring mee forth out of the net,
for mee in ſecret laid,
Thy force againſt their falſhood ſet;
thy ſtrength is all my aide.
5 From death and deaths eternall bands,
by thee redeem'd, my ſpirit,

Doe I againe into thy hands,
Lord God of truth, commit.
6 I hate them that obſervers are
of lying vanities:
My confidences ſettled care
upon the Lord relies.
7 I will with glad and joyfull ſpleen
thy mercies praiſe expreſſe:
For my affliction haſt thou ſeen,
and knowne my ſoules diſtreſſe.
8 Nor haſt thou ſhut me in the hand
of my malignant foe;
But for my feet made place to ſtand,
and roome at large to goe.
9 On mee ſince yet diſtreſſe is drawne,
let Lord thy mercie ſhine:
Mine eye, my ſoule, my belly gnaw'n,
with indignation pine.
10 My life with woe is worne to nought,
my yeeres in ſighing ſpent:
My ſtrength, my ſinnes have over-wrought,
my bones are gnaw'n and rent.
11 Reproach of all my foes I beare,
my neighbours vehemently,
And my familiars, ſtrook with feare,
my ſight that meet mee flie.
12 My ſelfe a dead man out of mind,
and in mens hearts forgot,
As vile and uſe-leſſe held I find,
as is a broken pot.
13 For I have heard the multitude
with ſlanders mee diſmay;
Againſt mee counſell, and conclude
to take my ſoule away.

14 But

14 But, Lord, thou art my God, I said
my truſt relies on thee:
15 My times that in thy hand are laid,
from hoſtile hand ſet free.
16 And on thy light-leſſe ſervant make
thy faces light to ſhine:
O ſave mee for thy mercie ſake,
from this diſtreſſe of mine.
17 Lord, let not ſhame have ſhare in mee,
for on thee doe I call:
Confounded let the wicked be,
to Hell, ſtrook-ſilent fall.
18 Of lying lips the laviſh foords
let forth no further breake,
Which hard diſdainfull ſpitefull words
againſt the Juſt man ſpeake.
19 How plentifull thy bounties be,
which thou haſt laid in ſtore,
For them that feare and truſt in thee,
the ſonnes of men before!
20 Them in thy faces ſecret hide,
from proud inſulters wrongs;
In thy Pavillion laid aſide
ſecure from ſtrife of tongues.
21 Bleſt be the Lord, that wondrouſly
his mercie hath diſpenc't;
And mee in ſafetie ſet to lye
within a Citie fenc't.
22 Amaz'd, I ſaid, before thine eies,
cut off, and caſt away;
The voice yet heardſt thou of my cries,
when I to thee did pray.
23 O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
for faithfull doers waies

The

The Lord preſerves from all attaints,
the haughty home repaies.
24 Be ſtrong, endure, and doe your parts,
the Lord will in the end
Eſtabliſh your encourag'd hearts,
whoſe hopes on him depend.

PSAL. 32. *Beati quorum.*
Davidis Maſchil.

BLeſt is he, whoſe tranſgreſſion
hath free forgiveneſſe gain'd:
And he, whoſe ſinne that he hath done,
a covering hath obtain'd.
2 Bleſt is the man, unto whoſe charge
the Lord imputes no ſin;
Whoſe ſpirit no hollow holds ſo large,
to lodge deceit therein.
3 When now my tongue all ſpeech forborne,
in painfull ſilence lay:
Through my loud roaring daily worne,
my bones with age decay.
4 For day and night with weight ſo great,
thine hand upon mee lies,
That like the drought in ſummers heat,
my kindly moiſture dries. *Selah.*
5 I did acknowledge unto thee
the ſinne that I had done;
Of mine iniquitie in mee
I have concealed none.
6 My ſinne, I ſaid, I will repeat,
and to the Lord confeſſe:
And of my crime thy mercy great,
forgave the wickedneſſe. *Selah.*

7 Now

7 Now therefore every Saint ſhall pray,
while time to find is found:
Sure, reach him none there is that may,
when many waters ſound.
8 From troubles heat my head to ſhade,
thou art a ſecret place:
With ſongs for my deliverance made,
thou ſhalt about mee trace. *Selah.*
9 I will inſtruct, and teach thee ſo,
thou ſhalt not walke awry:
And in the way that thou ſhalt goe,
give counſell with mine eye.
10 O doe not ye like Horſe, like Mule,
no underſtanding beare;
Whoſe mouth muſt bit and bridle rule,
to thee for comming neere.
11 Much ſorrow ſwells on every ſide,
to plague the wicked race:
But in the Lord whoſe hopes abide,
him mercy ſhall embrace.
12 Joy in the Lord, ye Juſt rejoyce,
ſhout out your glad delight,
As well in geſture, as in voice,
all ye of heart upright.

PSAL. 33. *Exultate Juſti.*

1 YE Juſt, be joyfull in the Lord;
becomes the righteous praiſe:
Harp, Viol, Voice, and Decachord,
to praiſe the Lord up raiſe.
2 A new ſet-ſong to him endite,
loud notes to muſickes height:
3 For of the Lord the Word is right,
and all his worke in faith.

4 His